

THE  
**R O V E R :**  
A  
WEEKLY MAGAZINE

OF  
TALES, POETRY, AND ENGRAVINGS,

ALSO,  
SKETCHES OF TRAVEL, HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

EDITED BY LAWRENCE LABREE AND ARTHUR MORRELL.

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# CONTENTS OF VOLUME FOUR.

Abbotsford, visit to	111	London,	167
Accidents at Niagara,	12	Leap Year,	177
Astor, John Jacob	29	Lost Arts,	215
Adams, Samuel—anecdote of	43	Legend of King Robert of Sicily,	241
An Irish Highwayman,	90	Lucille,	379
Anecdote of a Musical Genius,	93	Maiden's Rock, the	105
Alpine Scenery.	114	Margaret and the Minister,	77
Aunt Nabby's stewed Goose,	131	Miss Celestina Leontine Doddleton,	313
Aunt Patty at Home,	145	Midnight Assassination, the	322
Andrew Knox and his five Daughters,	183	Mistaken Execution,	220
Anesquette,	295	Men of Seventy-Six,	92
A Persian Bride and Wedding,	321	Montreal,	30
Bagdad,	352	Mormons, the	42
Battle of the Cowpens,	333	Mock Deserter, the	212
Battle of Lexington,	202	Mountain Scenery of Virginia,	252
Bell of St. Regis,	363	Mortgage, the	309
Bill Johnson's Guessing School,	204	Mrs. Downer and her Husband's Shirt Collar,	343
Bolled Man, the	102	Mining Curate, the	388
Bonaparte, Joseph	42	Millerism in Olden Times,	165
Breathing Apparatus of Animals,	107	Murderer, the	132
Bridgroom of Eternity, the	217	Mysterious Prediction, the	375
Brief History of Texas,	235	My Luck,	370
Brilliant Locket, the	185	Napoleon—Washington,	93
Broken skull, the	149	Naval Reminiscence,	94
Child of Sorrow, a	157	New England Society,	261
Christmas at Solomon Briggs's	225	New Hampshire Mystery, a	249
Daniel Webster,	28	New York Historical Society,	188
Deborah Gannet,	160	New York Colonists,	125
Death of Captain Lewis,	265	Night on the Nile, a	221
Desperate Combat with Indians,	169	One Night in the Life of a Man of Business,	153
Devastation by Locusts,	267	Old Sugar House Prison,	22
Dreadful Story, a	33	Old Philpotts and his Daughters,	339
Egyptian Pyramids,	248	Paddy and the Fox,	25
Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth,	150	Painter's Tale, the	163
Exiled Monarch's,	47	Peasant Girl of Urbino, the	283
Faithful Son, the	82	Pirate's Treasure, the	352
Family Picture, the	329	Poor Girl and the Angels, the,	129
Farmer Smith and Ma'am Jones,	236	Proud Ladye, the	97
Fate of the Apostles,	128	Perilous Adventure,	164
Female Curiosity,	268	Prison Association,	244
Formation of the Universe,	89	Pumpkin Story,	173
First Prayer in Congress,	214	Railroads in General,	12
Funeral Fire, the	122	Red and White Lovers, the	17
Funeral of Campbell, the Poet,	260	Red Hall,	349
Flogging an Editor,	265	Remarkable Cases of Circumstantial Evidence,	398
Frederick and Adelaïd,	393	Revenge of St. Nicholas, the	229
Grave of Washington' Mother,	271	Richard Plantagenet,	350
Heiress with the Pretty Foot, the	362	Robber's Strategem, the	94
Highland Vengeance,	393	Roman Attachment,	171
Heroic Women of America,	174	Romance of New York,	194
Home,	17	Romance of Paris,	317
Indian Traditions,	8	Scott, Sir Walter	142
Indian Tradition,	86	Sheriff Batterman,	10
Indian Adventure,	161	Shepherd, the	137
Indian Wife,	273	Siege, the	369
Interesting Document,	40	Siege of Antwerp,	334
Incident on a Whaling Voyage,	73	Singular Adventure,	52
Invalid Husband and the Faithful Wife, the	78	Sisters, the	113
Ingenious Troubadour, the	367	Sketch, a Hoosier	123
Jew, the	58	Snake Charmers,	219
Jefferson and the elder Adams,	61	Squando, the Indian Sachem,	1
Journey Down East,	234	St. Peter's Church at Rome,	61
Knickerbocker Hall,	117	Story of a Backlog,	247
Kitty Dangerous,	273	Story of Italy,	325
Lay of the Laborer,	257	Story of a Hunter,	365
Letters of Sargeant Joel Downing,	14, 225, 237, 256	Story of an Earthquake,	27
Letters of Major Jack Downing,	205, 270	Stroll in the Country,	11
Little Grown Great, the	70	Stump's War,	254
Love at First Sight,	31	Sunday in London,	65
Lover's Talisman, the	49	Sketch, a	386
Lover's Last Leap, the	103	Tale of the Early Christians,	289
Love of Country,	87	Tale of the Little Lake,	54
Look Ahead,	76	Tale of a Tar,	292
Lost Images,	155	Temptation of the Capuchins,	5
Love Chase, the	159	Thanksgiving Story,	209

Troubled with the Nightmare,	305	Lament of the Orphan,	407
Two Sisters, the	331	Life's Pictures,	86
Untimely Jest, the	300	Life's Seasons,	359
Valentines, the two	337	Little Shroud, the	15
Village Painter, the	318	Loneliness,	318
Ver Bryck, the late Mr.	135	My Birth Night,	13
Virtue Rewarded,	44	Musquito's Song, the	31
Washington's Snuff Box	11	Massachusetts,	53
Wilson the Ornithologist,	68	Maiden's Soliloquy,	144
Was it Providence,	211	Maid of the Morning,	212
Widower and his Birds, the	245	Malden's Prayer, the	238
Wives of the Dead,	302	Mamelukes, the	349
Wreckers of St. Agnes, the	307	Miniatures, the	354
Wife's Revenge, the	369	Magdalen,	372
Wandering Jew, the	372	Napoleon's Tomb,	42
Willey House, the	385	Neglected Child, the	177
Woman's Stratagem,	395	New Year's Address,	269
Yankeeisms and Americanisms,	257	Orphan Girl, the	108
POETRY.		Orphan Cottager, the	121
America, I love thee still,	69	Old Brown Dog, the	150
Artists Grave, the	365	On the Statue of a Dead Child,	194
Buds and Babies,	48	Old Winter is Coming,	235
Blind Mother, the,	62	Ox and the Grasshopper, the	367
Battle of Blenheim,	65	Philosophy of Life,	68
Beggar Woman, the	279	Pebble and the Acorn, the	93
Be quiet, do, I'll call my Mother,	321	Paradise of Tears, the	144
Buried, the	363	Prayer,	209
Blind Girl, the,	400	Pilot, the	241
Child's Way to Heaven, the	221	Prayer of Nature, the	244
Country Schoolmaster, the	312	Religion's Name,	105
Cinder King, the,	362	Runic Rhymes,	128
Charmed Sleeper, the	369	Ready for Sea,	202
Churchyard Thoughts,	383	See the Dawn of Beauty Breaking,	25
Dirge of the Mariner,	80	Spare the Birds,	44
Damsel of Peru, the	164	Sybilline Oracles,	63
Domestic Happiness,	176	Springfield Arsenal,	72
Dying Widow's Lament, the	334	Stanzas,	107
Dirge,	338	Sungernumby,	152
Dance of Death,	397	Song of the Office Seeker,	160
England's Dead,	215	Spirit Musings,	161
Exhibited Dwarf, the	254	She is not Dead.	206
Farewell Theresa,	4	Sea Weed,	256
Fatherless, the	89	Stanzas,	289
Friends of My Youth,	330	Sonnet for January,	295
Greek Song of Autumn,	1	Song, by Waller,	346
Gordon of Brackley,	92	Sea Gull, the	72
God Bless the Mariner,	112	There's Nothing Made by Grieving,	8
Goodwives of Weinsberg, the	168	To a Little Child,	17
Good old Times, the	172	Thoughts at Night,	
Grave in the Wilderness, the	343	To Clara,	60
Hymn for Children,	49	To an Afflicted Friend,	201
He told me he would Come To-night,	217	To My Little Absent Sister,	249
Hymn for Christmas,	265	To the Made I love,	300
I Remember—I remember,	33	To my Old Umbrella,	388
Infant Corpse, the	103	Upon a Picture, by G. Flagg,	356
Knowing Folks,	77	Voice of Nature, the	112
Lost Ship, the	40	What is Solitude,	16
Lady Touch thy Lute again,	376	Woman and Fame,	22
Last Good-Bye, the	88	What is Charity,	49
Loves of the Shepherds,	145	Where would I Rest,	96
Lost at Sea, the	282	Weehawken,	130

# THE ROVER.

WE give below a song, never before published, by the author of "Home, sweet Home." The correspondent, who furnishes us with it, says, it is from a tragedy of Paine's, written for the late John J. Adams, that was performed with considerable success in some of the principal Theatres of the country. The title of the piece was "Oswali of Athens," founded, I believe, on events in the revolution which ended in rescuing Greece from Turkish thralldom.

## GREEK SONG OF AUTUMN.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAINE.

Though 'tis lovely to see the year waking  
From its sleep in the season of snows;  
When its blossoms of white and of purple  
Around us the almond-tree throws:  
In morning's beauty who forgets  
The beauty of the sun that sets?

How graceful the maze, now its tresses  
The frolicsome zephyrs unfold;  
How the fire-fly at night as it wantons,  
Tips the vine-leaves with sparkles of gold;  
While Dian through the olive grove,  
Lights up the sacred step of love.

And though with his air-darkening myriads  
The stork seeks a kindler sky;  
We shrink not from leaves that turn yellow,  
And, whirl'd on the cold breezes, fly:  
For Ceres has a spell to fling  
O'er Winter's cheek the smile of Spring.

## SQUANDO, THE INDIAN SACHEM.

BY SEEA SMITH.

CLEAR-SIGHTED and impartial history will one day do justice to the original red men of this country. And when our great future historian shall arise and gird himself for the task, in turning over the bloody records of the almost innumerable conflicts between the red man and the white, since the latter found a foothold upon these shores, he will find the provocations for quarrels and hostilities in a large majority of cases came from the whites. It is not our purpose now to enter at all into the proof of this position; we are only about to glance at a single incident as an illustration of our remark.

When Philip, the bold and heroic chief of the Wampanoags, was endeavoring to carry into execution his great design of exterminating all the whites by a general attack from the very numerous tribes throughout New England, there was a formidable tribe residing about the mouth of the Saco river in Maine, governed by a sachem, or chief, whose name was Squando. This chief had always lived on terms of friendly intercourse with the English settlers in the neighborhood, and when the emissaries of Philip visited the eastern tribes and endeavored to draw them into his plans, they could make no impression whatever upon Squando. He turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, coldly rejected their overtures, and bade them tell Philip the hatchet had been buried on the banks of the Saco, and no war-whoop should be allowed to disturb its quiet valley.

VOLUME IV.—No. 1.

"The white man is my brother," said Squando; "we hunt in the same woods and paddle our canoes on the same waters. I sit down at his table and eat with him, side by side, and he comes to my wigwam and smokes the pipe of peace without fear. I carry him venison for food and soft beaver skin for clothing, and he gives me blankets and hatchets, and whatever I want. Why should I raise my tomahawk against my white brother? The tree of peace is green above our heads; let it flourish and no blight come upon it forever. If Philip is a great chief, so is Squando; and let him beware how he crosses Squando's path. The tribes of the Saco, and the Presumpscot, and the Androscoggin, and the Kennebec; all look up to Squando with fear and respect, and will not draw the bow while the arrows of Squando remain quiet in his quiver."

Year after year the messengers of Philip returned with the same answer from Squando—"the white man is my friend; I will not take up the hatchet against him."

Squando was not only a powerful sachem, but he exercised also the office of priest, or pow-wow, and the mysterious rites and ceremonies he practised helped to give him great influence over the neighboring tribes. Several years had passed, and the restless spirit of Philip had driven on his great enterprize with untiring assiduity. Many chiefs had joined his league, frequent acts of hostility had been committed, and a dark and portentous cloud hung over the whole of New England, which threatened entire destruction to the white inhabitants. Still Squando remained the faithful friend of the whites, and kept the tribes around him in a peaceful attitude, till a cruel and unprovoked aggression upon his domestic happiness roused him to vengeance.

On a bright summer day in 1675, Lindoyah, the wife of Squando, paddled her light birch canoe on the bright waters of the Saco. Her infant, but a few months old, was sleeping in soft skins on the bottom of the canoe, while a light screen of green boughs, arched above it, sheltered it from the warm rays of the sun. It breathed sweetly in the open and free air of heaven, and gently rolled to the slight rocking of the boat, as the careful paddle of the mother, with regular motion, touched the water. The joyous eyes of Lindoyah rested on her infant, with all a mother's devotion; and in a clear, soft voice she sang—

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
Breathe the breath of morning;  
Drink fragrance from the fresh blown flower,  
Thy gentle brow adorning.

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
Rocked by the flowing river,  
While for thy gentle spirit-gift,  
Lindoyah thanks the giver.

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
Sweet be thy rosy dreaming,  
While o'er the flowery spirit land  
Thy blessed eyes are gleaming.

Sleep, baby, sleep;  
No danger here is biding,

While soft along the green-wood bank  
The light canoe is gliding.

Lindoyah in her morning excursion had called at one of the white settlements. Her babe had been admired, caressed, and praised, and she was returning home with a light heart. She had but about half a mile farther to go to reach the wigwam of Squando, which stood but a few rods from the river. Her eye, as she was passing, caught a beautiful cluster of wild flowers, a little way up the bank.

"I will gather them," said Lindoyah to herself, as she turned her little bark canoe to the shore, "and carry them to Squando. He has by this time returned from his morning hunt. Squando is a loving, gentle spirit, and the sight of the flowers will make his heart glad."

She drew the canoe gently up till it rested on the sloping grass, and with a light step ascended the bank. While she was gathering the flowers, a couple of giddy, thoughtless sailors, wandering along the river shore, came to the canoe.

"Hullo, Jack," said he that was foremost, "see that little Indian toad lying there in that canoe."

"Yes," said Jack, "and I see its mother just now a few rods up the bank."

"Come, let's tip the canoes over," said Jim, "and see the little rat swim."

"See it drowned, more like," said Jack.

"No," said Jim, "I'll bet you a quid of tobacco it'll swim first rate. All young animals swim naturally; and I'll bet a young Indian will swim like a young duck. I'll try it any how."

With that he gave the light canoe a whirl, and tipped the child into the river. At that instant, Lindoyah, who had heard the sound of their voices, came with a shriek rushing down the bank, her eyes wild with terror and her long hair streaming in the wind, and sprang eagerly toward the water. Jim caught her by the arm, and held her back with great coolness, determined to take sufficient time to give his experiment a fair trial. Lindoyah shrieked and struggled and pressed toward the water, but the iron gripe of the sailor held her fast.

The infant rested for a moment, motionless, with its face in the water; and then with a few convulsive movements of its limbs began to sink. But it was not till he had entirely disappeared under the surface, that Jim released his hold on the arm of Lindoyah. The frantic mother leapt into the flood, and plunged after her child. She missed it; passed beyond it; and coming again to the surface, looked around with the wildness of despair.

"A little further down the stream," said Jim; "there is the wake of it; try again; may be you'll fetch it next time."

Lindoyah plunged again, and in half a minute more came with the infant in her arms. She swam with it to the shore, and ran out upon the bank, looking into its face with the most painful earnestness. It had neither breath nor motion. The sailors, who had not intended to drown the child, now came toward her to offer her assistance and try to resuscitate it; but Lindoyah instinctively fled from them and ran farther up the bank. Here she sat down on the grass, and rubbed and chafed the babe for some minutes, and at last it showed signs of returning life. It breathed; it opened its eyes, and looked its mother in the face. It was not till now Lindoyah's fountain of tears was unsealed. She hugged the child to her bosom, wept aloud, and

kissed it over and over again. She continued chafing it tenderly till animation seemed sufficiently restored, and then sought her canoe and ascended the river to her dwelling.

Squando met her at the landing, with his gun in his hand, and a brace of ducks hanging over his shoulder. An expression of painful anxiety passed over his face as he beheld the condition of his wife and child; but no word escaped his lips. He took the babe in his arms and walked slowly into the wigwam. Lindoyah followed, and seated herself by his side. When she had related to him the circumstances of the outrage, Squando started from his seat, and seized his rifle, and thrust his tomahawk and scalping knife into his girdle.

"The white wolves shall die," said Squando, with an expression of bitter indignation resting upon his features. He rushed out of the door of his wigwam. In a moment he returned again, and stood for the space of a minute looking steadfastly in the face of his child. The babe looked exhausted and feeble, and his breathing was short and distressful.

"They shall die," muttered Squando, as he again left the cabin, and walked thoughtfully to the river. He stepped into his canoe, took his strong paddle, and and drove the light shallop rapidly down the tide to the spot where Lindoyah had met the sailors. His fierce glance pierced the woods in every direction, but no person was in sight. He stepped ashore. His keen eye showed him where the canoe had rested against the land; he traced the steps of Lindoyah where she had gathered the flowers, and where she had run in terror down the bank to rescue the babe. He saw and carefully measured the tracks of the two sailors where they had loitered around the canoe, and tracked their footsteps through the grass and the bushes, till he came into the opening of the garrison house of Major Phillips, near the falls.

Jack and Jim had seen Squando's canoe descending the river, and fearful of the consequences of his resentment, they had fled to the garrison, where they were secreted. Squando went to the garrison and demanded of Major Phillips to know if the two sailors were there. The Major put him off and evaded his inquiries. Squando related his grievances with a stern and haughty indignation. The Major endeavored to pacify him; told him Jack and Jim were to blame, had done very wrong, and when he should see them again, he would reprimand them severely. Squando was far from being satisfied; but he left the garrison and returned toward his own cabin. As his canoe swept round a little bend in the river, he saw a white maiden standing on the bank. It was Elizabeth Wakely; a kind-hearted gentle creature of sixteen, daughter of Mr. John Wakely, whose humble dwelling was within half a mile of the wigwam of Squando. She beckoned to him, and he turned his canoe to land.

"Carry this little bunch of flowers to the papoose," said the maiden, as she placed them in his hand. A sad smile lit up the countenance of Squando, as he received them and placed them in his belt.

"I will do as the maiden bids me," said the chief; "but the papoose is too ill to hold the flowers, and Squando is afraid before to-morrow's sun goes down he will go with the fading flowers far away to the spirit-land."

"I will come round and see him directly," said the maiden, as the canoe shot away from the shore.



When Squando reached his landing, he hastened into the wigwam, and fastened his eager gaze upon the features of his child. It had evidently faltered during his absence. Lindoyah had nursed it tenderly, and done everything in her power to revive it; but the shock had been too great; the energies of life had been too severely taxed, and nature was giving way in the conflict. Squando was in some degree a medicine man himself, and he applied such remedies as his skill and experience suggested; and he called in the regular medicine man of the tribe; but all the applications were of no avail, the child continued distressed, its breathing became more difficult, and its strength declined.

Elizabeth Wakely, agreeably to her promise had arrived at the wigwam soon after Squando's return, and had mingled her sympathies deeply with those of the distressed parents. She watched over the child; she carried it about in her arms, and administered to it all the comforts that kindness could suggest, or circumstances could supply. Perceiving it to grow worse at night, she refused to leave it, but staid and watched with the parents till morning. Through the first of the night the little sufferer seemed much more quiet and more feeble, and gradually sunk away till about sunrise, when it ceased to breathe. Lindoyah hid her face and wept most piteously; while Squando paced his cabin floor in silence, but evidently in deep agitation. The deepest sorrow and the highest indignation were mingled in the expression of his features, and showed that passions of fearful power were rousing his spirit to action.

When all was over, Elizabeth Wakely took her leave. Squando stood at his cabin door and watched her as she returned homeward till he lost sight of her among the trees of the forest:

When the simple ceremony of the burial was over, Squando summoned three of his stoutest warriors before him.

"Go to the fort," said he, "and demand of Major Phillips, and the white people there, to send Jim and Jack to me, or they will not see Squando again as the friend of the white man."

The warriors departed, and Squando walked his cabin in solitude and silence, waiting their return. At last, as he looked from his cabin door, he saw them coming up from the river, but they had no prisoners with them. Squando's brow grew darker, and his soul was ready for the conflict.

"Where are the white wolves, I sent you after?" said Squando sternly, as they entered the cabin.

"We could not find them," said the warriors; "Major Phillips and the white people say Squando must come there, and they will settle it all with him, and be friends and brothers."

"Yes," said the chief, with a terrific laugh of indignant scorn, "Squando will go there and settle it with them. Go you," he continued, pointing to one of the warriors, "and summon every man of our tribe to meet at the council fire to-night by the going down of the sun. And you," pointing to another, "go to Casco, and you to Presumpscot, and bring the warriors of their tribes to our council fires by the hour of midnight."

Major Phillips and those residing in the fort, or block house, hearing nothing more of Squando in the course of the afternoon began to grow alarmed. Apprehensive that he might be meditating an attack they sent

round just before night to the several houses in the settlement, advising the inhabitants all to come into the block house before dark. They also despatched a messenger to Winter Harbor, and another to Casco Bay, with a caution to the people of those settlements to be on their guard.

About sunset, Squando sent four trusty warriors to guard the house of John Wakely, with strict orders that no person should be allowed to leave the house and that none should enter it before morning. Just as they arrived, the family were preparing to retreat to the block house; but being warned by the warriors, who took their stations at the four corners of the house, that if they stepped a foot out of doors before morning, they would be shot down, they remained within doors passing a sleepless and anxious night.

The night proved rather dark, and the sentinels at the block house could neither see nor hear the least sign of any one approaching. When suddenly, about two o'clock in the morning, the stillest and darkest hour of the night, the whole welkin at once rung with the wildest and most terrific war-whoop that ever broke the stillness of the forest. It seemed to rise from a hundred voices at the same instant from every corner and every side of the block-house, and was echoed by every cliff and every hill for a mile round. At the same moment with the war-cry a furious onset was made on every part of the fort. The outer gate was besieged with every species of force that the rude mode of savage warfare could apply, and attempts were made on all sides at the same moment to scale the walls.

Though the people at the fort, apprehending an attack, had made every preparation for defence in their power, yet the onset was so sudden and the savage war-cry so appalling, that they were thrown into confusion and very narrowly escaped a general massacre. With the exception of the few who were placed on guard, the men were lying down to rest, and many of them were asleep, when the wild and shrill whoop from without, followed by the painful shrieks of the women and children within, came like a dagger to their hearts. They sprang to their feet and seized their arms, and ran back and forth, too much bewildered at first for any efficient movement or any concert of action. Several of the savages had gained the top of the wall, and were beaten back or shot down by the sentinels; and in turn several of the sentinels had fallen by the bullets or the arrows of the savages. Fresh forces were clambering up upon long poles which they had reared for the purpose, when the men within began to recover from their panic, and rallied themselves stoutly and vigorously to defend the fort.

The outer gate proved to be too strongly barricaded to yield to the forces applied against it, and the muskets from all parts of the fort poured such a destructive fire upon the enemy, that in the course of half an hour they began to give way, and presently were lost in the silence and darkness of the night. The Indians had suffered the most severely in the contest, though a number of the besieged had been killed and many more wounded. Expecting every minute that the enemy would return and renew the attack, they left the wounded to the care of the women in the inmost apartments of the block house, while they continued to stand by their arms and make the best preparation they could for defence. In about a quarter of an hour a light from a short distance was seen to gleam through

the darkness. It increased in size and flickered high in the air. It was the saw-mill of Major Phillips enveloped in flames. Presently another light arose from a point a little further down the river. It was the conflagration of a corn-mill belonging also to Major Phillips. And now, a little space from it, up the bank, a dwelling house was seen wrapt in flames. In a few minutes more, and in another direction, another burning dwelling flashed its red light upon the surrounding darkness. And then another, and then another; and by the time the light of the morning returned, the people at the fort had watched the burning of the whole settlement.

About sunrise, Squando made his appearance at the dwelling of John Wakely, that had been spared and guarded through the night agreeably to his directions. At his summons, Wakely came to the door.

"Give these to the young maiden," said Squando; handing him the little bunch of withered flowers, that Elizabeth had culled two days before for his lost child: "she brought them to the cabin of Squando for the papoose; but the papoose has gone to the spirit-land, and the sight of them now makes the heart of Squando sad. Give them to the maiden, and tell her to have no fears, for the red man will never harm her."

"But I am afraid, Squando," said Wakely, with a look of intense anxiety, "that my daughter has gone to the spirit-land too."

Squando started—"Why do you say that?"

"Because," said Wakely, "she went yesterday afternoon, away down to her cousin Allen's, and we have not heard of her since."

The residence of Allen was one of the most remote in the settlement; and Squando knew that some of the remote families had not got into the fort, for his men had brought in several scalps, and told him that the Presumpscut and Casco Indians had carried away a number of prisoners. Squando spake not a word; but, motioning to two of his warriors to follow, he started at full speed for Allen's opening. When they reached the spot the smouldering ruins of the house still sent up a sickly smoke, that at once convinced Squando that human flesh was burning. He hastened to scrutinize the embers. There was one skeleton, and but one, still broiling in the ashes. The flesh was nearly consumed, and the experienced eye of Squando told him the bones were too large for the maiden he was seeking. They were probably the bones of Mr. Allen, who might have been killed and scalped in the onset, and perhaps his wife with her cousin Elizabeth had been carried away captive.

Squando soon found the trail of the Presumpscut warriors, and followed them through the woods. After a rapid journey of six or seven miles, on ascending a small hill, he discovered them in the valley before him, where they had made a halt to rest and refresh themselves and rejoice over the achievements of the night. They had made a large fire of brush, and were dancing round it, and singing a wild song which Squando at once recognized as the usual song preceding the offering of a human sacrifice to the spirit of fire, and he knew that a captive was about to be committed to the flames. He rushed down the hill like a leaping torrent, and dashed into the circle of the warriors. A captive was lying before him, bound hand and foot, and two stout warriors were just laying hands upon her to cast her into the flames. The first glance told Squando the captive was the fair maiden whom he sought.

He sprang between her and the fire, and raising his tomahawk, commanded the warriors to leave the captive. The warriors, supposing it to be some sudden spiritual movement of Squando, released their hold, he cut the bands that bound her, raised her to her feet, and conducted her in safety back to her father's dwelling.

It only remains to be added here, that Squando continued the inveterate enemy of the whites, till a general peace was effected with the tribes the following year. The settlement at Saco-falls, in the meantime was entirely broken up; the people at the fort fearing to remain in the neighborhood of Squando, removed immediately and joined the settlement at Winter Harbor.

#### FAREWELL, FAREWELL THERESA.

BY SEBASTIAN SALADE.

FAREWELL, farewell Theresa!

We ne'er shall meet again;

The hopes we fondly cherish'd,

We cherish'd but in vain.

We part, we part, Theresa,

By others' harsh decree;

And with thee all must vanish

That made life dear to me.

Oh! was it well, Theresa,

To sever heart from heart?

What love hath join'd together,

Oh, was it well to part?

They told us not the reason;

But the sequel did unfold!

We never should have parted,

If I, like thee, had gold.

They thought our love would vanish,

They thought our love would cease,

But oh! mine only deepens

As day and weeks increase.

Oh! was it well, Theresa, &c.

If wealth can make you happy,

Then joy shall crown thy years;

If wealth can make you happy,

You'll have no need of tears!

God bless thee, dear Theresa!

His smile on thee bestow;

May you ne'er know the sorrow

I must forever know.

Oh! was it well, Theresa, &c.

For the Rover—New York, Sept., 1844.

PRODIGIOUS FLIGHT OF BIRDS.—There are several islands on the coast of Van Diemen's Land and the number of birds seen at times is almost incredible. "There was" says Captain Flinders, "a stream of sooty petrels, of from 50 to 80 yards in depth, and of 300 yards or more in breadth; the birds were not scattered but flying as compactly as a free movement of their wings would allow; and during a full hour and a half this stream of petrels continued to pass without interruption, at a rate little inferior to the swiftness of the pigeon. Taking the stream to have been fifty yards deep, and 300 in breadth, and that it moved at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and allowing 9 cubic yards of space to each bird, the number would amount to 161,600,000. The burrows required to lodge this number of birds would be 75,750,000; and allowing a square

yard to each burrow, they would cover something more than 18 1-2 geographical square miles of ground." This fact is curious in itself; and it is further of importance as tending to allow that the sea birds, which have been mentioned as the principal architects of the superb marine portion of the new lands in the Australian seas, are so far from being inadequate to such a purpose, that they can affect it in much shorter time than those who are not aware of their numbers would be apt to believe.—*The Picture of Australia.*

## THE TEMPTATION OF THE CAPUCHINS.

A Tale of Murcia,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPAIN, IN 1830."

No one visits Murcia without making an excursion to Monte Agudo. It is a very small village flanked by two convents, and situated at the base of a perpendicular rock, which is crowned by the ruins of a Moorish castle. This rock, and its subject village, are among the most conspicuous objects seen from the tower of the Cathedral of Murcia; and being charmed with the distant view of Monte Agudo, I paid a visit to it the same evening.

I walked through the garden of the Capuchin convent, in company with one of the friars, who informed me, among other things, that ten years ago their number had been twenty; but that now, no more than seven inhabited the convent.

"The mortality has been great," said I.

"And sudden and singular," said the friar. "Come this way," added he, leading the way to a small elevated mound which commanded a view of the rock: "Do you perceive these crosses on the summit?"

"There are thirteen," said I.

"Just thirteen," said the friar, looking grave, and crossing himself. "I told you," continued he, "that there were twenty friars in the convent, and now there are but seven: these thirteen crosses commemorate the death and perdition of thirteen friars, once the children of God!" and again the reverend father crossed himself rapidly.

"There must be some extraordinary circumstances connected with the event," said I.

The friar, without attending to my remark, took my hand, and led me back to the convent. "'Tis late to return to Murcia to-night," said he; "a bed in the convent is at your disposal: but for supper I can only promise you good fruit and tolerable wine."

I was easily prevailed upon; and, before throwing myself upon my mattress, the friar indulged me with the following curious relation.

"You must know, that the Capuchin convent of Monte Agudo was long noted throughout Spain for the strictness with which the rules of the order were observed, and for the unblemished sanctity of those who were its inmates. More than once has the peculiar favor of God, and protection of the saints, shielded our fraternity from evils that have fallen heavily upon our brethren; and miracles have oftentimes attested the fact, that St. Francis had taken into his keeping the friars of Monte Agudo. The spectacle of piety was as hateful to the wicked as it was pleasing to the good; and if the glorified saints looked down upon us with complacency, the Evil One, and his apostates, beheld us with far other feelings. They plotted our ruin—and they accomplished it.

"The superior of our convent was named Godfrido.

He love us all as his children; and our love and respect for him knew no limits; but he was full of years, and his last hour approached. Before leaving this world, he charged us not to be over hasty in the choice of a superior. "Choose deliberately, my children," said he; "upon the father depends the piety of the children; doubtless God and St. Francis will direct your judgment."

"Godfrido died; and, for some days, not one spoke of a successor. At length, the propriety of choosing a superior began to be whispered among us; but the age, piety, and qualifications of several of the fathers were so equally balanced, that it was impossible to find any reason for a preference of one over another; and so our convent continued without a head.

"One day—(a day that can never pass from my memory so long as it pleases God that I remain in this world!)—we were assembled in the refectory, and had taken our places at table: but the chair of the superior was vacant; for so it had been allowed to remain ever since the reverend father Godfrido died. "That chair," said one of our number, pointing to it, "must not remain longer unoccupied: 'tis not for the interest of the order, or of this convent, that it should be vacant. Holy St. Francis!" said he, raising his eyes and his clasped hands to the picture of that saint kneeling in adoration of the cross, "direct us in our choice." In that moment, the chair was filled! St. Francis himself appeared to preside over us. The same thought passed through the minds of us all; St. Francis has seen our difficulty; he has returned to earth to direct our choice; and, till that choice has been made, our patron saint condescends to be our superior. During our meal no one spoke; our sainted superior did not taste of our repast, and no one pressed him to eat. He rose first, and we followed him; and, at vespers, a voice such as never was poured from human lips, mingled with our song. I gazed earnestly upon him all the while, and, although his countenance was expressive of that mild and enraptured piety that I had learned to know so well in the picture of Murillo which adorned our refectory, I observed, at times, a strange and almost fearful smile pass over it, jarring with our holy exercises, and with the character of a glorified saint; and once, so strongly and unpleasantly was my mind impressed by the contemplation, that I involuntarily crossed myself.

"Strange! said I, within myself, when I retired to my dormitory—strange, that when our patron saint, an immortal and glorified spirit, presided over our exercises, so little devotion should have entered my heart. And when I fell upon my knees, and would have prayed, my prayers, were disturbed by flitting images of the world, and by forgotten, and almost unholy recollections, that I had thought were buried for ever.

"The following day St. Francis was still among us: the same singularly beautiful tones mingled with our services; the same wan and pious countenance presided over our repast; and, when it was concluded, he first broke silence. The voice came as if from the distant land of the dead, and every word that he uttered is engraven on my memory. "My children," said he, "your prayers for direction reached the holy assembly of the saints; I left the abodes of the blest, to come to your aid; but first, I am commanded to make known to you the will of God. Moderate your austerities; Heaven is satisfied with the past, and wills that, for

the future, you shall show your gratitude by using the life which has been bestowed upon you. Eat of all that which God has given to feed his people; let darkness be the season of rest, for the morning is as acceptable as the midnight prayer. To-morrow I will further announce the will of Heaven. *Pax Vobiscum.*"

"When the likeness of St. Francis ceased speaking, there rested a moment upon the countenance the same fearful smile that I had seen at vespers; and, glancing at the picture of the saint, I was struck with the more than usual mournfulness of his face, and with the dissimilarity in the expression of the two countenances, although the features were the same. I observed, with pain, that the announcements of the superior were not disagreeable to the greatest number of my brethren, who, like myself, were all sensible of a diminished ardor in the spirit of devotion: but for my own part I heeded not the injunctions we had received: I spent the whole of the night in prayer; and although I was unable to infuse into my orisons the warmth that once I had felt, I yet retained the power of punishment, and, as an expiation of my mental wandering, I inflicted corporeal suffering.

"Our table, the following day, was spread with luxuries; not the simple luxuries of mellow fruits, and vegetables, and wheaten bread, and pure oil, but with dainty meats, to which our palates were strangers, and rich and spicy sauces that heated the blood, and the intoxicating wines of Alicant that inflamed the mind. Few were able to resist such temptations; the fruits were neglected, and the weak wines were passed by.

"My children," said the superior, when the repast was concluded, "it is good that you rest until vespers, that the body may be refreshed for the exercises of the mind. Go to your dormitories, and enjoy what I have prepared for you." I entered my dormitory, and opened one of my devotional books, and at the same moment, music such as I had never heard before rose as if from the convent garden. It was slow, but not solemn; the instruments and the voices might have been tuned in Heaven, but the strain was earthly: it awoke no holy thought, but appealed rather to human feelings and human passions.

"We met at vespers; it was an assemblage of flushed countenances and troubled minds. We attempted the service; but so discordant were our tones after the strains that still rung in our ears, that our music died away in whispers, and only the melodious voice of the superior was heard. Strange! most strange! said I, within myself, that tones such as these should fall like ice upon the heart. "Go, my children," said the likeness of St. Francis, "go into your garden; breath there the evening air and the sweet fragrance of your flowers; walk under your palm tree, and reflect upon the goodness of God, in having framed you with so much capacity for enjoyment; and then retire to your dormitories, and sleep till you are awakened by the morning sun."

"I went with my brethren. It was a delicious evening; our palms stood stately and stirless; the leaves of our acacia scarcely quivered; the slanting rays of the sinking sun tinged with a brighter gold our clustering dates and oranges, and the air was loaded with sweet perfumes. See ye that fountain shaded by its willows?" continued the friar, approaching the window of the refectory; "a female was stooping over it, lifting water with a small vessel, which she emptied into a large pitcher. No female had ever before been seen within

the precincts of the convent; and a small door that led from the garden to the rock was open for the first time in my remembrance. One by one we approached the fountain; curiosity led us forward: perhaps other motives and other feelings guided the steps of some. The maiden continued to bend over the fountain, and her form was reflected upon its glassy bosom. Not one among us spoke to his neighbor; each felt ashamed, and knew that duty commanded him to withdraw; but all remained rooted on the spot.

"The maiden at length had filled her pitcher, and lifting a little water in the smaller vessel, she turned suddenly round, and holding the vessel toward us, asked if any of us would drink. Strangely sweet and melodious was her voice; yet, when she spoke, I thought I had heard the tones before. Beautiful was her countenance; yet it was beauty of an unearthly kind. I am little skilled in these matters; few females I had seen; but of those that accident had from time to time shown me, neither in gracefulness of form, nor in perfection of features, could any one of them be compared with the maiden who fixed her calm lustrous eyes upon us, and offered the little vessel dripping with crystal. The rich meats that most of us had eaten, and the heating wines, gave additional value to the offering; and he to whom the damsel first extended the cup, took it from her hands, and drained it to the dregs. Again she filled it, and offered it to us one after another, as we stood around the fountain; and fourteen times she re-filled it, and I was the fourteenth to whom she offered it. I had never ceased to gaze upon the countenance of the damsel, from the moment that she first presented the cup. I confess it was partly the fascination of beauty; but curiosity, arising from a vague feeling of suspicion, was another motive; for I had remarked, that as each friar returned into her hand the cup drained to the bottom, a faint smile passed over her countenance, bringing with it a recollection of the strange and fearful expression that had more than once disfigured the face of the superior. I had resolved to refuse the cup, and, at the moment that I rejected it, her still lustrous eyes looked into mine. There was that in them which belongs not to the good. I shuddered, and recommended myself to the protection of Heaven. The remaining six followed my example, and refused to drink; and the damsel placing the earthen vessel upon her head, left the fountain, and passed through the little door-way out of the convent garden. The path is visible all the way up the rock, from the little elevation to which I conducted you. We saw her slowly ascend; she often paused and looked back; at length she reached the summit, and sat down; but the deepening dusk soon hid her from our sight.

"There was no conversation among us; we returned silently to the convent; and the supper table was again spread with all that tempts the palate and debilitates the mind. We were dismissed to our dormitories, and again soft and voluptuous music filled the air. I labored at my devotions: they came not willingly; but I called again and again upon St. Francis to give me strength; till at length the world was shut out, and earnestness came, and strength and knowledge came along with it. I then knew that we were deluded; and I believe that the damsel of the fountain, and the likeness of St. Francis, were one and the same; and that both were the Evil One!

"At length I slept; but unholy visions pursued me.



Again my ears were delighted by music of the earth; I sat at a luxurious banquet, and quaffed rich and intoxicating wines. I knew that my feelings were sinful, and I escaped from temptation, and fled into the convent church, and prostrated myself before the image of St. Francis; but when I raised my eyes, it was not the saint upon whom they were fixed, but the damsel who lifted the water from the fountain. The scene then changed; again I stood by the fountain with my brethren, and I saw her extend her rounded arm and small hand toward me, and when I put the cup aside, there stood in her place a horrible likeness of St. Francis. If such were my visions, what must have been the visions of those who had not, like me, striven against temptation—who had banqueted like men of this world, and who suspected not that the damsel was no child of earth."

"I awoke, and slept again. I thought I stood by the fountain; but, save myself, the damsel only was there. She rose and passed through the small gateway, and I followed; and when she turned round and beckoned, I saw no unearthly expression in her eyes, and nothing but beauty in her smile; but when I would have passed out of the garden, I found myself held back, and looking behind, I perceived the mild countenance of father Godfrido; and again I awoke.

"I rose from my bed, and looked from my window which opens toward the garden. All was steeped in the white moonshine, which trembled upon the surface of the fountain, and showed me upon its brink a figure such as I had seen in my vision, and such as reminded me of the damsel who had offered us to drink. I will fathom this mystery, I said within myself. I know it is a delusion—a fascination sent from hell, to lure us from the path to heaven; perhaps I may save my brethren; and, recommending myself to God and St. Francis, I hastily put on my garment, and left my chamber; but, before passing into the garden, I entered the church and offered up a prayer at the altar of the Virgin, and of our patron saint. As I left the church and crossed the *patio*, I heard the doors of several of the dormitories close, and the steps of more than one of my brethren echo through the cloisters; and I could entertain no doubt that their latest vision had been like mine, and that they, like me, were seeking the fountain and its visitant; but the motive, I feared, might be different.

"I passed into the garden, and walked toward the fountain. All was calm and solemn; the silent visitant of the fountain sat by its margin, and as I approached, she turned toward me, and I remembered the captivating smile I had seen in my vision. She rose and passed the gateway, and I followed; but no shade of the pious Godfrido stood here to warn the passer by. The path from the convent garden to the summit of the rock, is steep and narrow, and is here and there fringed with clumps of the *Algoroba*. The damsel walked or glided quickly up the ascent, and I pressed closely forward. God and St. Francis know that I was urged on by a pious hope; I knew that it was no earthly being I pursued; but I was strongly in the belief of heavenly help, and feared not even the Arch Enemy. At a small clump of trees, not far from the summit, the figure paused; and when I had nearly reached the same spot, a countenance was turned to me that was no longer the countenance of the damsel who had filled her picher at the fountain; I saw the features of St. Francis, but the expression of a fiend.

"Here, at this spot, I will remain, said I to myself,

—here will I stand, to warn my deluded brethren; for I could perceive by the moonlight that the path below was speckled by several who hastened up, each pursuing a phantom, that from time to time turned round, beguiling them forward with a bewitching smile. Soon I saw one of my brethren approach, led on by one whose countenance was to me the countenance of a demon. It was father Calomar, God rest his soul! he passed swiftly by. I was rooted to the spot; I had lost the power of motion, else I would have rushed betwixt him and destruction. I attempted to cry—to speak—but in vain. I was voiceless, and the warning died in my throat. I saw him reach the summit—I saw the pretended daughter of earth step from the pinnacle and stand in the thin moonlight air; and I saw father Calomar attempt to follow; and the silence of night was broken by the fall of the guilty. Again, another approached—it was father Fuenfria—once a pattern of holiness; and he, too, was led on by the beckoning smile of one that seemed to him the damsel of the fountain, but whose face I knew. I strove to move—to catch his garment as he hastened by—to cry—but vainly; he, too, passed to perdition. Eleven more came, and passed by me; they saw me not, for their eyes were fixed upon the phantom that beguiled them and thirteen times the echoes of the rock told the success of the Evil One, and the weakness of man.

"When the thirteenth had passed, I recovered the power of voice and motion. Another approached; but I pronounced the name of St. Francis, and sprang between him and ruin. He, and the five that followed, had, like me, refused to drink from the vessel offered at the fountain; like me, they had been true to the ancient usages of the convent. No sooner had I pronounced the name of St. Francis, than the fiend, in its multiplied likeness, was no longer visible. The five friars who were ascending the path, stood still, bewildered; for the phantom that led on each had disappeared; and we returned to the convent singing a song of thanksgiving. No strange voice mingled with our morning service; and the chair of the superior stood empty; but alas! thirteen other chairs were vacant also. These thirteen crosses were raised on the summit of the rock, in commemoration of the end of the unholy. Masses are every day said for the deliverance of their souls; and let us trust that they may find deliverance. Since these events, we who escaped perdition have redoubled our austerities; and I, who am superior, have endeavored to follow in the footsteps of the pious Godfrido."

When the friar made an end of his relation, twilight had almost faded into darkness, and a glorious moon had risen in the east. I preferred a request to him, that he would walk with me to the summit of the rock, and to this he kindly assented. We passed into the garden, where everything reminded me of the strange and eventful scene which the friar had described. The moonlight fell white and calm upon the deep foliage; the branchy palm wore a broad crown of silver; the tufted blossoms of the acacia, and the orange trees, and the geraniums, filled the air with a sweet and mingled fragrance; and the moonbeam trembled in the depth of the crystal fountain. I almost expected to see the damsel sitting by its brink. We passed out through the small door, which my companion opened, and up the narrow path that wound to the summit of the rock. "Here," said my companion, when we had reached a clump of *algorobas*, "here I paused on that fearful night, and saw my thirteen brothers hasten to

perdition." I looked down the path beneath, but saw no speck upon its moonlit turnings; and when I gazed above, I saw only the thirteen crosses between me and the sky.

SONG.—THERE'S NOTHING MADE BY  
GRIEVING.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

Oh, why delight to wrap the soul  
In pall of fancied sadness?  
'Twere best be merry while we live,  
And paint our cheeks with gladness;  
For life is but a moment's span,  
And fate is quite deceiving;  
'Tis better far to be content—  
There's nothing made by grieving.

The girls—Heaven bless their precious souls!  
Are thick as bees about us;  
And every mother's son well knows  
They could not do without us.  
They're dang'rous, though, to meddle with,  
For they, too, are deceiving;  
They'll win and laugh, then flirt you—yet  
There's nothing made by grieving.

And Hope—'tis best to trust her not—  
The vixen lives by lying;  
She'll lead you on a wild-goose chase,  
Your heavenly patience trying;  
Don't listen to her "flattering tale"—  
She, also, is deceiving;  
And if she mocks your fond desires,  
There's nothing made by grieving.

Friendship is but a fabled theme,  
And love a silly passion;  
And wealth is but a gilded top,  
Whip'd round by fools of fashion.  
Thus friendship, hope, love, wealth and girls  
Need watching ere believing;  
Ne'er cloud the brow with gloomy thoughts—  
There's nothing made by grieving.

For the Rover—New York, Sept., 1844.

INDIAN TRADITIONS.

The "Better Land."

IN "Oncota, or the Red Race of America," a work just published by Mr. Schoolcraft, intended to illustrate the history, customs, &c., of the Aborigines, is told the following beautiful tradition of the "Better Land;" of which some gleam exists in the hopes of all nations not totally enveloped in Cimmerian darkness. It is prefaced by this account of Indian story-telling:

If a stranger among the Indians happens to be seated with the family in the lodge, (where the lonely wanderer has often found a welcome retreat,) he sometimes observes a sudden commotion, and finds from the countenances of the family that agreeable news has arrived. "Old — has come!" There is general joy. And old Indian enters, enfeebled by years, and no longer able to join the warriors and hunters, now perhaps absent on some dangerous enterprise. He possesses a memory retentive of the traditions of the tribe, and probably an imagination quick at invention or embellishment. As a necessary qualification, he is one of the few well acquainted with his native language. He loves to repeat his tales, and the children dearly

love to listen. In the many waste hours of savage life, the mother often realizes the inconvenience of having to provide occupation for unemployed minds, and the story-teller is welcomed by her for the relief he brings.

The old man, seated on the ground, and surrounded by an attentive circle begins his tale, and as the interest rises, and the narrative requires it, he now changes his tones to imitate different speakers, varies his countenance and attitudes, or moves across the lodge to personate the characters he describes. The mother, without disturbance, places the kettle on the fire, and quietly prepares some savory dish to regale the old wanderer at the close of his labors.

Thus, as by the minstrels, bards and troubadours of former days, and as the Turkish story-tellers at the present time, the Indians hand down their traditions of different kinds from generation to generation.

*The White Stone Canoe.*—There was once a very beautiful young girl who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when it was thought by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

He had heard the old people say that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills and valleys, and streams, had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappear. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the tradition of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

The young Chippewyan began to tell his story, but the venerable chief arrested him before he proceeded to speak ten words. I have expected you, he replied, and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She, whom you seek, passed here but a few days since, and, being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries and give you directions for your

journey from this point. Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf, said he, and the wide stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you cannot take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrow, your bundle and your dog. You will find them safe on your return." So saying, he re-entered the lodge and the freed traveler bounded forward, as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural color and shapes. The woods and leaves and streams and lakes were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees.

He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows. When he had traveled half a day's journey, through a country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the centre of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone tied to the shore. He was now sure he had come to the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were, also, shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when to his joy and surprise on turning round, he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in everything; she had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up, but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves; but no sooner was one wreath of foam passed than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear, and what added to it was the clearness of the water—through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewn on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad; but they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks were there; some passed and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the happy island; they felt that the very air was food; it strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where everything was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests; there was no ice—no chilly winds; no one shivered for the want of warm clothes—no one suffered from hunger—no one mourned for the dead, they saw no graves; they heard of no wars; there was no hunting of animals, for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze: "Go back, said this voice, to the land whence you came. Your time

has not yet come; the duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished; return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him, and you shall afterward rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted, and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrator awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, in hunger and tears.

#### Post Office Espionage in England.

The report of the several secret committees of the two houses of Parliament have been delivered. On an average of twenty-one years, the number of warrants for opening letters have been, in Great Britain, about eight annually; of these, about six have been issued upon the representation of magistrates for the purpose of bringing criminals to justice, or to assist in the recovery of stolen property. About two have been annually issued upon political considerations, to find the means of obviating some public danger. In Ireland, the number of warrants issued has been two in a year, almost exclusively for the purpose of tracing criminals. The following is the most material portion of the report,—“It may seem that the issue of six or seven warrants annually, in proportion to the 30,000 or 40,000 committals which take place in this kingdom, cannot be an efficient instrument of police; but, on the other hand, the issue of six or seven warrants upon a circulation of 220,000,000 of letters cannot be regarded as materially interfering with the sanctity or private correspondence, which, with these exceptions, there is not the slightest ground to believe has been ever invaded. The committees have examined into the case of the petitioners whose petition has been referred to them. It is true that Mr. Mazzini's letters were for about four months stopped and opened, under the warrant of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and inspected by the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, upon an apprehension that he was engaged in a correspondence having for its object designs which might be injurious to the tranquility of Europe. Certain parts of the information thus obtained were communicated to a foreign government, in so far as such a communication appeared to be warranted, but without the names or details that might expose any individual then residing in the foreign country to which the information was transmitted to danger. The committee are bound, in conclusion, to state, that having looked back to the proceedings of several Secretaries of State during successive administrations for more than twenty years, they have found the practice has been nearly uniform, that the power has been very sparingly exercised, and never from personal or party motives, and that in every case investigated it seems to have been directed by an earnest and faithful desire to adopt that course which appeared to be necessary, either to promote the ends of justice or to prevent a disturbance of the public tranquillity, or otherwise to promote the best interests of the country.”

From Major Downing's Bunker Hill.

SHERIFF BATTERMAN.

A Hero, and no mistake.

I've read about a good many old heroes before now. There was one called Cæsar in old Rome, that used to be considered a real go-ahead sort of a chap. And another called Charles the twelfth of Sweden, that would fight his way through anything in spite of old Scratch or Tom Walker. And there was old Put in our revolution, folks say he never was afraid of anything in all his life. Now if that's what makes a hero, not to be afraid of thunder and lightning and all the fire-arms and butcher knives in creation, its my opinion Sheriff Batterman is a decided case—he's a hero and can't help himself—or rather *was* a hero when he *couldn't* help himself, and that's proof positive that the real grit is in him. If I was going to get up a new list of Presidential candidates, I think I should take my old friend the General, whose air-name is Hickory, for President, and Sheriff Batterman for Vice President. I'll tell ye why. He was sent out from Albany a few days ago among the refractory tenants of the Patroon to collect some rents and other debts; and a whole company of the tenants disguised as Indians met him in a sneaky kind of a place, and not out to hang him and shoot him and tear him all to pieces, and the way he stood up to 'em, and laid down to 'em when he couldn't stand up no longer, I think was a caution to all Heldeberg Indians. A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce has told the sum and substance of the story as follows.

"The Sheriff went out to serve declarations on the Manor at the suit of Mr. Van Rensselaer, and of others, and also to make levies under two or three writs. Three special deputies went with him, selected as resolute fellows. All were armed with revolving pistols. Two rifles were in the bottom of the wagon. Four miles beyond Rensselaerville, a large party of disguised men, on horseback and on foot, armed with rifles, muskets and pistols, were discovered drawn up across the highway. The Sheriff drove up to them and ordered them to open and let him pass. A man seized his horses by the bridles. The Sheriff jumped out of the wagon to persuade the Indians to make way for him. He did this to avoid the destruction of human life, and to throw the responsibility of the collision, if any should take place, upon the tenants. As he came near to their line, he noticed a quiet movement indicating an intention to capture him. He instantly thrust his hand into his coat back pocket, to pull out a pistol. It hung for an instant, caught in the linings—and before he could draw it, he was fastened on by as many men as could touch him at once. After a brief struggle he was carried to the ground. Five men sat on him, literally. Pistols and rifles were held to his head, and he was ordered to give up his papers. He said he would not do it. He was searched, his pockets were cut off, and everything he had about him was taken. He was not passive in the meantime, but gave free vent to the resentment that this gross outrage upon his person and character, and the inequality of numbers, would naturally excite in a proud and brave man. He struggled too with his arms and feet to tear a mask from some face so that he could identify it afterward. But each word and every struggle cost him a kick or a blow. He was told that if he did not promise that he would never again serve process for Mr. Van Rensselaer, he should be shot. He swore he would die before he

would make the promise, and defied the Indian who held the pistol to his head to fire. They threatened to strip him to the skin, and tar and feather him. He told them to do it as quick as they pleased. His arms were then tied behind his back with a rope, and he was let up—four keeping hold of him. What did he now see of his deputies? One stood eating a cucumber with an Indian—another was drinking water from a bucket which he held up to his mouth, and a third was telling every imaginable lie to prove that he did not belong to the sheriff's party. The bucket was now offered to the astonished sheriff. He said he would not drink with a crowd of fellows, nor would he touch water that his cowardly deputy had drank of—and he kicked at the bucket to overturn it. It was now proposed to tar and feather the deputies. They lied and begged, and promised all things to escape this honor. A procession was formed, and after marching about a short distance, the Indians made a ring into which the deputies walked voluntarily. The sheriff was dragged into it. Tar and feathers were then put on his clothes. His pantaloons were turned up and his ankles were tarred, and feathers sprinkled over, and tar was poured into one of his shoes. The deputies were then ordered to jump up and down so many times, and as they jumped up to wave their hats and cry "Down with the rent!" They did so with a nice precision. A disguised justice of the peace then administered an oath to each of them, that they would never while they lived accompany the sheriff to serve process upon a tenant. The sheriff here implored the Indians to give the wagon and horses to his deputies and let them return to Albany—he wanted them out of his sight—he was ashamed of them and loathed them, and said that whatever became of him he did not want those men any longer about him. This was refused and he was told that he *must* take the oath. He answered that he had already taken an oath to do the duties of his office and he would die before he would violate it.

Here was a dilemma. The Indians must shoot this man or let him go; after deliberation they concluded to let him go. But now, to their surprise, he refused to go. He said he would not ride in the company of cowards and scoundrels, and that he had come out to make a levy on the property of a tenant, naming him, and though his writ had been stolen, yet he *would* go to the man's house and tell him that an execution had been issued against his property—and he *would* proceed to make a levy. The Indians said they would hang him if he undertook to go. The sheriff replied that they would have to hang him, if they prevented his going.

The obdurate courage of the man became perplexing. They consulted anew, and after a while determined to make the deputies carry him back to Albany. They sent to catch the horses which had been unhitched from the wagon, harnessed up, and then informed the deputies that they would avoid tar and feathers only by taking the sheriff, tied as he was, to Albany. They promised to do it. One of them approached to take him to the wagon; but the expression of his officer's eyes, inflamed at this new indignity, was so terrible, that he went back into the crowd. The deputies were made to get into the wagon. The sheriff was shoved toward it, resisting to the utmost—he was lifted up—he clung to the edge of the box with his hands and his cheek—one of his deputies unloosed his fingers, and while the others dragged upon the collar of his coat,



the Indians shoved behind. He was at last rolled in, and the wagon was rapidly driven off. Two miles from there it stopped, and the rope that bound the sheriff's arms was cut.

The Indians were counted twice, and were sixty-three in number. All were armed—all were wrapped in impenetrable disguise—the spot was lonely—the man was alone—everything favored the commission of a murder. But in these trying circumstances, the sheriff was true to himself and his office. He forgot not for a moment the obligations of his trust, and he sustained the dignity that belongs to an honest and a brave man. I feel profound respect for him, and in the mortification he feels at the disgrace the law has sustained in his person, and at the cowardice of the men he had himself picked out, he can derive consolation from knowing, as I know, that he has won the admiration of every generous spirit in the county of Albany—and not there only, but wherever respect will be felt for the man who, in these days, permits neither considerations of party politics—of pecuniary advantage—of personal popularity, or the safety of his life, to deter him from the strict discharge of his official duty."

#### Washington's Snuff Box.

There is extant in this neighborhood, and at present in the hands of the editor of the Saturday Emporium, a rich and curious gold snuff-box, presented to General Washington soon after the revolution. Upon the inside of the lid is engraved this inscription: "This Box was presented by Lord Ellenborough to George Washington." There is an interest attached to the history of this box which is briefly told in the American Republican as follows:

Lord Ellenborough had a brother who arrived in this country soon after the close of the war. He took up his residence, first in Philadelphia, and afterward in Washington, in both of which places, he received the marked attentions of General Washington. Subsequently, he was taken ill, and died in this country. During his illness, it is said the kindest attentions of General Washington were proffered and accepted; and, after his death, the body was carefully preserved by General Washington's orders, until it was sent for to be conveyed to England. Lord Ellenborough was filled with regret at the intelligence of his brother's death, and adopted all means to ascertain the extent of his sufferings, and what attention he had received. Learning, through various sources, the kindness which had been extended to his deceased brother by General Washington, he caused the snuff box to be made and sent to him with many expressions of gratitude. The box descended to some of Washington's heirs, and passed through several hands by which its history is fully and authentically traced until it came into the possession of an aged widow lady residing in Virginia. At a time when the Colonization Society was making great efforts to liberate the slaves of this country, and transmit them to Africa, this old lady came forward and presented the Society with the box, desiring that it might be sold to some member of the society, and the avails appropriated to their objects. This was done, the box bringing between three and four hundred dollars. It was bought by an eminent judge of Connecticut, at the suggestion of the Rev. Walter Cutton, who was at the time acting in some official capacity in the Colonization Society.

#### STROLL IN THE COUNTRY.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

I HAVE had a brief sojourn amid the hills of Rockland county, and as the season is just now given to *peaching*, perhaps you will pardon an irresistible inclination to supply for the public's private ear (though in another sense) that which has been given in such delicious abundance to its open mouth. Summer, then, is in the full flush of her luxuriant richness; not a leaf looks as if there existed the remotest possibility of its ever changing its hue, or "falling from its high estate." With what a superior scale of magnificence nature seems cast in the country, to that of a city! Night after night, the tall pines beconed up the moon in "God's broad silent sky," which bathed with a flood of silver light the last depths of the great wilderness. By way of contrast to the otherwise pervading quiet, the tree-toads were at concert pitch, both day and night, while the garrulous Katydid openly insisted upon that which no one pretended to contradict or doubt. For my own part, I never heard Katy did anything that she need be ashamed of, and so I turn a deaf ear to all her protestations, as being quite too superfluous and ridiculous to listen to, and too ambiguous in their nature to demand the attention of the learned and philosophic of my nation. Who knows but that she wishes to seduce one into a controversy from some sinister design or other?—aye, who knows! It may be quite awful in its results.

I scribbled a part of this under a tree standing by a brook, which turns a mill in its course, and then goes sighing down the glen.

"In many a lazy syllable repeating

Its old poetic legends to the wind"—

the *tout ensemble* as rare a little cabinet gem of a picture, as ever warmed a genius into inspiration.

The little village of Tappan is situated in a branch as it were of the Ramapo valley: It seems scooped out by the hollow of great nature's hand, and forms in the landscape a vast canal—one side of bald precipitous cliffs, the other of gently sloping hills; it is also a region of historical associations, being the *locale* of Andre's imprisonment and execution. The room in which he was confined is still shown. It is said that a sentinel constantly paced up and down outside the little window to prevent an escape. Had I been in his place, I think I should have been seized with a sudden fit of drowsiness some dark night, and cried out in my sleep that the coast was clear. People must have rest, and they will talk in their sleep. The attempted mischief was frustrated, and the penalty of death for a wrong not done, seemed too awful. Those were tempestuous times, however, and—and—we recollect to have heard a visitor murmur something about shooting instead of hanging, once, but we paid but little regard to what he said. He was probably an Englishman, and intended to write a book about America. Washington held his quarters here. The house is still standing, and is much better quarters than the British received from the Yankees.

Just after landing in this city, a furious beast from one of the boats came teaming up Barclay street. He was making for a child on the walk, when a man, apparently a laborer, caught the child in his arms and saved its life, at the tremendous hazard of losing his own. I looked him in the face and knew such fruit could only spring from such a seed. It was stamped by the seal of a Deity to mark a soul of benevolence.

God's mercy on thee, man! Thy fate, though lowly and sorrowful, has not stifled in thee the spirit which gives to a self-sacrificing action its holiness, and love for thy kind its tenderness and mercy. The moiety of good worked out by thy hard hand, and still harder toil, shall become to thee a universe where dwell forever such forms as live in memory's own green world of purity and peace. God's mercy on thee, again and again! and may it seek thee in shape as fair as the smile of her who greets thee from thy daily task, to bless the home thy task provides. Oh, when existence struggles o'er, how melancholy would be the thought that such actions meet no better reward than that which gives to parting life a pang. Oh, how desolate must be the conviction to his dark soul whose cold reason assigns no fitter guerdon for such deeds than the debt that all must pay, and in it find no promise kept, no hope fulfilled, no charity known, no faith rewarded.

*For the Rover—New York, Sept., 1844.*

#### Accidents at Niagara.

ACCIDENTS which happen at the Falls are long remembered, and if numerous, will produce an impression which will lessen the number of visitors to this wondrous work of nature. The loss of human life at such a place has associations which attach to the place and increase with years as they travel on, and seem to mingle with human mind, when brought in contact with the locality, with a most mysterious force. There are oftentimes emotions in the human breast when viewing the locality of scenes like these which are unaccountable, and unexplainable, yet the results are often visible. Accidents seem sometimes to be contagious, and the mind becomes spell-bound when within their mysterious influence.

I once, in a forest, watched for a few moments a striped squirrel crawling slowly toward the open jaws of a hideous rattlesnake which lay stretched across the road, in the path my horse was traveling. A second thought induced me to cease idly gazing, and at once dismounting, I cut a long pole, drove the reptile from the path, and took the squirrel in my hand without its attempting to escape; but it died in a few minutes, although not within ten feet of the serpent.

Danger, sometimes, has a charm which over-stimulates the mind, and produces mental intoxication, and it is by no means a rare occurrence: the field of battle—the battle ship—the duelist—all are witnesses so strong in this respect, as to leave no doubt of such an influence. A sad delusion! Death is ill approached in such a path.

A motto, true in all its bearings—instructing in all its principles—that "*Prudence is the better part of valor*," is often forgotten, or rarely heeded, when remembered.

Goat Island; with its grove, and the reverberation of the thunder of the cataract, and its rainbow of decorations, and crystal waters which surround it and break in pearly gems beneath its cliffs; is a beautiful place for a CEMETERY, and should be devoted to such an use. The water of the falls would lose none of its solemn cadence; the rainbows which hang above the broken waters none of their beautiful tints—nor the grove its loveliness, nor the scenery its sublimity and harmony; by such an acquisition; but all would be increased in a two-fold ratio. A tomb in such a spot

would speak a language to the passer by that would make an imprint upon memory's tablet as durable as life. It would be in its teachings a living preacher, speaking a universal dialect.—*Journal of Commerce.*

COMETS.—In Dr. Lardner's Lecture on Comets he announced that, according to the calculation of Arago, our system is visited regularly by 7,500,000 comets. The French astronomer has by actual observation ascertained that within the orbit of Mercury 30 comets regularly have their perihelion—that is, have their nearest turning point to the sun; and the same is true of any other equal amount of space in any other part of the solar system. He estimates too that he can observe but half the comets, and from measuring the whole space within the limits of Herschell, a calculation brings out the result of 7,500,000. Comets are a vaporous substance, the extreme tenuity or thinness of which may be illustrated by the fact that stars have been distinctly seen through the head of a comet, which head was 30,000 miles in diameter. A very light fog that! The comet of last year, he thinks must have touched the sun. It is a fact, he affirms, that comets with each revolution approach nearer the sun; and he argues that they probably have, and must again, become merged in that great luminary. This is the effect of the ether or fluid which extends throughout all space. The effect of this ether is the same on the planets, and the result must inevitably be, that they, and our earth with them, must at some incalculably distant future, be burned up in the great reservoir of light.

#### RAILROADS IN GENERAL.

##### And Long Island Railroad in Particular.

This is the age of railroads, and they are working a wonderful influence upon the business prospects and general progress of society. The Long Island railroad has gone into very successful operation, and bids fair to rank among the most important and lucrative in the country. A good deal of interesting information is condensed in the following extract from an article by a writer in the Sun in reference to this and other railroads.

It is a link in the great seaboard line of railways, 94 miles long, with about 400,000 souls at its southwestern termination. It connects active manufacturing New England and its capital, already numbering upward of 100,000 souls, with New York. The road is remarkably straight, and there is no difficulty of accomplishing high rates of speed. This makes it the shortest line, in time, compared with any other. "Time is money" to the poor and to the rich man; more so to the former, as it is his only capital. The question is asked, can a road pay alongside of such "magnificent" steamers as we have on the sound? We answer in the affirmative, and add, there will be business enough for both—in the variety they will afford the traveler and man of business. We reason from analogy and from experience, both in this country and in England. We will cite a few cases to prove the success of railways, even where there has been the most active opposition from steamboats. The Glasgow and Greenock railroad, 22 1-2 miles long, built side by side with the river Clyde, under many difficulties from the nature of the ground, cost \$165,000 per mile, or ten times of that of the Long Island. It has successfully

competed with the finest steamboats in Great Britain, and carries over it twice the number of passengers carried by the steamboats—to wit: in 1842, 833,755; in 1843, 850,000; tons of goods, 47,000 per annum. The rate of fare is 9 pence sterling, or less than one cent per mile. Yet at this low rate, the road pays a dividend, and the stock is held at a premium. Such is the regularity of the trains, that not one in sixty is ever fifteen minutes behind its time. No accident has yet happened to the mass of passengers conveyed. The Liverpool and Manchester railroad, 32 miles, contends with the famous canal of the Duke of Bridgewater; pays regularly 10 per cent. dividends from \$300,000, its present yearly receipts from passengers and goods. The Manchester and Leeds railroad, 51 miles, divides 6 per cent. on a capital of \$14,000,000, its cost; and contends with canals for freight. In this country, the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad may be mentioned, as having contended successfully with the fine steamboats on the Delaware and Chesapeake, and forced them, it is understood, into a compromise. The Camden and Amboy railroad, side by side with the Delaware and Raritan canal, has been obliged by a law of New Jersey, to take the cost of this canal—being greater than the railroad—on its shoulders, and divides 15 per cent. which it has for years earned, with a canal that does not pay one per cent. per annum. The New Jersey Railroad and Transportation Company, after losses by flood and fire, are now giving 6 per cent. with regularity to their stockholders. Here is a sharp competition with steamboats, from Brunswick, Elizabethtown and Newark, which charge only half the prices charged on the railway; yet a majority of the business public pay 50 cents to the railroad at Brunswick, and 25 cents from Newark, to gain time, in place of half these rates by the steamboats. From these cases it will be seen that the prospects of the Long Island Railroad are good, especially when it is known that a careful examination has established the fact that the expenditure by travelers and for freight from Boston per railroad and through the Sound, is full \$800,000 per annum. We think that one fourth of this amount will go via railroad, \$200,000. The expenses for this business proportioned to the receipts, on this line, where wood is only eleven shillings per cord, should not exceed 30 per cent.—but say 40 per cent.; we then have, with the travel and traffic of Long Island, which will build up a business of itself for the road, the sum of \$120,000, or 8 per cent. on the cost of the road; the latter being \$1,500,000. The experience of all railways from large cities is, that from the convenience they afford to live in the country and do business in the city, they create a travel and traffic for themselves.

The following exhibits a good deal of originality and poetic beauty. We have had many valuable contributions from the same source.

## MY BIRTH-NIGHT.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

THE midnight hour of my natal day  
Draweth near its close,  
And bright in seven goblets gay  
The wine's red beauty glows.

And, gleaming bright on the midnight board,  
Seven candles burn;

And fast the blushing wine is pour'd  
To each one in its turn.

Those tapers bright are my seven friends—  
Scatter'd far and near—  
And each warm flame toward me bends,  
As though their hearts were here!

Here, burning faint, like a setting star,  
Close beside my heart,  
Is one, who, though her form be far,  
Is of my soul a part!

There, dancing wild, with a fitful light,  
Flashes bright and high  
The warm young soul who gave his plight  
To love me till we die!

And, burning next, with a steady flame—  
Like his own truthful soul—  
Is he, whose love is still the same,  
"Though seas between us roll!"

A kindly glow and a gladsome gleam  
Shineth next on me—  
And well I know whose bright eye's beam  
That friendly ray must be.

And, flickering here and blazing there,  
Gleams or pales away  
The soul of one whom I will swear  
Is mine own friend this day.

With lustre mild, like the silver ray  
Dropping down from Heaven,  
Shines one whose soul may ne'er betray—  
Whose heart to me is given.

And brightly, yet with a sadden'd fire,  
Her eye on me falls,  
Whose spirit, like a broken lyre,  
The thought of joy recalls.

A shining soul from each taper streams!  
Seven souls have I—  
And each one in a goblet gleams  
Beneath each taper nigh.

And swiftly when they have swallow'd up  
Glances which they crave—  
Into my heart, from each red cup,  
They leap, as to the grave!

And sweetly, though they be far away,  
From those tapers seven  
Look my seven friends on me,  
Like holy stars from Heaven!

For the Rover—Sept., 1844.

A PLEASANT CORRESPONDENT.—About eight months since a respectable retired merchant of this city received through the post office a letter post-marked "Boston, December 16," the superscription evidently in a disguised hand, which contained a \$5 bill, but not a word in relation to the purpose for which it was sent, or the party from whom it came. On Saturday another letter, subscribed in the same hand, and post-marked "Salem, August 16," was received. This also enclosed \$5, and was exactly like the first, except that the su-

perscription contained an initial forming a part of the name of one of the gentleman's sons. Not the faintest conjecture can be formed as to who the money comes from, and whether the second letter was sent on the supposition that the first was not received, or these are but the first instalments made toward the discharge of a larger debt, is a mystery which only time can solve.—*Boston Post.*

LETTER FROM SARGENT JOEL.

To Major Jack Downing, Editor of the Bunker Hill, New York.

LONDON, away off in England, Aug. 14, 1844.

DEAR COUSIN JACK: When I got your letter in Liverpool, tellin me that you had gone to printin a paper in New York, and wanted me to leave the old brig and stop in England awhile and be your European correspondent, I'll be blowed if I didn't feel a good deal struck up. In the first place I felt a little proud to think one of my relations had div right into the heart of the greatest city in the country, and was goin to runnin a paper right along side by side with all them great guns in the printin line; and thought if I could I should like to give you a lift. I talked with the captin about it, and he said he was so light handed he felt plaguy loth to let me go. But I gin him in a month's wages and that pacified him; so I packed up my duds and started. I don't know as I shall be much help to you; but as you used to like my letters pretty well that I writ you sometimes in the Gliner's time, I'll take hold and do the best I can.

I thought I better come right to London and cast anker awhile, for if there was any news stirring I should be pretty like to get hold of it here. So I come right on as fast as the railroads and stages could bring me; and that isn't slow I can tell ye. I've been here a few days lookin about for news, and as the Great Western and Hibernia steamships are most ready to sail, I'll jest put down what I've got.

Old Mr. Joseph Bonapart is dead; not Napoleon, but his brother, that used to be a king once in Naples and Spain, and then a farmer in New Jersey. He died in Florence the 25th day of July. His brothers Louis and Jerome were with him and took care of him. Kings and farmers, it makes no difference, all have to die.

Mr. Washington Irving, our Minister to Spain, has not been very well lately, and is making a visit to Paris. He's coming over to London a little while too, and I'll try to see if I cant get him to write you a few letters. You know he has quite a nack at writin.

The old governor of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, has jumped off the throne and gin it up to his son. They say he's been a very smart man, and he wants to get his son underway before he dies, so he can hold the reigns as well as his father did; and that's what made him step out and put his son in. You know our Presidents in the United States do that sometimes. They dont exactly put their sons in to be Presidents, because that wouldn't look quite right in our country; but they tell who shall come in next when they go out, and go to work and help boost 'em into the chair.

The French have kicked up a kind of a bobbyery by firing on a place called Tangiers away off in Morocco, somewhere in the Mediterranean sea. The French king's son Joinville, that was skylarkin round in New

York a year or two ago, has been round to Tangiers with some vessels, and poured the hot shot into the place at a great rate. I dont know what the scratch was about; but they say the English are rather huffy about the business, and some think they'll pitch into the French and have a real war before the scrape is over. However as the French king is coming over here in a few weeks to make a visit to Queen Victoria I spose they wont go to fighting till that's over.

Now, Jack, if the news I've been telling you so far, seems to be nothin but small potatoes, you needn't think it's because I've got nothin that's worth tellin, because I have. I always like to dig the small potatoes fust, and then come to the big ones, so now look our for thunder.

And if we haven't had thunder here, of the tallest kind about a week ago, I wont guess again. I don't think there's been sich a time afore since the great battle of Waterloo. It seems the folks here was expectin it and had everything all cut and dried, so that when the battle was begun they could do it right up, quick as a wink, jest as Napoleon used to. 'Twas expected the toughest part of the fight would be at Winsor Castle, which I believe is about twenty milles off. It was necessary that all the great officers and ministers of state should be at the Castle when the trouble that was expected should come on; and they was needed all the time too in London to look after matters and things there. And they couldn't be in two places at once you know; so how do you think they worked it? They've got a talking machine here that'll speak from Winsor to London and from London back again to Winsor in a minute. It's like that one between Baltimore and Washington in our country. I believe it's carried on by animal magnetism or something or other. Well the government had letters written to all the great officers and ministers of state in London, containing the orders what they was to do, and all sealed up and left at the London end of the talking machine, at a place called Paddington Station. And it was agreed that the moment the trouble begun at Winsor, and the word was spoke from there to London, these letters should all be delivered as quick as a cat could lick her ear, and then every body would know what to do.

Well, the folks at Winsor was on the look-out all the time, to be ready at a moment's warning to give the alarm. And on the morning of the 6th, about five o'clock, sure enough there begun to be signs that trouble was a brewin. And the signs kept increasing till six o'clock, when there was no mistake, the troops were wanted about the quickest. Then at two minutes past six, a smart rider jumped on to one of the swiftest horses in the government stables and rid like all fire to the Slough Station, that is to the Winsor end of the talking machine, or magnetic telegraph as they call it here. I don't know exactly how far it is, but I believe it's two or three milles. At any rate he got there in eight minutes; that made it ten minutes past six. But here there seemed to be a little head-flaw that put the business back some. For Mr. Howell, the superintendent of the telegraph at the Slough Station, was a-bed and asleep, bein it was only six o'clock in the mornin. But the man roused him out in less than no time; and they flew to the talking machine and sot it agoing, and told the man at Paddington, the London end of the line, to have them are government letters all delivered as quick as lightning.



In less than fifteen minutes London was in an awful state of excitement and racket. The great officers and lords and ministers of state jumped out of their beds and run to the railroad cars as hard as they could streak it. They couldn't go themselves by the telegraph, so they had to go by the cars. But I guess you never see cars go so fast afore. They jumped in and let on the steam, and went the whole distance, eighteen miles and a quarter, in eighteen minutes. That's more than sixty miles an hour.

The old Duke of Wellington, what whipt Napoleon at Waterloo, met with some little frustration in getting on his pantaloons or something or other, and was a leetle behind hand. However, the old man never was beat afore, and he didn't mean to be beat now; so he jumped into another car all alone and ordered 'em to put on double steam, and got there almost as soon as any of 'em. And when they all got there, the dukes and lords and nobles and great officers of state, they all marched in a body up to Windsor Castle as bold as lions, determined if it should be necessary, every one of 'em to risk their lives for their country. But they was a leetle too late, for Queen Vitoria had won the whole battle alone. And when the London regiment got there her baby was about half an hour old. The cars that went back to London to carry the news, went the eighteen miles and a quarter in fifteen minutes and ten seconds, being over seventy miles an hour. Then the guns fired and the bells rung in the city enough to stund a nation.

There's been some dispute whether the baby is born a Duke of York or a Duke of Kent. Prince Albert, that is, the Queen's husband, will have it that he's a Duke of York; but some think he's only a Duke of Kent. I spose when the doctors get time to examine him a little more they'll find out which he is. Mrs. Perkins has been appointed to the office of wet nuss to the baby to look after the gruel and the pap and so on. Poor woman, she had a baby herself jest two weeks before; but everybody must be willing to risk their lives for their country; so they carried her in a close carriage between ten and eleven o'clock to the castle to enter on the arduous duties of her office.

I've been struck a good deal, Cousin Jack, at seein the difference between doing these things here and in Downsville in the State of Maine. I remember one night when I was a boy I was staying at Uncle Joshua's; it was a dark, still, quiet night in the summer, so still that I could hear the grasshoppers kick against the fence clear across the road. About midnight I heard somebody knock, knock, knock, against the door. I got up and looked out the chamber window, and I heard Uncle Joshua get up and go to the door. And then I heard Deacon Jones' voice speaking kind of low and saying he wanted Mrs. Downing to go over to his house a little while. And in about five minutes Aunt Keziah was up and dressed, and put a blanket over her head and went off with Deacon Jones. I was puzzled a little to know what it meant. Thinks I, they can't any of 'em be sick, or else he'd asked Uncle Joshua to go, for uncle knew a good deal more about sickness and medicine than Aunt Keziah did. I got up airly and went off to work, and when I come in to breakfast, there sot Aunt Keziah at the breakfast table, as calm as if nothin in the world had happened.

Says I, "good mornin, Aunt Keziah; what's the news this mornin?"

"Nothin in particular," said Aunt Keziah, lookin

right into her tea-cup, "only Miss Jones has got a little son." And then she turned to Cousin Nabby, and says she, "Nabby, as soon as you have done breakfast, you must run over to Deacon Jones' and make Miss Jones a good bowl of gruel." And that was all the fuss there was about it.

Good-by, Cousin Jack; you shall hear from me next time. And I remain your lovin cousin,

SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

#### THE ROVER.—Fourth Volume.

IN commencing the fourth volume of the Rover, we must of course say something to our friends and readers; but our words will be few and plain-spoken. Our ambition is to make a good magazine of general popular literature, of a character that shall have a permanent interest, be valuable for preservation, and worthy of being bound into volumes as a book of interest for all times, a desirable companion for the chimney corner and winter evenings at home.

Those readers, who like our *object*, will please follow us till they find themselves essentially disappointed in the attainment of their desires in this particular, and we do not expect them to follow us farther. With regard to the business prospects of the Rover, they are steadily improving, and the work has now as good a claim to a character for permanence and stability as any of its respectable cotemporaries. Our distant readers, therefore, and country friends, need no longer feel a timidity in ordering the work by payment in advance. \$3 a year. \$5 for two copies. \$10 for five copies. Four copies six months, [an entire volume] for \$5.

We have an impression that the following exquisite touch of pathos and sentiment is by Miss Gould, but are not certain. Be it whose it may, it is beautiful.

#### THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE put him on a snow-white shroud,  
A chaplet on his head;  
And gathered early primroses  
To scatter o'er the dead.

SHE laid him in his little grave—  
'Twas hard to lay him there,  
When spring was putting forth its flowers,  
And every thing was fair.

SHE had lost many children—now  
The last of them was gone;  
And day and night she sat and wept  
Beside the funeral stone.

One midnight, while her constant tears  
Were falling with the dew,  
She heard a voice, and lo! her child  
Stood by her weeping too!

His shroud was damp, his face was white,  
He said—"I cannot sleep,  
Your tears have made my shroud so wet;  
Oh, mother, do not weep!"

Oh, love is strong!—the mother's heart  
Was filled with tender fears;  
Oh, love is strong!—and for her child  
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,  
And there she saw him stand—  
Her infant in his little shroud,  
A taper in his hand.

"Lo! mother, see my shroud is dry,  
And I can sleep once more!"  
And beautiful the parting smile  
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave  
He laid his weary head;  
And soon the early violets  
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—  
Again she knelt in prayer,  
And only asked of heaven its aid  
Her heavy lot to bear.

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THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

"THE ECHO; or Borrowed Notes for Home Circulation; by C. F. HOFFMAN," author of "A Winter in the West," *Greystaer*, &c.

This is the title given to a collection of Hoffman's Poems, now just published in the pamphlet form and making about fifty large octavo pages. Burgess, Stringer & Company, New York, and G. B. Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.

The singularity of the title will seem to the reader perhaps to require some explanation, and if he will turn to the brief and well-written preface of the author, he will learn in some degree the why and the wherefore, not only as regards the title, but also the cause of the present appearance of the volume. A few words here on the subject may not be out of place, and may be of general interest to the reader. The London Foreign Quarterly Review for January last, contained an article making a most gross, illiberal and indecent attack upon the whole literature of this country, but more particularly upon the poetry and poets of the country. It is hardly possible to imagine an article more thoroughly unjust and abusive. After assuming in general terms that "American poetry is little better than a far-off Echo of the Father Land," it goes on to attack in a most scurrilous manner most of the principal poets of our land, living and dead. It in effect set them all down as a brotherhood of dunces, but seemed to single out Charles Fenno Hoffman for a two-fold distinction, holding him up both as dunce and knave. It held such language as this: "It is reserved for Charles Fenno Hoffman to distance all plagiarists of ancient and modern times in the enormity and magnitude of his theft." It charges him with being a mere echo of Moore, that he has been for twenty years *hashing up* Moore's songs and poems into dishes of his own to *hocus* the Americans with. "Hoffman is Moore hocussed for the American market. The turns of the melody, the flooding of the images, the scintillating conceits, are all Moore. Sometimes he steals the very words," &c. &c.

Mr. Hoffman, feeling himself bound to notice this foreign wholesale slander published in a prominent and widely circulated review, has taken the most ready and effectual means to put his heel on the head of the vi-

per and do himself and the public justice, by allowing his collected fugitive poetry to be published in a cheap form, in order that every abused American who may feel a curiosity to ascertain the fact, may have an opportunity to compare the *echo* with the original and learn exactly the amount of imposition practised upon him. On this point, the author says in his preface, "I have, therefore, as the question is one of *character*, and not of mere literary taste, collected all the pieces, by which I have attempted 'to hocus the Americans,' that I could lay my hands upon; and though the unconscious imposition has been running on so long that many may have escaped me, yet there are enough of all kinds for the present purpose."

After all, however, whatever Mr. Hoffman may have suffered in feeling from an attack so base and unmanly, the public are the gainers by it, inasmuch as it has been the occasion of placing within their reach a volume of beautiful American poetry, which otherwise might have been left to

"Waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This volume, besides "The Vigil of Faith," an Indian poem of eight or nine hundred lines, contains upward of a hundred songs and miscellaneous poems, evincing a high degree of poetic power in the author, a great facility of artistical execution and abounding in lively imagination and original thought. We open the book almost at random, and make the following quotation.

What is Solitude?

Nor in the shadowy wood,  
Nor in the crag-hung glen,  
Nor where the echoes brood  
In caves untrod by men;  
Nor by the bleak sea-shore,  
Where barren surges break,  
Nor on the mountain hoar,  
Nor by the breezeless lake;  
Nor on the desert plain  
Where man hath never stood,  
Whether on isle or main—  
Not there is solitude!

Birds are in woodland bowers;  
Voices in lonely dells;  
Streams to the listening hours  
Talk in earth's secret cells;  
Over the gray-ribb'd sand  
Breathe Ocean's frothy lips;  
Over the still lake's strand  
The wild flower toward it dips;  
Pluming the mountain's crest  
Life tosses in its pines;  
Coursing the desert's breast  
Life in the steed's mane shines.

Leave—if thou would'st be lonely—  
Leave Nature for the crowd;  
Seek there for one—one only  
With kindred mind endow'd!  
There—as with Nature erst  
Closely thou would'st commune—  
The deep soul-music nursed  
In either heart, attune!  
Heart-wearied thou wilt own,  
Vainly that phantom woo'd,  
That thou at least hast known  
What is true Solitude!

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# HOME.

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# THE ROVER.

TO A LITTLE CHILD.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

On, turn that little foot aside,  
Nor crush beneath its tread  
The humblest creature of the earth,  
That looks to God for bread.

Thou should'st not dare in wanton sport  
Such wondrous skill to mar,  
To stop that tide of joyous life,  
Which God has nourished there.

If He who made the universe,  
Stoops down, in kindest love,  
To make an insect of the earth,  
From his high throne above,

O! who should dare that insect's life  
In wantonness destroy,  
Or give a pang to anything,  
That he has made for joy?

My child, begin in little things  
To act a gentle part,  
For God will turn his love away  
From the cold and cruel heart.

"Mid pleasures and pinches though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which, seek the world through, is not met with elsewhere."

Our engraving this week is emphatically a home-picture, and a very pretty one, too, representing a quiet, thoughtful, intellectual woman, reading at her own fire-side. A scene more delightful, more elevating, and heart-satisfying, than can be presented by a thousand of the gayest belles of Broadway, or Queen Victoria in her royal robes, and surrounded by her court. The picture must bring up to every one a thousand recollections and associations of home, of a mother, sister, wife, or daughter; and while the thoughts of the reader are turned on home, he will relish the following eloquent passages, in which home is the theme. The nearest approach we can give to the author is, that we cut the article out of an old newspaper where it was credited to an "exchange paper."

## HOME.

THERE is something in the word HOME, that wakes the kindest feelings of the heart. It is not merely friends and kindred that render that place so dear, but the very hills and rocks and rivulets throw a charm around the place of our nativity. It is no wonder that the loftiest harps have been tuned to sing of home "sweet home." The rose that bloomed in the garden where one has wandered in early years, a thoughtless child, careless in innocence is lovely in its bloom, and lovelier in its decay. No songs are sweet like those we heard among the boughs that shade a parent's dwelling when the morning or evening hour found us gay as the birds that warble over us. No waters are bright like the clear silver streams that wind among the flower-decked knolls where in childhood we have often strayed to pluck the violet or lily, or to twine a

garland for some loved school-mate. We may wander away, and mingle in the world's fierce strife, and form new associations and friendships, and fancy we have almost forgotten the land of our birth; but at some evening hour, as we listen perchance to the autumn winds, the remembrance of other days comes over the soul, and fancy bears us back to childhood's scenes, and we roam again the old familiar haunts, and press the hands of companions long since cold in the grave—and listen to voices we shall hear on earth no more. It is then a feeling of melancholy steals over us, which, like Ossian's music, is pleasant, though mournful to the soul.

The Swiss—who leads his army into a foreign land, must not suffer the sweet airs of Switzerland to be sung in the hearing of his soldiers; for at the thrilling sound they would leave the camp, and fly away to their own green hills.

The African, torn from his willow-braided hut, and borne away to the land of charters and of chains, weeps as he thinks of home, and sighs and pines for the cocoa land beyond the waters of the sea. Years may have passed over him, and stripes and toll may have crushed his spirits—all his kindred may have found graves upon the corals of the ocean; yet were he free, how soon would he seek the shores and skies of his boyhood's dreams!

The New England mariner, amid the ice-berg of the Northern seas, or breathing the spicy gales of the ever-green Isles, or coasting along the shore of the Pacific, though the hand of time may have blanched his raven locks, and care have ploughed deep furrows on his brow, and his heart have been chilled by the storms of ocean, till the fountains of his love had almost ceased to gush with the heavenly current—yet, upon some Summer's evening, as he looks out upon the sun sinking behind the western wave, he will think of home, and his heart will yearn for the loved of other days, and his tears flow like the Summer rain. How does the heart of the wanderer, after long years of absence, beat, and his eyes fill, as he catches a glimpse of the hills of his nativity; and when he has pressed the lip of a mother or a sister, how soon does he hasten to see if the garden, and the orchard, and the stream, look as in days gone by! We may find climes as beautiful, and skies as bright, and friends as devoted; but these will not usurp the place of Home.

There is a spot where none will sigh for home. The flowers that blossom there will never fade; the crystal waters that wind along those verdant vales, will never cease to send up their heavenly music; the clusters hanging from trees o'ershadowing its banks, will be immortal clusters; and the friends that meet, will meet forever.

## THE RED AND WHITE LOVERS;

Or, The Death Blanket.

A CAREFUL examination of the map of North America, will show that the Blackfeet are a race of Indians dwelling on the Marias, the Yellowstone, and other tributaries of the Missouri, bounded toward the north by the Ojibbeways and Knistenaux; on the west by Flatheads and Shoshonies, and on the east and south by the Corbeaux, or Crows. In number about sixty



thousand, they are warlike and predatory in the extreme, treat the traders with haughtiness, which, considering the fate of such aboriginal tribes as have mixed with the whites, is the less surprising; by their enemies are called blood-thirsty and relentless; and by the few white men who have dwelt among them from other motives than that of disposing of the insidious fire-water in exchange for furs, are designated as brave, fearless, honorable enemies, and true specimens of nature's gentlemen. Their costume is picturesque and elegant, though one feature in it is of a terrible cast. Beautifully dressed deerskin tunics, leggings and moccasins of the same, with a band two inches in width down the seams, exquisitely embroidered with porcupine quills, and further ornamented with small locks of black hair taken from the scalps of the enemy—such is their apparel. When mounted on their sturdy horses, with the short bow of horn, *bois d'arc*, the arrow, shield and long spear, they may not inaptly be called the American Arabs. The skin of a buffalo bull, carefully garnished with porcupine quills, and painted rudely inside with representations of battle scenes, is often used as a cloak. The spear heads are of steel, and their shields of buffalo hide, hardened with glue from that animal's hoof, will, when carefully turned, glance a rifle bullet. The women, obedient and meek, dress not so expensively, unless, indeed, it be a favorite young wife, upon whom, by way of great kindness, a coat of mountain goat skin and a robe of young buffalo hide may be lavished. The costume of the children is so natural as to require no description, being, indeed, somewhat less intricate than that of the fat little native of Yucatan described by Stevens as putting on his hat as his sole article of clothing.

In the year 1828, a year ever memorable in the traditions of the Blackfeet nation, a village of this people was temporarily situated at the junction of a small stream with the Yellowstone. The tents were pitched on the right bank of the river, to the number of twenty-five hundred, placed along the water's edge, in the position each thought most handy and convenient. For many days they had dwelt in that region, the buffalo being abundant and fat, and the hunters fully employed in laying in a stock of this staple food of the prairie. No animal is of greater utility than this monarch of the American plains, the countless myriads of which, wandering hither and thither over the ocean-like expanse, from the Rocky Mountains to Canada, and the frontiers of the States, is bread, meat and clothing to the wild red man. As it migrates, the Indian follows, and, keeping in the rear of the mighty horde, chases it with his sturdy horse and unerring bow; and rarely, indeed, is the warrior without the means of satisfying his appetite. When it is remarked that the buffalo bull often weighs two thousand pounds, it is at once seen what an acquisition a single animal is to a village. If this were the proper place to do so, we could expatiate through many pages on the various uses of this animal. The wigwams of the Blackfeet are made of buffalo skins sewed together, having been first dressed and shaped in a convenient manner. Some thirty pine poles, twenty-five feet in height, and lashed together at the summit, formed the frame, a hole at the top giving both light and vent to the smoke. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this species of tent, which can be taken down and packed on the baggage horses, or dogs, with the utmost rapidity.

Early one morning, a short time after the sun had first shown itself from behind the low grassy mounds in the east, there lay concealed, on the edge of a green knoll overlooking the village, a human being. His position was such as to command a full view of the whole of the lodges, the river and the far-spreading prairie, which, like a huge sea, swelled interminably to the east and the west, to the north and to the south. The muddy and cream-colored Yellowstone rolled majestically at his feet, herds of buffalo were visible, grazing afar off, but for neither had the stranger any eye. His glance was fixed upon the village, in which was discernible the stir of a hunting party. Presently a long line of mounted warriors rode forth scouring the plain, and eager for the fray, though buffaloes, and not men, were the game sought after. Still the excitement was great—death was to be dealt around, and to the wild untutored Indian, the chase was the mimic representation of that far fiercer war held by him to be more noble and manly. At length, the women, children and old braves, alone remained within the circle of the wigwams; and most of the former began to employ themselves in the exercise of those duties which constitute the peculiar employment of these patient creatures. Some were engaged in dressing skins of deer, goat, or buffalo; others studiously labored at making pemmican, drying buffalo meat, and preparing marrow fat, called "trapper's butter," and the other luxuries afforded by the carcass of the bison. Others, again, more femininely domestic, were sewing moccasins or tunics, nursing, meanwhile, their dark-skinned babes, which, mild and innocent as they appeared, were doomed, if they lived, to follow the war-path, to chase their hereditary enemies, the Crows and the Assiniboins, and to take their reeking scalps. Low, monotonous, and yet musical, was the lullaby of these embrowned dames as they rocked the cradles by their every motion, it being, as usual, suspended to the back by a strap across the forehead. A few maidens, not yet entered on their matronly duties, sauntered down to the river side to bathe their dusky limbs, and these it was that the stranger watched with the most evident interest. Presently one more comely than the rest, and who, though not more than sixteen, presented the air and mien of a princess—so firmly, majestically and bravely did she walk—separating herself from the rest, and, as if seeking for a more convenient spot, wandering down the stream toward the mound in question. A smile crossed the face of the skulking stranger; and rolling himself down the declivity on the opposite side to the village, he stood awaiting the girl's approach. Though darkened and tanned by exposure, it was evident he was a white man.

Henry Williams, such was his name, a student of medicine, had, some six months back, reached the station of the American fur company, at the junction of the Yellowstone and Missouri. Throughout the year, large parties of Indians assembled at this spot to trade peltries for powder, whiskey, beads, &c., and among these were the Pe-a-gan Blackfeet above described. Henry Williams had never been decidedly in love—many times he had fancied himself assailed by the tender passion, but each time some little absence or other circumstance had disproved the idea. His heart was then peculiarly open to new impressions. He saw Ah-key-nes-tou, a young and handsome Blackfoot, (by the way, that pedal limb was in her a ruddy brown,) the affianced bride of In-ne-cose, the Iron horn. More reason for loving her. In-ne-cose was a morose

and ill-favored Indian, whose only recommendation was his wealth, since he was not even full blooded, his father having been of the hated race of the Crows. Many years a prisoner among his father's clan, and at length released, his valor earned for him a high place among the relatives of his mother, though some shrewdly surmised that his abandonment of the country of his father arose from reasons not much to his credit. Still, he was rich in peltries, scalps and horses, and had four wives already; and who could refuse him his daughter, even though that daughter were Ah-key-nes-tou? Williams thought the match a decidedly improper one, and as the girl wanted yet two months of sixteen, when the warrior was to claim his bride, he determined, if possible, to prevent it. The task was far from an easy one, since Ah-key-nes-tou, though she owned to a secret predilection for her white lover, yet knew that she had been paid for, two horses having been duly received from In-ne-cose by her parents. Now Ahkey, as Williams called her, was an honorable girl, and having, ere Henry paid his court to her, been proud of the richest man in the tribe as her suitor, had not refused her consent to the match, especially when her little heart was gratified by the sight of two noble horses handed to her father in exchange for his daughter. But Williams had, during some dozen stolen interviews, filled her head with new-fangled notions. He had persuaded the dusky damsel that mutual love was the most delightful thing in existence; had offered to quit home, friends, all for her sake; and, wedding her, become a wild hunter of the prairie. Last, but not least, he intended to offer six horses as his bridal gift. Still, In-ne-cose had been accepted; Ah-key-nes-tou considered herself his affianced wife, and both the lovers were consequently miserable and uncomfortable. Williams had left the steamer in which he was journeying up stream, and which for the first time visited that remote spot in the wilderness, to hurry on to the Pe-a-gan Blackfoot village overland, and was one day in advance of his white friends.

Williams and Ah-key met, and, without speaking, seated themselves on a green bank. The young man took the girl's hand, and looking her fondly in the face, remained silent during some minutes. At length he spoke.

"The days have been very long while the red-rose was absent from the sight of the young medicine. The sun was very bright, but I could not see; the moons are going fast, and the red-rose opens not its buds: soon, and the Iron-horn will want a fifth bride in his wigwam. The young medicine wishes but one bride; the earth is very full, but his tent is empty."

A slight tremor shook the Indian girl as she replied. It was, however, but for an instant.

"Ah-key-nes-tou has a heart, and it is very red; her father willed her to be the wife of a chief. Two have come, a red-skin and a pale-face. The red-skin is brave, but his heart is black: it is that of a Crow. The pale face is young, and his tongue speaks no lies: he has no mate. The heart of Ah-key-nes-tou is very small, it can hold but one. I see it, and it shows me the face of a young medicine; but a wide river parts the red-rose and the pale-face. In-ne-cose had in his hand a black horse swift as the antelope, and a brown mare which never tires; they are not to be found in their place. The father of Ah-key-nes-tou counts two more than he did when the moon was young."

"But," replied the young man, as with mixed joy

and grief he listened to the sad musical tones of the Indian girl; "the medicine of the pale-faces is rich; he will give three horses for one that the Iron-horn has sent."

To be valued at six of these useful animals, was almost too much for the Blackfoot maiden; but she restrained her emotions of pride, and replied, "the heart of my brother is large, he sets no count on a stray mule, but he cannot bring back the young moon. In-ne-cose misses his two steeds in the chase, and wants a squaw to dress his meats."

Now, the idea of Ah-key's becoming anybody's squaw save his own, was more than Williams could look at patiently. His indignation would have exploded in words, but that, just as certain sentences of dire import were crowding to his tongue, his pretty young Blackfoot mistress rose calmly, and yet with so keen a fire in her eye, that Henry saw something unusual had happened.

"My brother is very wise," said she, smiling, "but he does not hear a snake in the grass. The Iron-horn sees afar off; the young medicine of the pale-faces is not in his own wigwam. But no Blackfoot must say a brave has hidden near the camp of his friend. The red-rose will see if the water of the river can make her white, and my brother must go eat in the village of the Pe-a-gans."

Williams comprehended at once that In-ne-cose had been watching them. Though this was no pleasant intelligence, yet could he not but smile at the quiet humor of his ruddy mistress, who, sooth to say, could not be called fair. Her behavior was obeyed in an instant, after a rapid interchange of certain glances, which, amid lovers of all nations, creeds, and colors, are intuitively understood. His ponderous western rifle was then shouldered, and the summit of the mound once more gained. Standing so as to be seen by the whole village during some minutes, he slowly descended, and walked toward the lodge of the principal chief, an old brave, who, besides being the father of Ah-key-nes-tou, had the additional recommendation of a personal friend, in consequence of the interchange of certain gifts, wherein the white man had shown himself unprecedentedly liberal. The reception by the old man was cordial and warm; breakfast and pipe being immediately offered and accepted. After a due time devoted to the inhaling of the odoriferous kinnee-kiunec, Williams cautiously broached a subject which had occupied the thoughts and tones of both on more than one occasion—namely, the disposal of the old man's daughter. The chief owned that he should be highly honored by the white medicine's alliance, and equally highly pleased by the promised horses; but the affianced state of the maiden was a matter of by far too serious moment, he argued, to be treated lightly. "In-ne-cose is a warrior, a brave; his wigwam has many scalps; he has smoked his pipe in the council chamber, and his arm is very strong. The people of my tribe would say that War-Eagle was an old squaw if he shut his eyes against In-ne-cose." Williams owned that there certainly were difficulties to be got over, but still could not think any of them insurmountable. He therefore quietly informed War-Eagle that a fire-ship was expected to reach the village before sunset, when his baggage and tent would be landed, preparatory to his taking up his residence among the Blackfeet. War-Eagle appeared pleased at the determination, and pointed out the summit of the hill where he had been first seen as an ap-

propriate camping-ground. Williams assented, and then, mounting a swift horse lent him by the good old chief, hurried after the hunters.

Toward evening the approach of the steamer *Yellowstone*, or rather the fire-ship, being noised abroad, the whole population of the village, male and female, young and old, congregated on the water's edge to witness its arrival. There is no greater error in circulation with regard to the Indians, than that of either supposing them without curiosity, or as disdaining to evince any emotion of the kind. On great occasions, in solemn deliberation, when within view of thousands of whites, and perhaps among certain of the nobler tribes, the famed Indian stoicism certainly exists. But in their native wilds, surrounded only by their wives and little ones, they are true descendants of Eve, and can joke, laugh, and be curious with the best of us. The approach of a fire-boat, of which the population had heard a description from the few who had seen one, was so rare and extraordinary an occurrence, that their anxiety was raised to the highest pitch. Wherever the *Yellowstone* had been, she had been held by the Indians as big medicine. Unlike the Dutch at Newburgh, on the Hudson, who thought a steamer a floating saw-mill, they could give it no name; and when its twelve-pound cannon and eight-pound swivel were discharged at intervals, their wonder was complete. "Some of the inhabitants threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the Great Spirit; some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived to be offended; some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs, some miles distant; and others came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was to approach and go on board. Sometimes they were thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women, children, and dogs—sage, sachem, old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose for his own amusement."

After a short delay, Williams, who stood amid the throng of chiefs, gave notice that the steamer was in sight, and soon it became plainly visible, ploughing its way up the winding river, its black smoke and white steam escaping at intervals, while the guns sent forth thunder. In-ne-cose, who had kept apart from his rival, scowling and fierce, now approached, and, terror and consternation in his face, plainly demonstrated his wish to be on good terms with the relative of so terrible a monster. Williams, however, scorned his advances, and remained in converse with War-Eagle. Meanwhile the boat came rapidly nearer and nearer, and various names were given it. One called it the "big thunder-canoe," another the "big medicine canoe with eyes," and all decided that it was a great mystery. In a short time it came in front of the village, and all was still and silent as the grave until it was moored, when Williams led the chiefs down to the water's edge, and on board. In-ne-cose, not yet recovered from his anxiety, followed in the rear. Cordial greetings took place between the whites and the Blackfeet, who, however, were chiefly occupied in examining the wonderful structure which "saw its own way, and took the deep water in the middle of the channel."

Early on the following morning, the steamer, having landed the young medicine's tent and baggage on the beach, departed on its way down the river, leaving

Williams alone with his red friends, save as far as an honest Canadian trapper might be considered society. Williams' first duty was to erect his wigwam, and deposit his treasures therein, composed of ammunition, a medicine chest, and sundry matters agreeable both to male and female Indian taste. This, with the aid of Bogard, was soon effected, and on the very spot designated by War-Eagle. Scarcely was their duty concluded, when a messenger—an Indian lad, as usual—summoned the two white men to a council of the chiefs. Bogard and Williams obeyed, though neither could understand the reason of this sudden requisition. They, however, followed in silence, and were led to the open place of the village, in front of the council chamber, where the chiefs were assembled in the open air, in the presence of the women and young men. A single glance satisfied Williams of the nature of the subject to be deliberated upon. In-ne-cose was smoking his tomahawk pipe with the most stoical gravity, his form enveloped in a rare and beautiful Mexican poncho; but round the corners of his mouth there was a smile of malicious meaning, and a furtive rolling of the eyes toward the spot where, standing upright near her father, was Ah-key-nes-tou, a model of beauty and female modesty, with a slight dash of pride. As Henry Williams sat gravely down, forming one of the circle of chiefs, Bogard, who took his place close in his rear, whispered in his ear a few sentences. Williams looked hastily at In-ne-cose, examined him curiously, and appeared convinced of the truth of his Canadian friend's remarks, he turned deadly pale, and a shudder came over him. Regaining his outward composure by a strong effort, the young medicine accepted the calumet, and took several whiffs; he then relapsed into inactivity. For ten minutes not a syllable arose, when, at a sign from the War-Eagle, In-ne-cose arose.

"A pale-faced medicine, a son of the big thunder-canoe, has pitched his tent by the wigwam of the Blackfeet. It is good. There is much ground which is empty: there is plenty of buffalo; my young friend is rich, and a great warrior; his skin is white, but his heart is very red—he will be a friend to the Blackfoot who calls him brother. But the young medicine is alone; he has no squaw to cook his meat, to saddle his horse, and make his bed with soft skins and bulrushes—he has no wife to bring home the game which he kills, and the path to the Crows is very long; he cannot have a slave. Look around; the young women of the tribe are many; the dogs of Assineboins came in the night, and took scalps like sneaking faint hearts, (Indian expression for dandy, a character despised by these warlike people,) and the women are plenty as buffalo; they are very fair; my young friend is rich; he can buy two wives; let him choose; and he can take his squaw when In-ne-cose takes Ah-key-nes-tou. I have said."

An emphatic "hugh!" proceeded from the whole circle, both those who understood the secret motives of the Iron-horn, congratulating him on his cunning, and those who did not, sincerely wishing to see the son of the big thunder-canoe adopted into the tribe. Williams rose immediately, and as he understood the language sufficiently, (Ah-key-nes-tou had been his teacher,) addressed the assembly without the aid of an interpreter: "In-ne-cose is a dog." This unexpected opening riveted every eye upon the speaker, though not a muscle appeared to move in any of the dusky forms, save Ah-key-nes-tou, who looked at her lover



admiringly. "His skin is that of a Blackfoot because he is so very cunning, and has painted, but his heart is the heart of a Crow. Does a Blackfoot lie?—does a Blackfoot steal? It is a Crow that is guilty. The Great Spirit is angry; a vulture is among the eagles, and would carry away the prettiest eaglet, but the Manitou wills it not. In-ne-cose will be in the happy hunting-ground before the sun goes seven times to sleep; but In-ne-cose will take many Blackfeet with him—warriors, sachems, women, children, perhaps Ah-key-nes-tou;" and Williams, deeply moved, could only add, "I have said."

The War-Eagle rose hastily, evidently alarmed, and turning to the young lover, said, "My pale-face brother is very wise; the Great Spirit tells him his will. Why is he angry? In-ne-cose is a Crow, and if he be a vulture, and the Manitou says it, he must go."

In-ne-cose and Williams rose together, but the former, who, though not altogether successful in concealing his emotion, still preserved the stolid and calm gravity of a chief, gave way, and the young medicine proceeded to explain himself. He informed the assembled warriors, in language too circumlocutory and figurative to be rendered into English literally—that on the passage up the Yellowstone, but two days before, a Mexican merchant, on his way to Santa Fe, had died of the small-pox, a disease which, he informed the Indians, was terribly contagious to those who were not guarded against it by a great medicine operation. The merchant who had died owned, among other things, the blanket, or poncho, which now enveloped the form of In-ne-cose, and had actually breathed his last with it around him. As all those in the steamboat, besides, were American citizens, and were vaccinated, the man's clothes had been merely hung up in the wind; but In-ne-cose, having stolen the article in question, and worn it during many hours, he felt quite sure that death was his portion. Williams added, that every Indian who went near him, who touched him or his blanket, who came within range of the same atmosphere, would die also, unless, indeed, he could with his medicine save them. "It is very black; a dark night is coming; the Great Spirit is angry; one month, and perhaps not a Pea-a-gan lodge will be full. But In-ne-cose loves Ah-key-nes-tou; let her go to the lodge of the pale-face, and the pale-face to the wigwam of the Iron-horn. Seven suns will not pass ere the Great Spirit calls many to his happy hunting-ground."

Long ere Williams had done speaking, every living being within the arena had moved to a distance from In-ne-cose, who sat still smoking his pipe, to all outward appearance as calm as he had previously been. A slight pallor through his dusky skin might have been visible to a keen observer. Slowly rising at last, he turned gravely to Williams:

"The Great Spirit is in the clouds, and calls all his people to him, and they must go. The little ones of the Iron-horn slept on the mystery-blanket; they woke, and were well. Will the bad spirit touch them?"

And disdaining to show fear for himself, the wretched man drew his poncho closer around him.

"The lightning blasts the old oak and the young saplings," replied Williams.

"In-ne-cose is rich, he has four squaws; if the young medicine of the pale-faces will drive away the bad spirit from the little ones, he may take Ah-key-nes-tou to his wigwam."

Williams seized the warrior's hand and wrung it with energy. Telling Bogard to lead Ah-key-nes-tou to his tent, and then to bring down his medicine-chest, the white mystery-man followed his late rival to the wigwams of his children. We hesitate to paint the scene which followed. Let us borrow the words of a native historian. "The infected article spread the dread infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain, were all new to the medicine-men; and the body falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their frenzy and ignorance, despite the advice of the white doctor, they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream; and, whether the burning fever or want of nervous action prevailed, whether frantic with pain or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely, and then plunged in the snowy waters of the river. They endeavored for a time to bury their dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil minded medicine men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits—had entered into them, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great spirit had also placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them; he had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurers, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken; the fire in the great pipe was extinguished forever; their graves called for them, and the call was answered by a thousand dying groans. Mad with superstition and fear, brother forsook sister, father his son, and mother her suckling child, and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influence of the climate restored the rest of the tribe to health. Of the 2500 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 800 only survived its ravages; and even to this hour do the bones of 7000 or 8000 Blackfeet lie unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted village on the banks of the Yellowstone."

In-ne-cose—some said the blanket was given him by a trader who hated the Blackfeet—died among the earliest; while Ah-key-nes-tou, persuaded by Williams, was the first who fled. The medical student did his best to persuade the Indians to abandon the place at once; he also exerted himself to save as many as possible; but both his advice and remedies being disregarded, he took a canoe, and, with Ah-key-nes-tou—now an orphan—and Bogard, made the best of his way to St. Louis. No longer a lover of the wilds, he braved the ridicule of society, and, marrying his Indian bride, took up his residence on the banks of the Missouri, in the town above mentioned, and no medical man in the state has a higher reputation than our hero. Last time I heard of him it was through a paragraph in the St. Louis Republican which said "For SENATOR that eminent patriot, Dr. Henry Williams."—*Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*.

A FORTUNE.—Our readers, says the Boston Transcript, will remember the gentlemanly and comic actor who, under the name of Ranger, performed some five or six years since upon the boards of the Tremont Theatre, and in most of the principal theatres in the states, giving besides, a series of vocal concerts of a medley nature with regard to the pieces, but numerously and fashionably attended. This individual has

come into the possession of a princely fortune. Belonging himself originally to one of the best families of New York, that of *Codwise*, he married into a high family of England—the Bertle family, to which belong Lord Abingdon and the late Duke of Ancaster, &c. We have a private letter from London before us which mentions that Mr. Ranger or Bertle (for by the will of a deceased ancestor he was obliged to take the latter name) has lately returned from Lincolnshire, England, where he had been to take possession of estates worth 120,000 £. Mr. Bertle had previously inherited a large fortune, but this last accession consists of the estates of the late Duke of Ancaster, his late wife's ancestor, and had he a son, that son would have inherited the title. Of course, the actor is no more—he is merged in the "man of fortune;" but then as Shakspeare truly says—

"All the world's a stage  
And all the men and women merely players."

#### WOMAN AND FAME.

Lines addressed to a Friend,

ON HEARING OF THE RE-PUBLICATION OF THE WRITER'S  
FIRST LITERARY ESSAY IN AMERICA.

Oh, speak no more of future fame,  
This throbbing heart to ease;  
What woman, worthy of her name,  
Could cling to such as these?

And tell me not my page is read  
In that far distant land  
Where erst the pilgrim fathers led  
Their faint yet faithful band.

For, oh, my friend, my bleeding feet  
Will never reach the goal;  
And were it won, it could not meet  
The wishes of my soul.

To man the laurel we allow—  
*His* temples it adorns;  
But placed on woman's lovelier brow,  
It proves a crown of thorns.

The lowly head that bends to bear,  
Its burden could not grace:  
The *only* woman fit to wear  
Would deem it her disgrace!

Her home, her hope, her heart is found  
Where she is loved and known;  
There meekly, as on holy ground;  
Her own bright wreath is won.

The gems that in her bosom shine,  
She deemeth all too few  
To hallow that domestic shrine,  
Her wishes hallow too!

Her heart must break before it burst  
The bondage God imposed.  
Fame comes when fate has done its worst,  
And heart and hope are closed!

The hot sirocco drinks the dews  
That linger mid the flowers,  
Before their bright-eyed petals lose  
The light of morning hours!

The furnace-blast of sorrow dries  
The springs of woman's hope,  
Before her altered spirit tries  
With loftier minds to cope.

One yearning look she casts behind,  
Then rushes wildly on:  
Who heedeth now the tears that blind  
The bright yet blighted one?

Oh, lead her gently back again  
To that *one* spot on earth,  
Where fond affection weaves her chain,  
And holler thoughts have birth!

It may not be!—her heart is changed—  
Its earlier life is o'er:  
The bounding pulses once deranged,  
Beat healthfully no more!

\* \* \* \* \*  
The list'ning crowd her strains admire:  
To them 'tis never known,  
That ere the woman wake the lyre  
Her woman's heart is gone!

Dublin University Magazine.

#### THE OLD SUGAR-HOUSE PRISON.

THE following interesting sketches and reminiscences of the old Sugar-House in Liberty street, used by the British in the Revolution as a prison for confining American prisoners, and in which the most painful and appalling sufferings were endured, have been published in a communication in the *New World*, from Grant Thorburn, otherwise known as LAURENCE TODD.

WHEN ages shall have mingled with those who have gone before the flood, the spot on which stood this prison will be sought for with more than antiquarian interest. It was founded in 1769, and occupied as a sugar-refining manufactory till 1776, when Lord Howe converted it into a place of confinement for the American prisoners. At the conclusion of the war for Independence, the business of sugar-refining was resumed, and continued until 1839 or '40, when it was leveled to the ground to make way for a block of buildings wherein to stow Yankee rum and New Orleans molasses. Pity it ever was demolished. With reasonable care it might have stood a thousand years, a monument to all generations of the pains, penalties, sufferings and deaths their fathers met in procuring the blessings they now inherit. It stood on the southeast corner and adjoining the graveyard around the Middle Dutch Church, said church being now bounded by Liberty, Nassau, and Cedar streets. But, as it is said, this church is soon to become a post-office. The leveling spirit of the day is rooting up and destroying every landmark and vestige of antiquity about the city, and it is probable that in the year 2021, there will not be found a man in New York who can point out the site whereon stood a prison, whose history is so feelingly connected with our Revolutionary traditions.

On the 18th of June, 1794, I came to reside in Liberty street, between Nassau street and Broadway, where I dwelt forty years. As the events recorded in this history had but recently transpired, I had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with the men who had been actors in the scenes. Some of the anecdotes I heard from the lips of General Alexander Hamilton,

General Morgan Lewis, Colonel Richard Varick, the venerable John Pintard, and other Revolutionary worthies, then in the prime of life, but now all numbered with the dead.

Till within a few years past, there stood, in Liberty street, a dark stone building, grown gray and rusty with age, with small, deep windows, exhibiting a dungeon-like aspect, and transporting the memory to scenes of former days, when the Revolution poured its desolating waves over the fairest portion of our country. It was five stories high; and each story was divided into two dreary apartments, with ceilings so low, and the light from the windows so dim, that a stranger would readily take the place for a jail. On the stones in the walls, and on many of the bricks under the office windows, are still to be seen initials and ancient dates, as if done with a penknife or nail; this was the work of many of the American prisoners, who adopted this, among other means, to while away their weeks and years of long monotonous confinement. There is a strong jail-like door opening on Liberty street, and another on the south-east, descending into a dismal cellar, scarcely allowing the mid-day sun to peep through its window-gratings. When I first saw this building—some fifty years ago—there was a walk, nearly broad enough for a cart to travel, round it; but, of late years, a wing has been added to the north-west end, which shuts up this walk where, for many long days and nights, two British or Hessian soldiers walked their weary rounds, guarding the American prisoners. For thirty years after I settled in Liberty street, this house was often visited by one and another of those war-worn veterans—men of whom the present political worldlings are not worthy. I often heard them repeat the story of their sufferings and sorrows, but always with grateful acknowledgments to Him who guides the destinies of men as well as of nations.

One morning, when returning from the old Fly-market, at the foot of Maiden-Lane, I noticed two of those old soldiers in the sugar-house yard; they had only three legs between them—one having a wooden leg. I stopped a moment to listen to their conversation, and as they were slowly moving from the yard, said I to them:

"Gentlemen, do either of you remember this building?"

"Aye, indeed; I shall never forget it," replied he of one leg. "For twelve months, that dark hole," pointing to the cellar, "was my only home. And at that door I saw the corpse of my brother thrown into the dead-cart, among a heap of others, who died in the night previous of jail fever. While the fever was raging, we were let out, in companies of twenty, for half an hour at a time, to breathe the fresh air; and inside we were so crowded that we divided our number into squads of six each. No. one stood ten minutes as close to the window as they could crowd, to catch the cool air, and then stepped back, when No. two took their places; and so on. Seats we had none; and our beds were but straw, on the floor, with vermin intermixed. And there," continued he, pointing with his cane to a brick in the wall, "is my kill-time work—'A. V. S., 1777,' viz: Abraham Van Sicker—which I scratched with an old nail. When peace came, some learned the fate of their fathers and brothers from such initials."

My house being near by, I asked them to step in and

take a bite. In answer to my inquiry as to how he lost his leg, he related the following circumstance:

"In 1777," said he, "I was quartered at Belleville, N. J., with a part of the army, under Col. Cortlandt. Gen. Howe had possession of New York, at the same time, and we every moment expected an attack from Henry Clinton. Delay made us less vigilant, and we were surprized, defeated, and many slain and made prisoners. We marched from Newark, crossing the Passaic and Hackensack rivers in boats. The road through the swamp was a 'corduroy,' that is, pine trees laid side by side."

In September, 1795, I traveled this road, and found it in the same condition.

"We were confined," he continued, "in this sugar-house, with hundreds who had entered before us. At that time, the brick meeting-house, the north Dutch church, the protestant church in Pine street, [where now stands the custom-house,] were used as jails for the prisoners; while the Scotch presbyterian church in Cedar street, [now a house of merchandize,] was occupied as an hospital for the Hessian soldiers, and the Middle Dutch church for a riding school for their cavalry. I well remember it was on a Sabbath morning—as if in contempt of Him whose house they were desecrating—that they first commenced their riding operations in said church. On that same day a vessel from England arrived, laden with powder, ball, and other munitions of war. She dropped anchor in the East River, opposite the foot of Maiden Lane. The weather was warm, and a thunder-storm came on in the afternoon. The ship was struck by a thunder-bolt from Heaven. Not a vestige of the crew, stores, or equipment was ever seen after that. The good Whigs and Americans, all over the country, said that the God of Battle had pointed that thunder-bolt.

"We were crowded to excess," continued the old veteran; "our provisions bad, scanty and unwholesome, and the fever raged like a pestilence. For many weeks, the dead-cart visited us every morning, into which from eight to twelve corpses were thrown, piled up like sticks of wood, with the same clothes they had worn for months, and in which they had died, and often before the body was cold. Thus, every day expecting death, I made up my mind to escape, or die in the attempt. The yard was surrounded by a close board fence nine feet high. I informed my friend here of my intention, and he readily agreed to follow my plan. The day previous we placed an old barrel, which stood in the yard, against the fence, as if by accident. Seeing the barrel was not removed the next day, we resolved to make the attempt that afternoon. The fence we intended to scale was on the side of the yard nearest to the East river; and our intentions were, if we succeeded in getting over, to make for the river, seize the first boat we could find, and push for Long Island.

"Two sentries walked around the building day and night, always meeting and passing each other at the ends of the prison. They were only about one minute out of sight, and during this minute we mounted the barrel and cleared the fence. I dropped upon a stone, and broke my leg, so that I lay still at the bottom of the fence outside. We were missed immediately, and pursued. They stopped a moment to examine my leg, and this saved my friend; for by the time they reached the water's edge, at the foot of Maiden Lane, he was stepping on shore at Brooklyn, and thus got clear. I was carried to my old quarters,

and rather thrown than laid on the floor, under a shower of curses.

"Twenty-four hours elapsed ere I saw the Doctor. My leg, by this time, had become so much swollen that it could not be set. Mortification immediately commenced, and amputation soon followed. Thus, being disabled from serving either friend or foe, I was liberated, through the influence of a distant relative, a Royalist. And now I live as I can, on my pension, and with the help of my friends."

In 1812, Judge Schuyler, of Belleville, showed me a musket ball which then lay imbedded in one of his inside window-shutters, which was lodged there on that fatal night thirty-five years previous.

Among the many who visited this prison forty years ago, I one day observed a tall, thin, but respectable looking gentleman, on whose head was a cocked-hat—an article not entirely discarded in those days—and a few dozen snow-white hairs gathered behind and tied with a black ribbon. On his arm hung—not a badge, or a cane, nor a dagger; but a handsome young lady, who I learned from him was his daughter, whom he had brought two hundred miles to view the place of her father's sufferings. He walked erect, and had about him something of a military air. Being strangers, I asked them in; and before we parted, I heard

#### THE HISTORY OF THE PRISONER.

"When the Americans," he began, "had possession of Fort Washington, on the North river—it being the only post they held at that time on York Island—I belonged to a company of Light Infantry, stationed there on duty. The American army having retreated from New York, Sir William Howe determined to reduce that garrison to the subjection of the British if possible. Our detachment at that time was short of provisions, and as Gen. Washington was at Fort Lee, it was a difficult matter to supply ourselves from the distance without the hazard of interception from the enemy. There lived on the turnpike within a mile of our post, a Mr. J. B. This man kept a store well supplied with provisions and groceries, and contrived to keep himself neutral, selling to both parties; but he was strongly suspected of favoring the British, by giving them information, &c. Some of our officers resolved to satisfy themselves; and if they found their suspicions just, they thought it would be no harm to make a prize of his stores, especially as the troops were much in need of them. From prisoners, and clothes stripped from the slain, we had always a supply of British uniforms for officers and privates. Accordingly three of our officers put on the red coats, and walked to friend B's, where they soon found the color of their uniforms was a passport to his best affections, and to his best wines. As the glass went round his loyal ideas began to shoot forth in royal toasts and sentiments. Our officers being now sure of their man, I was one of a party who went with wagons, and everything necessary to ease him of his stores.

"On the following evening, that matters might pass quietly, we put on the British uniforms. Arriving at the house, we informed Mr. B. that the army were in want of all his store, but we had no time to make an inventory, being afraid we might be intercepted by the Americans; but he must make out his bill from memory, carry it to the Commissary at New York, and get his pay. The landlord looked rather serious at this wholesale mode of doing business, but, as the wagons were loading up, he found remonstrance would

be in vain. In less than an hour his whole stock of eatables and drinkables were on the road to Fort Washington. By the direction we took he suspected the trick, and alarmed the outposts of the British army. In fifteen minutes we heard the sound of their horses' hoofs thundering along behind us; but they were too late, and we got in safe. He got his revenge however; for in three days thereafter our fortress was stormed, by Gen. Kniphausen on the north, General Matthews and Lord Cornwallis on the east, and Lords Percy and Sterling on the south. So fierce and successful was the attack, that twenty-seven hundred of us were taken prisoners, and numbers of them, with myself, marched to New York, and lodged in the Crown street [now Liberty st.] sugar-house.

"It is impossible," he continued, "to describe the horrors of that prison. It was like a healthy man being tied to a putrid carcass. I made several attempts to escape, but always failed, and at last began to yield to despair. I caught the jail fever, and was nigh unto death. At this time I became acquainted with a young man among the prisoners, the wretchedness of whose lot tended by comparison to alleviate my own. He was brave, intelligent and kind. Many a long and weary night he sat by the side of my bed of straw, consoling my sorrows, and beguiling the dreary hours with his interesting history. He was the only child of his wealthy and doting parents, and had received a liberal education; but despite of their cries and tears, he ran to the help of his country against the mighty. He had never heard from his parents since the day he left their roof. They lay near his heart, but there was one whose image was graven there as with the point of a diamond. He, too, had the fever in his turn; and I then, as much as in me lay, paid back to him my debt of gratitude. 'My friend,' he would say to me, 'if you survive this deadly hole, promise me you will go to the town of H——. Tell my parents, and Eliza, I perished here a captive, breathing the most fervent prayers for their happiness.' I tried to cheer him by hope, feeble as it was. 'Tell me not,' he would add, 'of the hopes of reunion; there is only one world where the ties of affection will never break; and there, through the merits of Him, who was taken from prison into Judgment, for our sins, I hope to meet them.'

"This crisis over, he begun to revive, and in a few days was able to walk, by leaning on my arm. We were standing by one of the narrow windows, inhaling the fresh air, on a certain day, when we espied a young woman trying to gain admittance. After parleying for some time, and placing something in the hand of the sentinel, she was permitted to enter this dreary abode. She was like an angel among the dead. After gazing eagerly around for a moment, she flew to the arms of her recognized lover, pale and altered as he was. It was Eliza. The scene was affecting in the extreme. And while they wept, clasped in each other's arms, the prisoners within, and even the iron-hearted Hessian at the door, caught the infection. She told him she received his letter, and informed his parents of its contents; but not knowing how to return an answer with safety, she had traveled through perils by land and water, to see her Henry.

"This same Hessian sentinel had served us our rations for months past, and from long intimacy with the prisoners, was almost considered a friend. Eliza, who made her home with a relative in the city, was daily admitted, by the management of this kind-hearted



man; and the small nourishing notions she brought in her pockets, together with the light of her countenance, which caused his to brighten whenever she appeared, wrought a cure as if by miracle. His parents arrived, but were not admitted inside. In a few days thereafter, however, by the help of an ounce or two of gold and the good feelings of our Hessian friend, a plan was concerted for meeting them. His turn of duty was from twelve till two o'clock that night. The signal, which was to lock and unlock a certain door twice, being given, Henry and myself slipped out, and crept on our hands and knees along the back wall of the Middle Dutch Church, meeting the parents and Eliza by the Scotch Church in Cedar-street. As quick as thought, we were on board a boat, with two men and four oars, on the North river. Henry pulled for love, I for life, and the men for a purse; so that in thirty minutes after leaving the Sugar-house we stood on Jersey shore.

"In less than a month, Eliza was rewarded for all her trials with the heart and hand of Henry. They now live not far from Elizabethtown, comfortable and happy, with a flock of olive-plants around their table. I spent a day and night at their house last week, recounting our past sorrows and present joys."

Thus the old man concluded; simply adding that he himself now enjoyed a full share of earthly blessings, with a grateful heart to the Giver of all good.

It is well to snatch from oblivion a spot so interesting in Revolutionary tradition as was the Sugar-house prison in Liberty street. Within fifty feet to the eastward of the Middle Dutch Church, is the spot on which stood this bastille, into which many entered, but from whence few returned. The bell which now calls you to church, is the same by which those prisoners took their note of time. Many, very many, counted twelve as they lay on their bed of straw. It was the knell of their departing hour. Before the bell again tolled for one, they had gone to happier climes.

Since writing the above, the religious services in this church have come to a final close. The workmen are now engaged in fitting it up for a post-office. The walls will probably not be altered; and from their thickness, and the durable nature of the stone with which they are built, under the fostering care of the government the building may yet stand many centuries, as a land-mark wherein the English cavalry kept a riding-school, and within fifty feet of which once stood the Sugar-house prison, of Revolutionary memory.

#### A PROCLAMATION.

BY WILLIAM C. BOUCK, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

WHEREAS, Christopher Batterman, Sheriff of the County of Albany, sets forth in an affidavit made by him on the 2d of September instant, that on the 30th of last August he, in company with three men selected by him as assistants, proceeded to the town of Rensselaerville to serve process—that on the 31st, while in the performance of that duty, he was met by about sixty-three men dressed in disguise and armed with muskets, rifles and pistols. Some of the disguised persons committed violence on his person by throwing him on the ground, threatening his life, took from him by force his papers, and tarred and feathered him—thereby defeating him in executing process.

It also appears by affidavit of John W. Lewis, deputy sheriff of the county of Rensselaer, made on the first

of September instant, that on the first of August last a body of men in disguise and armed with knives, tomahawks and fire-arms, came to his dwelling house in the town of Schodack in the night—demanded his official papers, compelled him to surrender them, and then publicly burnt them in the village of Nassau.

The said deputy sheriff further states, that on the 2d instant, about eighty men in disguise and armed, violently entered his house, assaulted him, forced him from his house in the presence of his family, and tarred and feathered him. He further states, that it was alleged by said armed men, that such violence was committed because he was deputy sheriff, and engaged in serving process.

Now, THEREFORE, I enjoin and require all magistrates and other officers of justice to be faithful and vigilant in maintaining the supremacy of the laws; and I offer a reward of five hundred dollars, to be paid to such person or persons who shall give information which shall result in the conviction of those who have, as before stated, disturbed the public peace, resisted the execution of the laws, and committed violence on the said Sheriff and Deputy.

One hundred dollars of which sum will be paid upon each of the first convictions which shall take place in the counties of Albany and Rensselaer, and fifty dollars upon each subsequent conviction in each of the said counties.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and affixed the Privy Seal of the State, at the [L.S.] city of Albany, this sixth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-four. WM. C. BOUCK.

#### "SEE THE DAWN OF BEAUTY BREAKING."

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

SEE the dawn of beauty breaking  
Through the curtains of her eyes,  
Like the morn, when it is shaking  
Daylight, from the trembling skies.  
Sleep had sealed her orbs of brightness,  
Till at last each pearly lid,  
Weary, with their press of lightness,  
Burst with all the charms they hid.

When I saw the rose unfolding,  
Till it to perfection grew;  
Little thought I, while beholding,  
It would fade from off my view;  
But, alas! the bonds we cherish,  
Dearest, are the ones which seem  
Only born in hope, to perish,  
Like a false but happy dream.

For the Rover—New York, Sept., 1844.

#### PADDY AND THE FOX.

"Paddy," said the squire, "perhaps you would favor the gentlemen with that story you once told me about the fox?"

"Indeed and I will, plaze your honor," said Paddy, "though I know full well the devil a one word iv it you b'lieve, nor the gentlemen won't either, though you're axin' me for it but only want to laugh at me, and call me a big liar, whin my back's turn'd."

"Maybe we wouldn't wait for your back's being turned, Paddy, to honor you with that title."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not sayin' you wouldn't do it as

soon forinist my face, your honor, as you often did before, and wil agin, plaze God, and welkin——"

"Well, Paddy, say no more about that, but let's have the story."

"Sure I'm losin' no time, only telling the gentlemen beforehand that it's what they'll be callin' it a lie, and indeed it is uncommon, sure enough; but you see, gentlemen, you must remimber that the fox is the cunning'let baste in the world, barrin' the wran."

Here Paddy was questioned why he considered the wran as cunning a baste as the fox.

"Why, sir, bekase all birds builds their nests with one hole to it only, excep'n the wran; but the wran builds two holes an the nest, so that if an inimy comes to disturb it upon one door, it can go out on the other; but the fox is cute to that degree, that there's many a mortal a fool to him, and, by dad, the fox could buy and sell many a Christhan, as you'll see by and by, whin I tell you what happened to a wood-ranger that I knew wanst, and a decent man he was, and wouldn't say the thing in a lie.

"Well, you see, he kem home one night, mighty tired, for he was out wld a party in the domain, cock-shootin' that day; and, when he got back to his lodge, he threw a few logs o' wood on the fire to make himself comfortable, and he tuk whatever little mather he had for his supper, and, after that, he felt himself so tired that he wint to bed. But you're to undherstan' that, though he wint to bed, it was more to rest himself, ilke, than to sleep, for it was airly; and so he jist wint into bed, and there divarited himself lookin' at the fire, that was blazin' as merry as a bonfire on the hearth.

"Well, as he was lyin' that-a-way, jist thinkin' o' nothin' at all, what should come in the place but a fox. But I must tell you, what I forgot to tell you before, that the ranger's house was on the borders o' the wood, and he had no one to live wid him but himself, barrin' the dogs that he had the care iv, that was his only companions, and he had a hole cut an the door, with a swingin' board to it, that the dogs might go in or out, accordin' as it plazed them; and, by dad, the fox come in, as I told you, through the hole in door, as bould as a ram, and walked over to the fire, and sat down forinist it.

"Now, it was mighty provokin' that all the dogs was out; they were rovin' about the woods, you see, lookin' for to ketch rabbits to ate, or some other mischief, and so it happened that there wasn't as much as one indivydog in the place; and, by gor, I'll go bail the fox knew that right well before he put his nose inside the ranger's lodge.

"Well, the ranger was in hopes that one o' the dogs id come home and ketch the chap, and he was loath to stir hand or fut himself, afraid o' freghtening away the fox; but, by gor, he could hardly keep his temper at all, at all, whin he seen the fox take the pipe aff o' the hob, where he left it afore he wint to bed, and, puttin' the bowl o' the pipe into the fire to kindle it, (it's as true as I'm here,) he began to smoke foreinist the fire, as nath'ral as any other man you ever seen.

"'Musha, bad luck to your Impidince, you long-tailed blackguard!' said the ranger, 'and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convnyient to me, it's fire and smoke o' another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you,' said he. But still he was loath to stir, hopen' the dogs id come home; and 'by gor, my fine

fellow,' says he to the fox, 'if one o' the dogs id come home, saltpethre wouldn't save you, and that's a strong pickle.'

"So, with that, he watched antil the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin the cindhers out o' the pipe, when he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately, after gettin' an air o' the fire and a shaugh o' the pipe; and so says he, 'Faiks, my lad, I won't let you go so aisy as all that, as cunning' as you think yourself;' and, with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and run over to the door, and got betune it and the fox; and, 'now,' says he, your bread's baked, my buck, and may be my lord won't have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you morodin' thief, and the devil mind you,' says he, 'for your impidince; for sure if you hadn't the impidince of a highwayman's horse, it's not my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;' and with that he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyeing him all the time he was epakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' when he heerd the whistle, and says the fox to himself, 'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty grent ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're verry cute, but, upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sich a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage,' says the fox, 'I'll make you lave the door soon and suddint;' and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lying, hard by, beside the fire, and, what would you think, but the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire and threw it in.

"I think that'll make you start," said the fox.

"'Devil resave the start,' says the ranger; 'that won't do, my buck,' says he; 'the brogues may burn to cendhers,' says he, 'but out o' this I won't stir;' and thin, puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gev a blast iv a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

"'So that won't do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

"'There, now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he, 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the devil said to his knee-buckles.'

"'Oh, you thievin' varmint!' says the ranger, 'you won't lave me a tack to my feet, but no matter,' says he, 'your head's worth more nor a pair of brogues to me, any day; and, by the Piper o' Blessingtoun, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and, with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sits the fox an his hunkers, and puts his two fore-paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger—(Bad luck to the lie I tell you!)

"Well, the ranger, and no wondher, although in a rage, as he was, couldn't help laughin at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time: but, when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sowl!' says he, 'I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be triflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sensible that it is time to let me go; and though he haen't undherstandin' to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go bail I'll make him lave that,' says

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he, 'before he'd say *sparables*; and, with that, what do you think the fox done? By all that's good—and the ranger himself towld me out iv his own mouth, and said he wouldn't never have believ'd it, only he seen it—the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a log out o' the blazing fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out iv house and home! so whin the ranger seen that, he giv a shout out iv him.

"'Hilloo, hilloo! you murderin' villin!' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you rogue iv a Ribbonman!' and he made a dart betune him and the bed to save the house from being burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted; and, as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped.

"But before he wint, the ranger gev me his onth, that the fox turned round and gev him the most contemptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'! and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You've misled me, like your mammy's blessin'! and off wid him—like a flash o' lightnin'!'"

#### A Sculptor without A Master.

A recent effort at sculpture by Mr. JOSEPH WARE, a young man of this town, has proved remarkably successful. Mr. Ware has never received instruction in the art, and has seen only two or three indifferent specimens. But through his own natural ability and taste he has executed in a square block of marble a statue of St. John, which for design, expression and beauty would be deserving of praise if it came from an artist of years' study and experience. It is his first effort. The only assistance he received in the design was a small cast iron statue of St. John which was loaned him by a friend. The face, the flowing ringlets, the hands, the attitude of the figure and the drapery, all remarkably conform to the scriptural representation of the "beloved disciple." The beauty of the statue has excited the wonder and admiration of all who have beheld it.

Mr. Ware is a native of Medfield, Massachusetts, and is at present employed as a clerk in a store. He possesses a natural talent for sculpture, which if properly encouraged by art and study, will one day place him by the side of Greenough, Powers and Clevenger, the great American sculptors of whom the country may well boast, and who would have done credit to Greece, the home of sculpture, in the golden ages of her prosperity.

Mr. Powers, the celebrated young sculptor, a native of Woodstock, Vermont, before he had reached the age of seventeen years, formed a conception in his mind of something like sculpture, while ignorant of the very existence of the art. He went to Cincinnati, and to Washington, where he made busts of eminent public men, in a style which commanded the admiration of all. Congress employed him to execute a bust of Chief Justice Marshall, which is pronounced by all a most splendid work. He is now in Italy pursuing his studies, and has already attained the name and standing of a master.

Thus we see what from small beginnings, with proper natural ability, a man will become Nature has

unquestionably designs in the different degrees and diversity of talent which men possess; and when the exhibition is made in such a striking manner as in the instance which we have related, her promptings should be carefully followed, and her destiny eagerly sought for.—*Hallowell (Me.) Cultivator.*

#### STORY OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

We must close this article with a love story, in connection with the dreadful earthquake of 1783, which destroyed Messina, and swept into the sea, in one moment, nearly three thousand persons on the opposite coast of Sicily, together with their prince.\* The reader will believe as much of the love as he pleases, but the extraordinary circumstance on which it turns is only one of a multitude of phenomena, equally true and marvelous.

Giuseppe, a young vine grower, in a village at the foot of the mountains looking toward Messina, was in love with Maria the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place, and his affection, to the great displeasure of her father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged at first, wished her to marry a young profligate of the city, because the latter was richer, and of a higher stock; but the girl had a great deal of sense as well as feeling, and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having long been acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits uncomfortable to both parties, but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult. Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of office, to anticipate his daughters' usual attention to the paring guest, and show him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon.

"Perhaps, Signor Antonio," said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, "you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all?"

"Perhaps not," said the bee-master.

"What," said the lad, losing all courage, and his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of these beautiful lettings out of the door by Maria; "what do you mean to say? I may not hope to be invited again even by yourself; that you yourself will never again invite me, or come to see me?"

"Oh, we shall come of course, to the great Signor Giuseppe," said the old man looking scornful, "all, cap in hand."

"Nay, nay," returned Giuseppe, in a tone of propitiation, "I'll wait till you do me the favor to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about the French; and perhaps he added, blushing, "you will then bring Maria with you as you used to do; and I won't attempt to see her till then."

"Oh, we'll all come, of course," said Antonio impatiently; "cat, dog and all; and when we do," added he, in a very significant tone, "you may come again yourself."

Giuseppe tried to laugh at the jest, and thus still propitiate himself; but the old man hastening to shut

\* It is calculated that about 40,000 persons perished in this convulsion. In the greatest of all the Sicilian earthquakes, that of 1782, the earth shook but four minutes, and overthrew almost all the towns on the eastern side of the river.

soon forninst my face, your honor, as you often did before, and will agin, plaze God, and welkin——"

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"'Musha, bad luck to your impudence, you long-tailed blackguard!' said the ranger, 'and is it smokin' my pipe you are? Oh thin, by this and by that, if I had my gun convaynient to me, it's fire and smoke o' another sort, and what you wouldn't bargain for, I'd give you,' said he. But still he was loath to stir, hopin' the dogs id come home; and 'by gor, my fine

fellow,' says he to the fox, 'if one o' the dogs id come home, saltpetre wouldn't save you, and that's a strong pickle.'

"So, with that, he watched antil the fox wasn't mindin' him, but was busy shakin the cinchers out o' the pipe, when he was done wid it, and so the ranger thought he was goin' to go immediately, afther gettin' an air o' the fire and a shaugh o' the pipe; and so says he, 'Faiks, my lad, I won't let you nose so aisy as all that, as cunnin' as you think yourself;' and, with that, he made a dart out o' bed, and run over to the door, and got betune it and the fox; and, 'now,' says he, your bread's baked, my buck, and may be my lord won't have a fine run out o' you, and the dogs at your brish every yard, you morodin' thief, and the devil mind you,' says he, 'for your impudence; for sure if you hadn't the impudence of a highwayman's horse, it's not my very house, undher my nose, you'd daar for to come;' and with that he began to whistle for the dogs; and the fox, that stood eyeing him all the time he was spakin', began to think it was time to be joggin' when he heerd the whistle, and says the fox to himself, 'Throth, indeed, you think yourself a mighty great ranger now,' says he, 'and you think you're very cute, but, upon my tail, and that's a big oath, I'd be long sorry to let sich a mallet-headed bog-throtter as yourself take a dirty advantage o' me, and I'll engage,' says the fox, 'I'll make you lave the door soon and suddint;' and, with that, he turned to where the ranger's brogues was lying, hard by, beside the fire, and, what would you think, but the fox tuk up one o' the brogues, and wint over to the fire and threw it in.

"'I think that'll make you start,' said the fox.

"'Divil resave the start,' says the ranger; 'that won't do, my buck,' says he; 'the brogues may burn to cendhers,' says he, 'but out o' this I won't stir;' and thin, puttin' his fingers into his mouth, he gev a blast iv a whistle you'd hear a mile off, and shouted for the dogs.

"'So that won't do,' says the fox. 'Well, I must thry another offer,' says he; and, with that, he tuk up the other brogue, and threw it into the fire too.

"'There, now,' says he, 'you may keep the other company,' says he, 'and there's a pair o' ye now, as the devil said to his knée-buckles.'

"'Oh, you thievin' varmint!' says the ranger, 'you won't lave me a tack to my feet, but no matter,' says he, 'your head's worth more nor a pair of brogues to me, any day; and, by the Piper o' Blessingtoun, you're money in my pocket this minit,' says he; and, with that, the fingers was in his mouth agin, and he was goin' to whistle, whin, what would you think, but up sits the fox an his hunkers, and puts his two fore-paws into his mouth, makin' game o' the ranger—(Bad luck to the lie I tell you!)

"Well, the ranger, and no wondher, although in a rage, as he was, couldn't help laughin at the thought o' the fox mockin' him, and, by dad, he tuk sitch a fit o' laughin' that he couldn't whistle, and that was the cuteness o' the fox to gain time: but, when his first laugh was over, the ranger recovered himself and gev another whistle; and so says the fox, 'By my sow! I think it wouldn't be good for my health to stay here much longer, and I mustn't be triflin' with that blackguard ranger any more,' says he, 'and I must make him sensible that it is time to let me go; and though he hasn't undherstandin' to be sorry for his brogues, I'll go ball I'll make him lave that,' says



he, 'before he'd say *sparables*; and, with that, what do you think the fox done? By all that's good—and the ranger himself towld me out iv his own mouth, and said he wouldn't never have believ'd it, only he seen it—the fox tuk a lighted piece iv a log out o' the blazin' fire, and run over wid it to the ranger's bed, and was goin' to throw it into the straw and burn him out iv house and home! so whin the ranger seen that, he giv a shout out iv him.

"'Hilloo, hilloo! you murderin' villin!' says he, 'you're worse nor Captain Rock! is it goin' to burn me out you are, you rogue iv a Ribbonman!' and he made a dart betune him and the bed to save the house from being burned; but, my jew'l, that was all the fox wanted; and, as soon as the ranger quitted the hole in the door that he was standin' forninst, the fox let go the blazin' faggit, and made one jump through the door and escaped.

"But before he wint, the ranger gev me his oath, that the fox turned round and gev him the most comptible look he ever got in his life, and showed every tooth in his head with laughin'! and at last he put out his tongue at him, as much as to say, 'You've missed me, like your mammy's blessin'!' and off wid him—like a flash o' lightnin'!"

#### A Sculptor without A Master.

A recent effort at sculpture by Mr. JOSEPH WARE, a young man of this town, has proved remarkably successful. Mr. Ware has never received instruction in the art, and has seen only two or three indifferent specimens. But through his own natural ability and taste he has executed in a square block of marble a statue of St. John, which for design, expression and beauty would be deserving of praise if it came from an artist of years' study and experience. It is his first effort. The only assistance he received in the design was a small cast iron statue of St. John which was loaned him by a friend. The face, the flowing ringlets, the hands, the attitude of the figure and the drapery, all remarkably conform to the scriptural representation of the "beloved disciple." The beauty of the statue has excited the wonder and admiration of all who have beheld it.

Mr. Ware is a native of Medfield, Massachusetts, and is at present employed as a clerk in a store. He possesses a natural talent for sculpture, which if properly encouraged by art and study, will one day place him by the side of Greenough, Powers and Clevenger, the great American sculptors of whom the country may well boast, and who would have done credit to Greece, the home of sculpture, in the golden ages of her prosperity.

Mr. Powers, the celebrated young sculptor, a native of Woodstock, Vermont, before he had reached the age of seventeen years, formed a conception in his mind of something like sculpture, while ignorant of the very existence of the art. He went to Cincinnati, and to Washington, where he made busts of eminent public men, in a style which commanded the admiration of all. Congress employed him to execute a bust of Chief Justice Marshall, which is pronounced by all a most splendid work. He is now in Italy pursuing his studies, and has already attained the name and standing of a master.

Thus we see what from small beginnings, with proper natural ability, a man will become. Nature has

unquestionably designs in the different degrees and diversity of talent which men possess; and when the exhibition is made in such a striking manner as in the instance which we have related, her promptings should be carefully followed, and her destiny eagerly sought for.—*Hallowell (Me.) Cultivator.*

#### STORY OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

WE must close this article with a love story, in connection with the dreadful earthquake of 1783, which destroyed Messina, and swept into the sea, in one moment, nearly three thousand persons on the opposite coast of Sicily, together with their prince.\* The reader will believe as much of the love as he pleases, but the extraordinary circumstance on which it turns is only one of a multitude of phenomena, equally true and marvelous.

Guiseppe, a young vine grower, in a village at the foot of the mountains looking toward Messina, was in love with Maria the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place, and his affection, to the great displeasure of her father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged at first, wished her to marry a young profligate of the city, because the latter was richer, and of a higher stock; but the girl had a great deal of sense as well as feeling, and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having long been acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits uncomfortable to both parties, but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult. Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of office, to anticipate his daughters' usual attention to the parting guest, and show him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon.

"Perhaps, Signor Antonio," said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, "you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all?"

"Perhaps not," said the bee-master.

"What," said the lad, losing all courage, and his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of these beautiful lettings out of the door by Maria; "what do you mean to say? I may not hope to be invited again even by yourself; that you yourself will never again invite me, or come to see me?"

"Oh, we shall come of course, to the great Signor Guiseppe," said the old man looking scornful, "all, cap in hand."

"Nay, nay," returned Guiseppe, in a tone of propitiation, "I'll wait till you do me the favor to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about the French; and perhaps he added, blushing, "you will then bring Maria with you as you used to do; and I won't attempt to see her till then."

"Oh, we'll all come, of course," said Antonio impatiently; "cat, dog and all; and when we do," added he, in a very significant tone, "you may come again yourself."

Guiseppe tried to laugh at the jest, and thus still propitiate himself; but the old man hastening to shut

\* It is calculated that about 40,000 persons perished in this convulsion. In the greatest of all the Sicilian earthquakes, that of 1782, the earth shook but four minutes, and overthrew almost all the towns on the eastern side of the river.

the door, angrily cried, "Ay, cat, dog and all, and the cottage besides, with Maria's dowry along with it; then you may come again and not till then."

And so saying he banged the door, and giving a furious look at the poor pale Maria, went into another room to scrawl a note to the young citizen.

The young citizen came in vain, and Antonio grew sulkier and angrier every day, till at last he turned his bitter jest into a vow; exclaiming with an oath, that Guiseppe should never have his daughter till he (the father) daughter, dog, cat, bee hives and all, with her dowry of almond trees to boot, set out some fine morning to beg the young vine dresser to accept them.

Poor Maria grew thin and pale, and Guiseppe looked little better, turning all his wonted jests into sighs, and even interrupting his work to sit and look toward said almond trees, which formed a clump on an ascent upon the other side of the glen, sheltering the best of Antonio's bee hives, and composing a pretty dowry for Maria, which the father longed to see in the possession of the flashy young citizen.

One morning, after a very sultry night, as the poor youth sat endeavoring to catch a glimpse of her in the direction, he observed that the clouds gathered in a very unusual manner over the country, and then hung low in the air heavy and immovable. Toward Messina the sky looked so fiery that at first sight he thought the city was on fire, till an unusual heat affecting his own skin, and a smell of sulphur arising, and the little river at his feet assuming a tinge of muddy ash color, he knew that some convulsion of the earth was at hand. His immediate impulse was to cross the ford, and with mixed anguish and delight, again to find himself in the cottage of Antonio, giving the father and daughter all the help in his power. A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning startled him a moment; but he was proceeding across when his ears tingled, his head turned giddy, and while the earth heaved beneath his own feet he saw the whole opposite side of the gulf lifted up with a horrible deafening noise, then the cottage itself, with all around it, cast, as he thought, to the ground, and buried forever. The sturdy youth, for the first time in his life, fainted away, and when his senses returned, found himself pitched into his own premises, but not injured, the blow having been broken by the vines.

But, on looking in horror toward the site of the cottage up the hill, what did he see there? And what did he see, forming a new mould, furlongs down the side of the hill, almost at the bottom of the glen, and in his own very homestead?

Antonio's cottage. Antonio's cottage; with the almond trees, and the bee hives, and the very cat and dog, and the old man himself, and the daughter, (both senseless) all come, as in the father's words, to beg him to accept them! Such awful pleasantries, so to speak, sometimes take place in the midst of nature's deepest tragedies, and such exquisite good may spring out of evil.

For it was so in the end if not in the intention. The old man was (together with his daughter; he had only been stunned by terror) superstitiously frightened by the dreadful circumstance, if not affectionately moved by the attentions of the son of his old friend, and the delight and religious transport of his child. Besides, he thought the cottage and the almond trees, and the bee hives, had all come miraculously safe down

the hill, (a phenomena which has frequently occurred in these extraordinary land slips) the flower gardens, on which bees fed, were almost all destroyed; his pride lowered; and when the convulsion was well over, he consented to become the inmate for life of the cottage of the enchanted couple.

He could never attain, however, to the innate delicacy of his child, and he would sometimes with a patient sigh, intimate at the table what a pity it was that she had not married the rich and high feeling citizen. At such times as these, Maria would gather one of her husbands feet between her own under the table and with a squeeze of it that repaid him tenfold for the mortification, would steal a look at him which said,

"I possess all which it is possible for me to desire."

#### Daniel Webster's habits of Reading.

Mr. Webster is a great and rapid reader. While traveling in stages, unless his attention is attracted by the company, he will devour as many books as a horse will quarts of oats, and generally provides himself at starting, with a stock for the purpose. A correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser, who lately had a stage ride with him in Massachusetts, speaks of him as follows.

He read the books through with great rapidity, catching at a glance what each page unfolded, and mastering their contents within a quarter of the time which I should consume. He did not, however, like the Emperor, tear out the pages as fast as he perused them, and from the windows of his carriage scatter them on the winds. To me it was instructive to see him read a book. He first went over the index, and apparently fixed the framework of it in his mind; then he studied with equal earnestness the synopsis of each chapter. Then he looked at the length of the chapter. Thus, before he began to read it, he took an accurate survey of its parts. Then he read it; passing rapidly over whatever was common-place, and dwelling only on whatever was worthy of note.

At one time, while conversing on the subject of reading, and of topics worth the attention of men, he said he wished he could live three lives while living this. One he would devote to the study of geology, or to use his own words, "to reading the earth's history of itself." Another life he would devote to astronomy; he said he had lately been reading the history of that science, written so clearly that he, although no mathematician, could understand it, and he was astonished at seeing to what heights it had been pushed by modern intellects. The other life he would devote to the classics. He spoke in the highest terms of commendation of the acquirements in this respect of Mr. Choate, who, by the daily habit of reading them, has become as familiar with those languages as they who wrote them.

While at school he (Mr. W.) had never read much in Greek or Latin. He had, however, read the latter considerably while in the study and practice of the law. The best of his life had been devoted to law and politics, and he mentioned what great authors he had studied, on both subjects, with most attention. For his light reading, and for his amusement, he had chosen the travels and biographies of men, more or less eminent in various respects. But for the last ten years he had studied natural subjects, and from these only

could he derive any adequate satisfaction. As years crept upon him, he felt his mind involuntarily drawn more to the study and contemplation of sober realities—to the book of nature itself, rather than to the fancies and speculations which belong to youth and early manhood.

#### Transmutation of Names.

**PETER GUN AND MR. O'TROTTER.**—The following amusing story was told by Mr. Livingston in his admirable answer to Mr. Jefferson's defence of his conduct to Mr. L., for ousting him from the possession of the famous *batture* at New Orleans, purchased by Mr. Livingston from Gravier. It is intended to show how, by translations and re-translations, a troublesome word may be made to mean anything. "An unfortunate Scotchman, whose name was Ferguson, was obliged, in pursuit of fortune, to settle among some Germans in the western part of New York. They translated him literally into German, and called him *Feurstein*. On his return to an English neighborhood, his new acquaintances discovered that *Feurstein* in German meant *Flint* in English. They re-translated instead of restoring him his name, and the descendants of Ferguson go by the name of *Flint* to this day. I ought, however, to except one of his grandsons, who settled at the Acadian coast, on the Mississippi, whose name underwent the fate of the rest of the family; he was called by a literal translation into French, '*Pierre a fusil*,' and his eldest son returning to the family clan, underwent another change, and was called *Peter Gun*!"

The case of the worthy Irishman, Mr. O'Trotter, is not so remarkable, but it is sufficiently ludicrous. He started out upon his travels as Mr. O'Trotter. In Scotland he was called Mr. McCrotten. In England he was accosted as Mr. Trottington. Arriving at Paris, he was saluted as M. Trotignac, and in another part of France, M. Trottinville. He went to Italy, where he was addressed as Trotтини; thence to Holland, where he became Van Trotten; subsequently, in Germany, he was designated Von Trotten; in Poland, it was Trotinski; in Russia, Trottingoff; and when at length he reached the Celestial Empire, the Chinese immediately transformed his plastic name into Trottin fou!

Another instance of the curious changes to which names are incident in their passage from one language to another, is that of Campbell, derived from the French Beauchamp, through the Italian Campo Bello. So Duponceau is in English, Bridgewater.

#### JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

John Jacob Astor, the son of a bailiff, was born in the small village of Waldorf, near Heidelberg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, in the year 1763. In March, 1784, he landed in Baltimore, having sailed from London the preceding November, and been detained three months by the ice in Chesapeake Bay.

It is said that in a storm off our coast, threatening the destruction of the ship and the crew, while the other passengers were lost in apprehension, and regardless of aught save self-preservation, Mr. Astor appeared upon deck, arrayed in his best clothes. This excited some surprise, and when asked his object in discharging the more appropriate garb he had worn

during the voyage, he replied—"that if he escaped with his life it would be with his best clothes, and if he perished, no matter what became of them." Luckily the storm passed over.

During his detention in the Chesapeake, he made the acquaintance of a countryman of his, a furrier by trade, who willingly initiated him into the mysteries of his craft, and counselled him to invest the proceeds of his merchandize—a portion of which consisted of musical instruments from a brother's manufactory in London—in furs. Mr. Astor was then twenty years of age, and having decided to become a furrier, brought to his new pursuit all the activity of youth, with those habits of diligent observation which had developed themselves in his character.

This was at the close of the revolutionary war. Peace had been proclaimed with Great Britain the year previous; but the British military outposts within our territory had not been relinquished, and the commercial intercourse with Canada was restricted. Mr. Astor had been heard to observe that, at the time, he prophesied that ten years would elapse before Oswego, Niagara, Detroit, Michillimackinac and other posts within our lines, would be relinquished; and said to himself, "then when the frontiers are surrendered, I will make my fortune in the fur trade."

Both predictions were accomplished. The treaty with Great Britain, of 1794-95, removed restrictions on our trade with her colonies, and surrendered the above outposts, and then Mr. Astor, having the trade with the Canadas, and with our western country, both open to his enterprise, proceeded rapidly to realize the fortune, the foundation of which was laid in more than ten years of thrift and patient industry.

By the first year of the present century, he had amassed something like \$250,000. Forty-four years have since elapsed. By the natural course of accumulation, this sum would have amounted, at the end of such a period, to nearly \$6,000,000; but in Mr. Astor's hands, it has increased to nearer four times that amount, for we should be moderate in estimating his actual wealth at \$20,000,000. In 1800 the man of thirty-seven could look back with satisfaction upon the career of the boy of eighteen, who under the shade of a linden tree, near his native village, had resolved on the eve of leaving his home for a foreign land, "*to be honest and industrious, and never to gamble.*"

In 1809 he founded the American Fur Company, but soon dissatisfied with even the large profits derived from that concern, he conceived the idea of founding a permanent settlement on the Pacific, connected with the settled portions of the country by a series of trading posts and by these means to monopolize the fur trade west of the Rocky Mountains within the precincts of the United States. The provisions, goods and ammunition of the Pacific settlement were to be supplied by a vessel sent annually from New York. The vessel was also to convey supplies to the Russian establishment in the north, and receive furs in exchange. With these latter and those amassed at the settlement during the year, she was to proceed to Canton, and invest the proceeds of her cargo in silks, teas and nankeens. Accordingly in 1810, a party of 60 men started from New York for Oregon, and in September of the same year, the *Tonquin* was despatched on the same errand. This vessel and one or two subsequent ones were lost—the colonists were exposed to every trial and suffering—and, during the war of 1812, the

settlement, unprotected by the Government of the United States, and threatened, by a British man-of-war, was treacherously sold by one of Mr. Astor's partners, to the Northwest Fur Company.

Thus ended a grand and well contrived enterprize, after so great an outlay and loss as would have annihilated most American fortunes. About \$1,000,000 were expended in the carrying out of plans which were entirely frustrated, and which were in progress at the same time that the American Fur Company was in full operation, when the ships of the projector were in every sea, and his cargoes in every principal city of our country.

As an instance of the magnitude of the views of Mr. Astor, it is stated that, had his agents succeeded in effecting a permanent settlement at Astoria, he anticipated that the establishment would prove a bill of costs during the first two years, and would not begin to afford very profitable returns before the expiration of the second decade. During the third decade, it would have netted him something like \$1,000,000 per annum. If we esteem him an enterprising merchant who awaits, for a year, the return of his vessel from Canton or the Pacific, what term shall we apply to the adventurous and self-relying spirit which, regardless of the "chances of this mortal life," organises and executes a vast and costly project, destined only to mature at the expiration of ten years?

One of the greatest sources of Mr. Astor's wealth, however, has been the natural rise of real estate in New York. At one period, he invested 2-3ds of his annual income in land, and he now possesses *whole acres* in the most valuable quarters of the city. And it is a singular feature in the history of one dealing so constantly, and in so large sums, and, moreover, whose entire fortune was probably, at times, on the bosom of the ocean, *that he was never known to mortgage a lot*. Mr. Astor has always been an early riser, but has devoted fewer hours, perhaps, to his counting-room than most mercantile men. He generally left business at two o'clock in the afternoon, although it is to be presumed that his *mind* was always engaged in the property heaped together by his own exertions alone, and amid many and great obstacles.—*Hunt's Mer. Mag.*

#### Burning of the Kentucky State Prison.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Aug. 31. Last night one of the greatest scenes of excitement took place here that has ever been witnessed. About 10 o'clock the State Prison was discovered to be on fire. There are in the prison more than one hundred and sixty convicts. The flames spread so rapidly through the workshops that there seemed to be but one way to save the lives of the prisoners, and that to open the cells and allow all to leave the prison walls. The young men of the city rallied at once—repaired to the arsenal—broke it open without ceremony, took out four or five hundred stand of arms—organized at once and put themselves under the command of the Governor. The imploring cries of the prisoners for relief grew more and more earnest. Every building within the walls, was in flames except the building containing the cells, and the provision house. The reservoir which supplies the city with water had been partially cleaned out on Friday, and the water was not let in until the alarm was given, and the flames were permitted to move unchecked. The Governor arranged his men, entered the prison and ad-

ressed the convicts. He told them that if they attempted to escape, every man would be shot. They fell upon their knees and begged to be delivered from the horrid death that threatened them and they would submit to anything. Just as the Governor was about to open the doors of the prison to the convicts, a supply of water was obtained, and the engines began to play upon the building containing the cells. The Governor then left, assuring the prisoners that they should be rescued if the building could not be saved. Fortunately for all, they were successful in preserving the buildings above named and in keeping the prisoners within their cells.

I have just visited the ruins. Nothing has been saved of the machinery or materials of the workshops. About fifty of the convicts were then at work quenching the fire in different parts of the yard. Most of them were from 18 to 25 years of age.

#### MONTREAL.

MONTREAL is the largest town or city in the Canadas. It contains nearly fifty thousand inhabitants. One of the editors of the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, on a tour through that part of the country, has lately published a long letter giving an account of Montreal and its environs, from which we extract the following interesting particulars.

"You are aware that the most striking public building is Notre Dame, the Catholic Mother Church, as it is called, said to be the largest church in North America, except the Cathedral of Mexico. It is built with a dark gray stone, found in the island, with two square towers fronting the Place d'Arms. It is of a simple Gothic order, 255 feet in length, with a proportionate breadth and height, and will contain 12,000 persons. The altar is handsome and substantial, but the paintings are poor, and the church certainly deserves a better organ than the inferior instrument now placed in it. The doors are always open, and the regular congregation is very large. I attended one Sunday morning, and should say there were at least 8,000 persons present; the sermon was in French, as this is the great French Church of the city. There are, besides, an English and a Scotch church, the Convent of Recollects, and another of the Nuns of Notre Dame. The Hotel Dieu is exclusively a charity, managed by a superior and 30 nuns, who relieve the sick that are received into the hospital. The convent of Gray Sisters, or General Hospital, in the suburbs, is superintended by a superior and 19 nuns. The seminary and Nelson's Monument, at the head of the market, are also worthy a visit. The college is a spacious and very handsome building, with large courts and gardens. It will receive 300 students, each of whom pays eighty dollars per annum for classical and mathematical tuition. There is also a preparatory school connected with the establishment.

We were told that Montreal undoubtedly contained over 30,000 Catholics, and that is probable, for besides the vast Church of Notre Dame (French) an immense Church is now being built at the side of the mountain for the Irish Catholics, nearly as large as Notre Dame, and these two will accommodate at least 20,000, besides the lesser Catholic churches, both for the French and Irish population.

Perhaps a better idea of the Notre Dame Church may be given by stating that when all the improve-



ments shall be completed, it will cost 150,000*l.* sterling. The great bell, in one of its towers, is called The Monster Bell, as it is the largest one on this Continent. It was manufactured by Messrs. Mears & Co., White-chapel, London, and is the largest that was ever cast in Britain, weighing no less than 7 tons 6 cwt = 16,352 lbs. Some idea may be formed of its size from the fact that ten tons, or 22,400 lbs. of fused metal, were required to form the casting; and that the time occupied in running the fused metal from the furnace into the mould, was fifteen minutes. The diameter of the bell at the mouth is 7 feet 3 inches; its height is 7 feet; its thickness at the sound bow is 61-2 inches. The weights of the tongue or clapper is about 300 cwt. (326 lbs.) The wood work, which is of old English oak, weighs one ton; the iron work is over half a ton; and the bell itself is heavier than the Great Tom of Lincoln by 3,200 cwt. Its tone is very powerful and melodious.

It is rung by means of two wheels, made of oak, and twelve feet in diameter, on each side of the stock or bearer, which, with its fittings, (exclusive of the wood and iron work mentioned above,) weighs about a ton. There are four ropes used in the ringing, a man pulling at each side of the wheels.

In the church, people are seen in large numbers at all hours of every week-day, engaged at the confessional, or in other religious services. They speak the French language wholly, and all the services are of course in that language. A very large portion of the people you meet in the street, are likewise French, or French Canadians, a difference which of course all intelligent readers know all about.

But I shall not have space to-day, to speak of all I desire to. I must leave, for a future letter, the extensive lime-stone breast-work, extending all along the front of the city. The shipping, steamboats, hotels, society, and one of the most extensive works of the day now in progress of enlargement, The Lachine Canal, with an immense ship basin, where vessels of the largest craft are to repose, when they are bound through the locks and around the rapids, from Montreal to any of the towns and cities up the St. Lawrence, or even to Chicago, when all the canals shall be complete in their cuttings around the unnavigable rapids. These are great works for the Canadas.

**DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.**—The water, we learn, in the Dismal Swamp, Canal is gradually but constantly decreasing. The reason, we are told, is this: some time since a gentleman whose land borders upon Lake Drummond, obtained leave of the "Canal Company" to drain his land into the Lake; he accordingly dug a ditch some ten or twelve feet wide leading through his land into it, when lo! and behold the water instead of running into the lake discharged itself therefrom, flooding the land, which was intended to be drained, in consequence of the surrounding swamps being lower than the body of water composing the lake. The gentleman whose land was thus flooded, to save himself, dug another ditch leading to the head of Pasquotank River—through which the water rushes rapidly, thus greatly diminishing the supply necessary to the practical purposes of the canal. A great many vessels are now detained in "the Swamp" from the above cause.

—*N. Y. Int.*

#### THE MOSQUITO'S SONG

In a summer's night I take my flight  
To where the maids repose;  
And while they're slumbering sweet and sound,  
I bites 'em on the nose:  
The warm red blood that tints their cheeks  
To me is precious dear,  
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite  
In the season of the year.

When I get my fill, I wipe my bill,  
And sound my tiny horn;  
And off I fly to the mountain high  
Ere breaks the golden morn;  
But at eve I sally forth again  
To tickle the sleepless ear;  
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite  
In the season of the year.

On the chamber wall about I crawl,  
Till landlord goes to bed;  
Then my bugle I blow, and down I go  
To light upon his head.  
Oh, I love to see the fellow slap,  
And I laugh to hear him swear;  
For 'tis my delight to buzz and bite  
In the season of the year.—*Sun. Mer.*

#### Love at first Sight,—a Thrilling Incident.

I PASSED up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very poetical as I walked slowly toward the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that I must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I, however, passed up the aisle until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every person appeared to be absorbed in the ambassador of grace, and I also began to take an interest in the discourse. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the woods and the fragrance of the heath seemed to respond to his eloquence.

Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the white-handed creatures around me, with their pouting lips and artless innocence, were beings of a higher sphere. As my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and rapt in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of an animated character.

I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful woman rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the preacher's discourse had inspired in my heart, doubting not the fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself—that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise?

She had been born and nurtured amidst these wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry and tenderness; and then I thought of the pu-

rity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth. I only prayed that I might enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. My heart ached with rapture. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed damsel set out for home, alone and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit; for we are surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other! Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotions at recognizing me as the stranger of the day. I then quickened my pace, and she slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her.

I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face toward me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl; that is not my occupation."

"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly—"I thought when I saw you in the meeting-house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half-dollar on me, about three weeks ago, and so I determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he catches the feller he'll wring his neck for him; and I aint sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all."

Reader, did you ever take a shower-bath?—*Weekly Messenger.*

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**THE TOMB OF WHITFIELD.**—In a late journey through New England I stopped at Newburyport to see the tomb of Whitfield. The visit will always be memorable to me. It suggested reflections impressive and profitable.

His remains are deposited in a vault under the Federal street Church—the church in which he expired. As we passed near the altar our attention was arrested by a massive marble cenotaph, erected to his memory by a wealthy gentleman of the town.

The sexton having lighted his lantern, led us into a little vestry behind the pulpit, in the floor of which is a small trap door. This he opened, and we descended into a dark apartment, much like a common cellar. On one side of this apartment is a door opening into the vault, which extends under the pulpit. The faint light of our lantern gave a solemn gloom to this dark but hallowed resting-place of the great modern evangelist. Three coffins lay before us, two containing the remains of ancient pastors of the church.

The lid of each was open sufficiently to show the head and chest, and the skeleton faces stared us in the countenance with ghastly expression as was held over them our dim light. Our footsteps and our subdued voices called forth a faint and trembling echo, and even this tomb of glorified saints seemed filled with the gloom and dread of death, reminding us of the doom of the fall.

A slight depth of black mould covered the bottom of Whitfield's coffin, and on this lay the bare bones. I took his skull in my hands and examined it with intense interest. What thoughts of grandeur and power emanated from that abode of the mind and stirred with emotions the souls of hundreds of thousands—

emotions which will quicken their immortality! I held it in silence, but my mind ran over the history of the "seraphic man," and started and endeavored to solve a thousand queries respecting the attributes of his character and the means of his wonderful power.—*Zion's Herald.*

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 Thoughts at Night.

How still it is! how mildly gleam  
 The little stars along their path of blue,  
 Like water-globes that on some moonlit stream,  
 Float down all silently and slow.

I love the stars—their solemn light  
 Hath o'er my wayward soul a mystic charm;  
 'Tis not their splendor on the robe of night—  
 Ah, no! 'tis their eternal calm.

I gaze—and all the vicious train,  
 That desecrate the temple of my soul,  
 Are fled—O God! that they might ne'er again  
 Assume their dark and strong control.

Free is my heart from passion's sway,  
 And upward through my rapt and dreamy eye,  
 Mild sun-like thoughts, that shun the glare of day,  
 Look pensively into the sky.

Oh! say not they are cold and proud  
 Who never kneel where throngs their anthems sing;  
 For now, though never bending with the crowd,  
 I feel that I am worshipping.

Within the chancel of my heart,  
 Each thought is bowed in holy, quiet prayer;  
 Too deep for tongue-born utterance to impart,  
 Yet heard, for God is list'ning there. L—1.  
*For the Rover—Cambridge, Mass., Sept., 1844.*

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**POETS AND PAPERS.**—William Cullen Bryant, who seems by general consent to be put down as number one among American Poets, has for many years been an editor, and an able one, of a political party paper. John G. Whittier, who as a poet has also acquired a distinguished reputation, is the editor of a political party paper. It is the *Middlesex Standard*, published in Lowell, Massachusetts, devoted to what is now called the "Liberty Party." This party, heretofore called Abolitionists, have within the year past been taking strong political ground, have put up their candidate for the Presidency, and in many of the states are running candidates for state and county officers.

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**"HONOR AND SHAME FROM NO CONDITION RISE."**—The whig candidate for Governor of Maine, is an old sea captain. His age is 48. He had no advantages of education except those derived from a common school. He remained on his father's farm at Thomaston till his 13th year, when he shipped as a cook on board a vessel engaged in carrying wood to Boston. One time, when paid off in Boston, finding no employment on board any vessel, he procured a saw and wood horse, and did a stiff business at sawing wood in that city. He passed through the different stations of a seaman to that of a captain, in which capacity he sailed with great profit to himself and the owners. In 1830 he opened a store in Thomaston, and has since been engaged in mercantile business in that place.

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Painted by E. Irenia.

## HOME MADE HAPPY,

Engraved by A.L. Black.

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# THE ROVER.

## HOME MADE HAPPY.

SEE ENGRAVING.

"The world was sad; the garden was a wild;  
And man, the hermit, sigh'd, till woman smil'd."

Our last week's engraving represented a pleasant and suggestive home scene, a lady reading alone in her parlor. Our plate in the present number carries out the idea of home more perfectly, where domestic happiness is heightened by intellectual enjoyments—the husband and father reading to his listening wife and children. And *what* is he reading to them? The Rover, most unquestionably.

And we may here again express our desire and determination to use our best endeavors to make the Rover altogether worthy of such a service, a useful and agreeable family companion, that shall help to cherish a taste for whatever is pure and elevating in literature and pleasing and refined in art.

As we have now just commenced a new volume, those who wish to receive such a weekly miscellany, can, if they choose, commence with the volume. The preceding volumes can also be furnished.

I Remember—I Remember.

BY T. HOOD.

I remember, I remember  
The house where I was born;  
The little window where the sun  
Came peeping in at morn;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day;  
But now, I often wish that night  
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily-cups,  
Those flowers made of light!  
The lilacs where the robin built,  
And where my brother set  
The laburnums on his birth-day—  
The trees are living yet!

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air must rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing;  
My spirit flew in feathers then,  
That is so heavy now,  
And summer pool could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember  
The fir-trees, dark and high;  
I used to think their slender tops  
Were close against the sky;  
It was my childish ignorance—  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm farther off from Heaven  
Than when I was a boy.

VOLUME IV.—No. 3.

## A DREADFUL STORY.

Beware of what you say before Children.

I HAVE a story to tell relative to what happened to Sir George and Lady Beaumont, the excellent and beloved proprietors of the Hermitage, in a neighboring county. At the period of which I speak, their family consisted of five children, three sons and two daughters; and their eldest, a daughter called Charlotte, was then nine years of age. She was a remarkably clever child, and a great favorite of her parents; but her mother used to remark that her vivacity required checking, and notwithstanding her partiality for her, she never failed to exercise it when it became necessary. It would have been well had *others* acted equally judicious.

It happened one day, as the family were going to sit down to dinner, that Charlotte did not make her appearance. The maid was sent up to her room, but she was not there. The dinner-bell was ordered to be rung again, and a servant was at the same time despatched to the garden; and this having been done, Sir George and his lady proceeded with the other youngsters to the dining-room, not doubting but Charlotte would be home immediately. The soup, however, was finished without any tidings of her, when, Lady Beaumont seeming a little uneasy, Sir George assured her there was no cause for alarm, as Charlotte would probably be found under her favorite gooseberry-bush. Lady Beaumont seemed to acquiesce in this, and appeared tolerably composed, till the servant who had been sent to the garden came back to say that she was not there. Sir George insisted that the man had probably passed her without seeing her, the garden being so large; but the servant averred that he had been through the whole of it, and had shouted repeatedly Miss Charlotte's name. "Oh!" exclaimed Sir George, "she has pretended not to hear you, Robert, and, I dare say, will be back immediately, now that she has succeeded in giving you a race round the garden; however," added he, "you may go back again, and take Samuel and Thomas with you, and if you do not find her hiding herself in the garden, you may take a peep into the shrubbery, as she may slip into that on seeing you returning; and as you go along you may call to her and say that dinner waits, and that Lady Beaumont is much displeased with her being out at this time of the day. And now my love," continued Sir George to his lady, "just let us proceed with dinner, and compose yourself." Lady Beaumont forced a smile, and busied herself in attending to her young ones; but her own plate was neglected, and her eyes were continually turned upon the window which looked upon the lawn.

"What can keep Robert, papa?" said Charles to his father.

"Indeed, my boy," said Sir George, "I do not know; Charlotte," continued he to Lady Beaumont, "do you see any thing?"

"They are all coming back," exclaimed Lady Beaumont, "and alone!" and she rose hastily from her chair.

Robert and the other men now entered, and reported that they had searched every spot in the garden and the shrubbery, but without finding any trace of her;

and the people who had been working there all day had seen nothing of her. Lady Beaumont now became excessively alarmed, and Sir George himself was far from easy, though he appeared before his lady to treat the matter lightly.

"She'll have gone up to the cottages to see her god-brother," said Sir George, "or perhaps have wandered over to the mill."

"And if she has fallen into the stream!" ejaculated Lady Beaumont.

"Now, dear Charlotte, do not needlessly alarm yourself; there's no fears but we shall soon find her."

"God grant it!" said Lady Beaumont, "but my mind misgives me sadly."

Messengers were now despatched to the cottages, and to the mill, and in various other directions around the Hermitage, but all came back without having obtained any tidings of the missing child. Sir George, now very seriously alarmed, gave private directions for having the fish pond, and the stream which ran at the bottom of the garden, carefully dragged. It was done, but nothing found. The whole household was now in motion, and, as the story spread, the tenants and neighbors came pouring from all quarters, with offers to search the country round in every direction; so much was Sir George esteemed and beloved by all classes. Their offers were thankfully accepted of, and after choosing their ground, and dividing themselves into different parties, they set out from the Hermitage, resolved, as they said, to find the little one, if she was above ground. Sir George and his lady went out as the parties went off in their different directions, and continued walking up and down the avenue that they might the sooner perceive the approach of those bringing intelligence; but hour after hour elapsed, and no one came. Sir George then proposed that Lady Beaumont should go home and see the young ones put to bed. She did so, but soon returned again.

"I know," said she, answering Sir George's look, "that you wished me to remain at home and rest myself; but what rest can there be for me, till we have some intelligence of —" and her voice faltered.

"Well, well, then," said Sir George, pressing her arm in his, "let us take a few more turns—surely, we must hear something soon."

The people now began to come dropping in from different quarters, but all had the same melancholy answer—no one had seen or heard of her. The hearts of the poor parents were sadly depressed, for day-light was fast closing in, and almost all those who had set off on the search had now returned, and amongst them their faithful servant Robert, principally from anxiety to learn if any intelligences had been obtained of his favorite. But when he found that all had returned unsuccessful, he declared his determination to continue the search during the night; and he, and a good many others who joined him, set off soon afterwards, being supplied with torches and lanterns of various descriptions.

This determination gave new hopes to the inmates of the Hermitage, and Lady Beaumont endeavored to rally her spirits; but when at length, as day-light broke, Robert and his party returned alone and without intelligence, nature exhausted gave way, and she fell senseless in her husband's arms.

In the morning Robert tapped at Sir George's door and communicated quietly to him his recollecting to have seen a rather suspicious-looking woman near the

Hermitage the previous day, and that he had just heard from a neighbor, that a woman of that description, with a child in her arms, had been seen passing to the eastward. Orders were immediately given for a pursuit on horseback; Sir George giving directions to bring in every one whom they suspected, saying that he would compensate those who had reason to complain of being used in this way. But though many were brought to the Hermitage, and large rewards were offered, yet week after week passed over without bringing them the smallest intelligence of their lost little one.

Some months had now elapsed since their child had disappeared, and the minds of the parents had become comparatively composed, when their attention was one evening attracted by the appearance of an unusual number of people in the grounds below the terrace, and whose motions it seemed difficult to understand.

"What can have brought so many people there?" asked Lady Beaumont, "and what are they doing?"

"Indeed, my love, I do not know," said Sir George, "but there's Robert passing down the walk, and he will tell us;" and he called to Robert, who, however, seemed rather not to wish to hear; but Sir George called again, and so loudly, that Robert was obliged to stop. "Robert," said Sir George, "what do these people seek in the low grounds there?"

"They are looking for — of Widow Watt's, your honor," said Robert.

"Did you hear what it was, my dear?" said Sir George to his lady.

"No," says Lady Beaumont, "but probably her pet lamb, or more likely her cow has strayed."

"Is it her cow that's missing, Robert?" asked Sir George.

"No, your honor," said Robert.

"Her lamb then, or some other beast?" asked Sir George.

"Naething o' the kind, your honor," answered Robert.

"What then?" demanded Sir George, in a tone that showed he would be answered.

"Why, your honor, they say that wee Leezie Watt's no come hame, and the folk are gaugin' to seek for her—and nae doubt they'll soon find her," added Robert, stepping hastily away to join them.

Sir George had felt Lady Beaumont's convulsive grasp of his arm, and gently led her to a seat, where, after a while she became more composed, and was able to walk to the Hermitage. "And now," said she, on reaching the door, "think no more of me, but give all your thoughts to the most likely means of restoring the poor child to its widowed parent."

"Spoken like yourself," said Sir George pressing her hand; and he immediately flew to give directions for making the most thorough and effectual search. But this search, alas! proved equally unavailing as the former one, and no trace whatever could be found of the widow's child.

The story, joined to the disappearance of Sir George's daughter, made a great noise, and created considerable alarm in that part of the country; and this alarm was increased fourfold, when, in three weeks afterward, another child was lost. The whole population now turned out, and people were stationed to watch in different places by night and by day. But no discovery was made. Parents no longer durst trust their children for a moment out of their sight. They went with

them to school, and also went to bring them back again; and these precautions had the best effect, many weeks having elapsed without anything unpleasant happening. The neighbors now began to congratulate each other on the probability, or rather certainty, that those who had inflicted so much misery in that quarter of the country, had gone somewhere else, and that they would now be able to live in some kind of peace and comfort. But this peaceful state was not destined to continue. One of Sir George's best tenants, David Williams, had been busily engaged in ploughing the whole day, and was thinking of unyoking and going home, when his wife looked over the dike and asked him how he was coming on; "But whar," continued she "is the bairns? are they at the t'ither end o' the field?"

"The bairns?" said David, "I haena seen them; but is't time for their being back frae the school?"

"Time," exclaimed his wife, "muckle mair than time, they should ha' been hame an hour syne, and that brought me out to see gif they were wi' you, as you said ye wad maybe lowse and gang to meet them!"

"Odd, I was unco keen," said David, "to finish this blt lea, and had nae notion it was sae far in the day."

"Preserve us," exclaimed Matty, "gif anything has happened to them!"

"Nonsense," cried David, "when there's three o' them thegither; but here, says he, tak' ye the beasts hame, and I'll be off for them, and will soon be back wi' them, sae dinna gang to vex yourself."

"I hope it may be sae," said Matty, "but my heart misgie's me sair—however, dinna wait to speak about it."

David Williams was not long of reaching the school, where he learned from the mistress, that his children had remained a good while after the rest, expecting him to come for them; but that they had at length set out to meet him, as she understood, and that they had been gone above an hour, and she thought they would have been home long ago. "But perhaps," continued she, "they may have called at their aunt's, for I heard them speaking of her to-day." David took a hasty leave, and posted away to his sister's; but the children had not been there, nor had any one seen them. His brother-in-law, John Maxwell, seeing his distress, proposed taking one road, while David took the other, toward home, and to meet at the corner of the planting near his house. They did so, and arrived nearly at the same time, and each without having heard or seen anything of the children. David Williams was now in a perfect agony, and the perspiration ran like water from his forehead.

"Maybe they're hame already," said his brother-in-law; "I daurna gang up myself to speer, but we'll send yon herd laddie."

John went, and gave the boy his directions, to ask, first, if David Williams was at hame; and then to ask cannie-like, if the weans were in. And he then went and sat down beside David, keeping his eye on the cottage, when he sees Matty come fleeing out like one distracted.

"Down, David! down wi' yir head, man," cried John, "that she may na see us."

"But Matty had got a glimpse of them, and came right down on them as fast as she could run."

"Where's my bairns, David?" cried she—"where's our bonnie bairns? I kent weel whenever the callant askit if they were come hame, what was the meaning

o't. They're lost! they're lost!" continued the poor woman, wringing her hands, "and what'll become o' me?"

"Now, Matty, Matty, my ain Matty," cried David, "dinna gang on at that gate, and hurt yirsel; naeboddy but John and me ha'e been looking for them, and we've come straught hame, and there's a heap o' other ways ye ken, that they may ha'e gaen by."

"Aye, o'er monie, o'er monie ways, I'm doubting," said Matty, mounfully shaking her head; "but dinna let us put aff time this gate: Rin ye, John and alarm a' the neebors, and I'll awa to the Hermitage, where we're sure to get help; and God grant it may na end wi' mine as it did wi' others!"

"By Heavens!" exclaimed Sir George, while the blood mounted to his forehead, "but this is infamous. Ring the alarm bell, and let all my tenants and domestics turn out on foot or on horseback, and form as large a circle round the place as possible; and let them bring out all their dogs, in case this horrid business is caused by some wild animal or another, which may have broken from its keeper; and, Robert, see that no stranger is allowed to pass the circle, on any pretence whatever, without my having seen and examined them."

These orders were immediately obeyed, and the alarm having spread far and near, an immense body of people were quickly assembled, and commenced a most determined and active search, gradually narrowing the circle as they advanced.

Lady Beaumont ascending to the top of the Hermitage, which commanded a view of the whole surrounding country, watched their proceedings with the most intense interest; trusting that the result would be not only the restoration of David Williams's children, but the discovery also of the others who had disappeared, and of her own little one among the number. At times single horsemen would dash from the circle at a gallop, and presently return with some man or woman for Sir George's examination; and while that lasted, Lady Beaumont's heart beat fast and thick; but the dismissal of the people, and the recommencement of the search, most painfully convinced her that no discovery had yet been made; and, sighing deeply, she again turned her eyes on the searchers. At other times the furious barking of the dogs, and the running of the people on foot toward the spot, seemed to promise some discovery; but the bursting out from the plantation of some unfortunate calf or sheep, showed that the people had been merely hastening to protect them from the unruly animals which had been brought together, and who, having straggled away from their masters, were under no command.

The day was fast closing in, and the circle had become greatly diminished in extent; and when, in a short time afterward, it had advanced on all sides from the plantations, and nothing but a small open space divided the people from each other, Sir George directed them to halt, and, after thanking them for what they had done, he requested them to rest themselves on the grass till refreshments could be brought from the Hermitage, after partaking of which, they had best move homewards, as it seemed in vain to attempt anything more till next day. He then took leave of them, and hurried home to the Hermitage, whence a number of people were soon seen returning with the promised refreshments.

Having finished what was set before them, and sufficiently rested themselves, most of them departed,

and the people who had been working there all day had seen nothing of her. Lady Beaumont now became excessively alarmed, and Sir George himself was far from easy, though he appeared before his lady to treat the matter lightly.

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Sir George had felt Lady Beaumont's convulsive grasp of his arm, and gently led her to a seat, where, after a while she became more composed, and was able to walk to the Hermitage. "And now," said she, on reaching the door, "think no more of me, but give all your thoughts to the most likely means of restoring the poor child to its widowed parent."

"Spoken like yourself," said Sir George pressing her hand; and he immediately flew to give directions for making the most thorough and effectual search. But this search, alas! proved equally unavailing as the former one, and no trace whatever could be found of the widow's child.

The story, joined to the disappearance of Sir George's daughter, made a great noise, and created considerable alarm in that part of the country; and this alarm was increased fourfold, when, in three weeks afterward, another child was lost. The whole population now turned out, and people were stationed to watch in different places by night and by day. But no discovery was made. Parents no longer durst trust their children for a moment out of their sight. They went with



them to school, and also went to bring them back again; and these precautions had the best effect, many weeks having elapsed without anything unpleasant happening. The neighbors now began to congratulate each other on the probability, or rather certainty, that those who had inflicted so much misery in that quarter of the country, had gone somewhere else, and that they would now be able to live in some kind of peace and comfort. But this peaceful state was not destined to continue. One of Sir George's best tenants, David Williams, had been busily engaged in ploughing the whole day, and was thinking of unyoking and going home, when his wife looked over the dike and asked him how he was coming on; "But whar," continued she "is the bairns? are they at the t'ither end o' the field?"

"The bairns?" said David, "I haena seen them; but it's time for their being back frae the school?"

"Time," exclaimed his wife, "muckle mair than time, they should hae been hame an hour syne, and that brought me out to see gif they were wi' you, as you said ye wad maybe lowse and gang to meet them!"

"Odd, I was unco keen," said David, "to finish this bit lea, and had nae notion it was sae far in the day."

"Preserve us," exclaimed Matty, "gif anything has happened to them!"

"Nonsense," cried David, "when there's three o' them thegither; but here, says he, tak' ye the beasts hame, and I'll be off for them, and will soon be back wi' them, sae dinna gang to vex yourself."

"I hope it may be sae," said Matty, "but my heart misgic's me sair—however, dinna wait to speak about it."

David Williams was not long of reaching the school, where he learned from the mistress, that his children had remained a good while after the rest, expecting him to come for them; but that they had at length set out to meet him, as she understood, and that they had been gone above an hour, and she thought they would have been home long ago. "But perhaps," continued she, "they may have called at their aunt's, for I heard them speaking of her to-day." David took a hasty leave, and posted away to his sister's; but the children had not been there, nor had any one seen them. His brother-in-law, John Maxwell, seeing his distress, proposed taking one road, while David took the other, toward home, and to meet at the corner of the planting near his house. They did so, and arrived nearly at the same time, and each without having heard or seen anything of the children. David Williams was now in a perfect agony, and the perspiration ran like water from his forehead.

"Maybe they're hame already," said his brother-in-law; "I daurna gang up myself to speer, but we'll send yon herd laddie."

John went, and gave the boy his directions, to ask, first, if David Williams was at hame; and then to ask cannie-like, if the weans were in. And he then went and sat down beside David, keeping his eye on the cottage, when he sees Matty come fleeing out like one distracted.

"Down, David! down wi' yir head, man," cried John, "that she may na see us."

"But Matty had got a glimpse of them, and came right down on them as fast as she could run."

"Where's my bairns, David?" cried she—"where's our bonnie bairns? I kent weel whenever the callant wad if they were come hame, what was the meaning

o't. They're lost! they're lost!" continued the poor woman, wringing her hands, "and what'll become o' me?"

"Now, Matty, Matty, my ain Matty," cried David, "dinna gang on at that gate, and hurt yirsel; naeboddy but John and me hae been looking for them, and we've come straught hame, and there's a heap o' other ways ye ken, that they may hae gaen by."

"Aye, o'er monie, o'er monie ways, I'm doubting," said Matty, mournfully shaking her head; "but dinna let us put aff time this gate: Rin ye, John and alarm a' the neebors, and I'll awa to the Hermitage, where we're sure to get help; and God grant it may na end wi' mine as it did wi' others!"

"By Heavens!" exclaimed Sir George, while the blood mounted to his forehead, "but this is infamous. Ring the alarm bell, and let all my tenants and domestics turn out on foot or on horseback, and form as large a circle round the place as possible; and let them bring out all their dogs, in case this horrid business is caused by some wild animal or another, which may have broken from its keeper; and, Robert, see that no stranger is allowed to pass the circle, on any pretence whatever, without my having seen and examined them."

These orders were immediately obeyed, and the alarm having spread far and near, an immense body of people were quickly assembled, and commenced a most determined and active search, gradually narrowing the circle as they advanced.

Lady Beaumont ascending to the top of the Hermitage, which commanded a view of the whole surrounding country, watched their proceedings with the most intense interest; trusting that the result would be not only the restoration of David Williams's children, but the discovery also of the others who had disappeared, and of her own little one among the number. At times single horsemen would dash from the circle at a gallop, and presently return with some man or woman for Sir George's examination; and while that lasted, Lady Beaumont's heart beat fast and thick; but the dismissal of the people, and the recommencement of the search, most painfully convinced her that no discovery had yet been made; and, sighing deeply, she again turned her eyes on the searchers. At other times the furious barking of the dogs, and the running of the people on foot toward the spot, seemed to promise some discovery; but the bursting out from the plantation of some unfortunate calf or sheep, showed that the people had been merely hastening to protect them from the unruly animals which had been brought together, and who, having straggled away from their masters, were under no command.

The day was fast closing in, and the circle had become greatly diminished in extent; and when, in a short time afterward, it had advanced on all sides from the plantations, and nothing but a small open space divided the people from each other, Sir George directed them to halt, and, after thanking them for what they had done, he requested them to rest themselves on the grass till refreshments could be brought from the Hermitage, after partaking of which, they had best move homewards, as it seemed in vain to attempt anything more till next day. He then took leave of them, and hurried home to the Hermitage, whence a number of people were soon seen returning with the promised refreshments.

Having finished what was set before them, and sufficiently rested themselves, most of them departed,

having first declared their readiness to turn out the moment they were wanted; but when his friends proposed to David Williams his returning home, he resolutely refused, declaring his determination to continue the search the whole night; and the poor man's distress seemed to great, that a number of the people agreed to accompany him. Robert, on being applied to, furnished them, from the Hermitage, with a quantity of torches and lanterns; and the people themselves having got others from the cottages in the neighborhood, divided in bands, and, fixing on John Maxwell's house for intelligence to be sent to, they parted different ways on their search.

At first all were extremely active, and no place the least suspicious was passed by; but as the night advanced, their exertions evidently flagged, and many of them began to whisper to each other that it was in vain to expect doing any good in the midst of darkness; and as this idea gained ground, the people gradually separated from each other and returned to their homes, promising to be ready early in the morning to renew the search.

"An' now, David," said John Maxwell, "let's be gangin' on."

"No to my house," cried David, "no to my ain house; I canna face Matty, and them no found yet."

"Aweel, then," said John, "suppose ye gang hame wi' me, an' fling yersel' down for a wee; an' then we'll be ready to start at gray daylight."

"An' what will Matty think in the meantime?" said David; "but gang on, gang on, however, and I'll follow ye."

John Maxwell, glad that he had got him this length, now led the way, occasionally making a remark to David, which was very briefly answered; so that John, seeing him in that mood, gave up speaking to him, till, coming at length to a bad step, and warning David of it, to which he got no answer, he hastily turned round, and found that he was alone. He immediately went back, calling on David as loud as he could, but all to no purpose. It then occurred to him that David had probably changed his mind, and had gone homewards; and, at any rate, if he had taken another direction, that it was in vain for him to attempt following him, the light he carried being now nearly burnt out; he therefore made the best of his way to his own house.

In the meantime, poor David Williams, who could neither endure the thoughts of going to his own house, or to his brother's-in-law's, and had purposely given him the slip, continued to wander up and down without well knowing where he was, or where he was going to, when he suddenly found himself, on coming out of the wood, close to the cottage inhabited by a widow named Elie Anderson.

"I wad gie the world for a drink o' water," said he to himself; "but the puir creature will hae lain down lang syne, an' I'm sweert't to disturb her."

As he said this, he listened at the door, and tried to see in at the window; but he could neither see nor hear anything, and he was turning to go away, when he thought he saw something like the reflection of a light from a hole in the wall, on a tree which was opposite. It was too high up for him to get at without something to stand upon; but after searching about, he got part of an old hen-coop, and placing it to the side of the house, he mounted quietly on it. He now applied his eye to the hole where the light came through, and the first sight which met his horrified gaze, was the dead body of his eldest daughter, lying on the table—

a large incision down her breast, and another across it!

David Williams could never say how he forced his way into the house; but he remembered bolts and bars crashing before him—his seizing Elie Anderson, and dashing her from him with all his might; and that he was standing gazing on his murdered child when the two young ones put out their heads from beneath the bed-clothes.

"There's faither," says one.

"Oh, faither, faither," says the other, "but I'm glad ye're come, for Nanny's been crying sair, sair, an' she's a bluidin'!"

David pressed them to his heart in a perfect agony, then catching them up in his arms, he rushed like a maniac from the place, and soon afterward burst into John Maxwell's cottage, his face pale, his eye wild, and gasping for breath.

"God be praised," cried John Maxwell, "the bairns are found! but where's Nanny?"

Poor David tried to speak, but could not articulate a word.

"May be ye couldna carry them a'?" said John; "but tell me where Nanny is, and I'll set out for her momentarily."

"Ye needna, John, ye needna," said David; "it's o'er late! it's o'er late!"

"How sae? how sae?" cried John; "surely naething mischancy has happened to the lassie?"

"John," said David, grasping his hand, "she's murdered! my bairn's murdered, John!"

"God preserve us a'!" cried John, "and wha's done't?"

"Elie Anderson," cried David; "the poor innocent lies yonder a' cut to bits;" and the poor man broke into a passion of tears.

John Maxwell darted off to Saunders Wilson's. "Rise, Saunders!" cried he, thundering at the door; "haste ye an' rise!"

"What's the matter now?" said Saunders.

"Elie Anderson's murdered David's Nanny, see haste ye, rise! and yoke yir cart, that we may tak her to the tubuith."

Up jumped Saunders Wilson, and up jumped his wife and his weans, and in a few minutes the story was spread like wildfire. Many a man had lain down so weary with the long search they had made, that nothing, they thought, would have tempted them to rise again; but now they and their families sprung from their beds, and hurried, many of them only half-dressed, to John Maxwell's, scarcely believing that the story could be true. Among the first came Geordie Turnbull, who proposed that a part of them should set off immediately, without waiting till Saunders Wilson was ready, as Elie Anderson might be off in the meantime; and away he went, followed by about a dozen of the most active. They soon reached her habitation, where they found the door open, and a light burning.

"Aye, aye," says Geordie, "she's aff nae doubt; but we'll get her yet. Nae, faith," cries he, entering, "she's here still; but, God's-sake, what a sight's this!" continued he, gazing on the slaughtered child. The others now entered, and seemed filled with horror at what they saw.

"Haste ye," cries Geordie, "and fling a sheet or something o'er her, that we mayna lose our wits a' thegither; and now, ye wretch," says he, turning to Elie Anderson, "your life shall answer for this infer-

nal deed. Here," continued Geordie, "bring ropes and tie her, and whenever Saunders comes up, we'll off wi' her to the tubbith."

Ropes were soon got, and she was tied roughly enough, and then thrown carelessly into the cart; but notwithstanding the pain occasioned by her thigh-bone being broken by the force with which David Williams dashed her to the ground, she answered not one word to all their threats and reproaches, till the cart coming on some very uneven ground, occasioned her such exquisite pain, that, losing all command over herself, she broke out into such a torrent of abuse against those who surrounded her, that Geordie Turnbull would have killed her on the spot had they not prevented him by main force.

Shortly afterward they arrived at the prison; and having delivered her to the jailor, with many strict charges to keep her safe, they immediately returned to assist in the search for the bodies of the other children, who, they had no doubt, would be found in or about her house.

When they arrived there, they found an immense crowd assembled, for the story had spread everywhere; and all who had lost children, accompanied by their friends and neighbors, and acquaintances, had repaired to the spot, and had already commenced digging and searching all round. After working in this way for a long while without any discovery being made, it was at length proposed to give up the search and return home, when Robin Galt, who was a mason, and who had been repeatedly pacing the ground from the kitchen to the pig-stye, and from the pig-stye to the kitchen, said, "Freens, I've been considering, an' I canna help thinking, that there maun be a space not discovered atween the stye an' the kitchen, an' I'm unco fond to hae that ascertained."

"We'll sune settle that," says Geordie Turnbull. "An' whereabouts should it be?"

"Just there, I think," says Robin.

And Geordie immediately drove a stone or two out, so that he could get his hand in.

"Does any body see my han' frae the kitchen?" says he.

"No a bit o' it," was the answer.

"Nor frae the stye?"

"No, frae that neatherins."

"Then there maun be a space, sure enough," cries Geordie, drawing out one stone after another, till he had made a large hole in the wall. "An' now," says he, "gie me a light;" and he shoved in a lantern, and looked into the place. "The Lord preserve us a'!" cried he, starting back.

"What is't?—what is't?" cried the people, pressing forward on all sides.

"Look an' see!—look an' see!" cried he; "they're a' there—a' the murdered weans are there lying in a row."

The wall was torn down in a moment; and, as he had said, the bodies of the poor innocents were found laid side by side together. Those who entered first gazed on the horrid scene without speaking, and then proceeded to carry out the bodies, and to lay them on the green before the house. It was then that the grief of the unhappy parents broke forth; and their cries and lamentations, as they recognized their murdered little ones, roused the passions of the crowd to absolute frenzy.

"Hanging's o'er gude for her," cried one.

"Let's rive her to coopens," cried another.

A universal shout was the answer; and immediately the greater part of them set off for the prison, their number increasing as they ran, and all burning with fury against the unhappy author of so much misery.

The wretched woman was at this moment sitting with an old crony, who had been admitted to see her, and to whom she was confessing what influenced her to what she had done.

"Ye ken," said she, "I haena just been mysel' since a rascal, that had a grudge at me, put about a story of my having made away wi' John Anderson, by the help of arsenic. I was ta'en up and examined about it, and afterward tried for it; and though I was acquitted, the neighbors aye looked on me with an evil eye, and avoided me. This drove me to drinking, and other bad courses, and it ended in my leaving that part of the kintry, and coming here. But the thing rankled in my mind, and many a time hae I sat thinking on it, till I scarcely kent where I was, or what I was doing. Weel, yae day, as I was sitting at the roadside, near the Hermitage, and very low about it, I heard a voice say, 'Are you thinking on John Anderson, Ellie? Aye, woman,' continued Charlotte Beaumont, for it was her; 'what a shame in you to poison your own gudeman;' and she pointed her finger, and hissed at me.

"When I heard that," continued Ellie, "the whole blood in my body seemed to flee up to my face, an' my verra een were like to start frae my head; and I believe I wad hae killed her on the spot, hadna' ane o' Sir George's servants came up at the time; sae I sat mysel' down again, and, after a lang while, I reasoned mysel', as I thought, into the notion, that I shouldna' mind what a bairn said; but I hadna' forgotten't for a' that. Sae yae day that I met wi' her near the wood, I tell't her that it wasna' right in her to speak yon gate, and didna' mean to see any mair, hadna' the lassie gaen on ten times waur nor she had done before; and sae angered me, that I gied her a wee bit shake; and then she threatened me wi' what her father wad do, and misen'ed me sae sair, that I struck her, and my passion being ance up, I gaed on striking her, till I had killed her outright. I didna' ken for a while that she was dead; but when I fand that it was really sae, I had sense enough left to row her in my apron, an' to tak' her hame wi' me; an' when I had barred the door, I laid her body on a chair, and sat down on my knees beside it, an' grat an' wrung my hands a' night lang. Then I began to think what would be done to me if it was found out; an' thought o' pitting her into a cunning place, which the man who had the house afore me, and was a great poacher, had contrived to hide his game in; and when that was dune, I was a thought easier, though I couldna forgie mysel' for what I had done, till it cam' into my head that it had been the means o' saving her frae sin, and frae haeing muckle to answer for, an' this thought made me unco happy. At last I began to think that it would be right to save mair o' them, and that it would atone for a' my former sins; an' this took sic a hold o' me, that I was aye on the watch to git some ane or ither o' them by themselves, to dedicate them to their Maker, by marking their bodies wi' the Holy Cross; but, oh!" she groaned "if I hae been wrang in a' this!"

The sound of the people rushing toward the prison was now distinctly heard; and both at once seemed to apprehend their object.

"Is there no way to escape, Elie?" cried her friend, wringing her hands.

Elie pointed to her broken thigh, and shook her head; "besides," said she, "I know my hour is come."

The mob had now reached the prison, and immediately burst open the doors. Ascending to the room where Elie was confined, they seized her by the hair, and dragged her furiously down stairs, her broken limb striking against each step in the descent. They then hurried her to the river, and with the bitterest curses plunged her into the stream; but their intention was not so soon accomplished as they had expected; and one of the party having exclaimed that a witch would not drown, it was suggested, and unanimously agreed to, to burn her. A fire was instantly lighted by the water side, and when they thought it was sufficiently kindled, they threw her into the midst of it. For some time her wet clothes protected her, but when the fire began to scorch her, she made a sudden exertion, and rolled herself off. She was immediately seized, and thrown on again; but in their hurry one of them having trod on her broken limb, caused her such excessive pain, that when Geordie Turnbull stooped to assist in lifting her head, she suddenly caught him by the thumb with her teeth, and held him so fast, that he found it impossible to extricate it. She was therefore laid down again, and many ways tried to force open her mouth, but without other effect than increasing Geordie's agony; till at length the smoke settling her a coughing, forced her to relax her hold, when the man's thumb was got out of her grasp, terribly lacerated. Immediately thereafter she was tossed into the midst of the flames, and the fire soon reaching the vital parts, the poor wretch's screams and imprecations became so horrifying, that one of the bystanders, unable to bear it any longer, threw a large stone at her head, which, hitting her on the temple, deprived her of sense and motion.

Their vengeance satisfied, the people immediately dispersed, having first pledged themselves to the strictest secrecy. Most of them went home, but a few went back to Elie Anderson's, whose house, and every thing belonging to her, had been set on fire by the furious multitude. They then retired, leaving a few men to watch the remains of the children till coffins could be procured for them. "And never, in a' my days," said John Maxwell, when speaking of it afterwards, "did I ever weary for day-light as I did that night. When the smoke smothered the fire, and it was quite dark, we didna mind it sae muckle; but when a rafter or a bit of the roof fell in, and a breeze raise, then the fire-light shining on the ghastly faces o' the poor wee innocents a' laid in a row, it was mair than we could weel stand; an' mony a day or I was my ainsel' again."

Next morning the parents met, and it being agreed that all their little ones should be interred in one grave, and that the funerals should take place on the following day, the necessary preparations were accordingly made. In the meantime Matty went over to her brother, John Maxwell, to tell him, if possible, to persuade David Williams not to attend the funeral, as she was sure he could not stand it. "He had na' closed his e'e," she said, "since that terrible night, and had neither eat nor drank, but had just wandered up and down between the house and the fields, moaning as if his heart wad break." John Maxwell promised to speak to David; but when he did so, he

found him so determined on attending, it was needless to say any more on the subject.

On the morning of the funeral David Williams appeared very composed; and John Maxwell was saying to some of the neighbors that he thought he would be quite able to attend, when word was brought that Geordie Turnbull had died that morning of a lock-jaw, brought on, it was supposed, as much from the idea of his having been bitten by a witch, or one that was na' canny, as from the injury done to him.

This news made an evident impression on David Williams, and he became so restless and uneasy, and felt himself so unwell, that he at one time declared he would not go to the funeral; but getting afterwards somewhat more composed, he joined the melancholy procession, and conducted himself with firmness and propriety from the time of their setting out till all the coffins were lowered into the grave.

But the first spadeful of earth was scarcely thrown in, when the people were startled by his breaking into a long and loud laugh:

"There she 's! there she 's!" he exclaimed; and, darting through the astonished multitude, he made with all his speed to the gate of the church-yard.

"Oh! stop him—will naeboddy stop him?" cried his distracted wife; and immediately a number of his friends and acquaintances set off after him, the remainder or the people crowding to the church-yard wall, whence there was an extensive view over the surrounding country. But quickly as those ran who followed him, David Williams kept far ahead of them, terror lending him wings—till at length, on slackening his pace, William Russell, who was the only one near, gained on him, and endeavored, by calling him in a kind and soothing manner, to prevail on him to return. This only made him increase his speed, and William would have been thrown behind rather than ever, had he not taken a short cut, which brought him very near him.

"Thank God, he will get him now," cried the people in the church-yard; when David Williams, turning suddenly to the right, made with the utmost speed toward a rising ground, at the end of which was a freestone quarry of great depth. At this sight a cry of horror arose from the crowd, and most fervently did they pray that he might yet be overtaken; and great was their joy when they saw that, by the most wonderful exertion, William Russell had got up so near as to stretch out his arm to catch him; but at that instant his foot slipped, and ere he could recover himself the unhappy man, who had now gained the summit, loudly shouting, sprung into the air.

"God preserve us!" cried the people, covering their eyes that they might not see a fellow creature dashed in pieces; "its all over!"

"Then help me to lift his poor wife!" exclaimed Isabel Lawson; "and now stan' back an' gie her air that she may draw her death."

"She's drawn her last breath already, I'm doubting," said Janet Ogilvie, an old skilful woman; and her fears were found to be but too true.

"An' what will become o' the poor orphans?" said Isabel.

She had scarcely spoken when Sir George Beaumont advanced, and taking one of the children in each hand, he motioned the people to return towards the grave.

"The poor bairns are provided for now," whispered one to another, as they followed to witness the com-



pletion of the mournful ceremony. It was hastily finished in silence, and Sir George having said a few words to his steward, and committed the orphans to his care, set out on his way to the Hermitage, the assembled multitude all standing uncovered as he passed, to mark their respect for his goodness and humanity.

As might have been expected, the late unhappy occurrences greatly affected Lady Beaumont's health, and Sir George determined to quit the Hermitage for a time; and directions were accordingly given to prepare for their immediate removal. While this was doing, the friend who had been with Elie Anderson in the prison, happened to call at the hermitage, and the servants crowded about her, eager to learn what had induced Elie to commit such crimes. When she had repeated what Elie had said, a young woman, one of the servants, exclaimed, "I know who's been the cause of this; for if Bet—" and she suddenly checked herself.

"That must mean Betsey Pringle," said Robert, who was her sweetheart, and indeed engaged to her; "so you will please to let us hear what you have to say against her, or own that you are a slanderer."

"I have no wish to make mischief," said the servant; "and as what I said came out without much thought, I would rather say no more; but I'll not be called a slanderer neither."

"Then say what you have to say," cried Robert; "it's the only way to settle the matter."

"Well, then," said she, "since I must do it, I shall. Soon after I came here I was one day walking with the bairns and Betsey Pringle, when we met a woman rather oddly dressed and who had something queer in her manner; and when she had left us I asked Betsey who it was? 'Why,' said Betsey, 'I don't know a great deal about her, as she comes from another part of the country; but if what a friend of mine told me lately is true, this Elie Anderson, as they call her, should have been hanged.'"

"Hanged!" cried Miss Charlotte; "and why should she be hanged, Betsey?"

"Never you mind, Miss Charlotte," said Betsey—"I'm speaking to Fanny, here."

"You can tell me some other time," said I.

"Nonsense!" cried Betsey; "what can a bairn know about it? Weel," continued she, "it was believed that she had made way with John Anderson, her gude man."

"What's a gude man, Betsey?" asked Miss Charlotte.

"A husband," answered she.

"And what's making away with him, Betsey?"

"What need you care?" said Betsey.

"You may just as well tell me," said Charlotte, "or I'll ask Elie Anderson herself all about it the first time I meet her."

"That would be a good joke," cried Betsey, laughing, "and I wonder how Elie Anderson would look to hear a bairn like you speaking about a gude man, and making way with him; however," continued she, "that means killing him."

"Killing him!" exclaimed Miss Charlotte, "oh the wretch; and how did she kill him Betsey?"

"You must ask no more questions, miss," said Betsey, and the subject dropped.

"Betsey," said I to her afterwards, "you should not have mentioned these things before the children; do you forget how noticing they are?"

"Oh! so they are," said Betsey, "but only for the moment; and I'll wager Miss Charlotte has forgotten it all already."

"But, poor thing," continued Fanny, "she remembered it but too well."

"I'll not believe this," cried Robert.

"Let Betsey be called, then," said the housekeeper, "and we'll soon get at the truth." Betsey came, was questioned by the housekeeper, and acknowledged the fact.

"Then," exclaimed Robert, "you have murdered my master's daughter, and you and I can never be more to one another than we are at this moment;" and he hastily left the room.

"Betsey gazed after him for an instant, and then fell on the floor. She was immediately raised up and conveyed to bed, but recovering soon after and expressing a wish to sleep, her attendant left her. The unhappy woman feeling herself unable to face her mistress after what had happened, immediately got up, and, jumping from the window, fled from the Hermitage; and the first accounts they had of her were contained in a letter from herself to Lady Beaumont, written on her death-bed, wherein she described the miserable life she had led since quitting the Hermitage, and entreating her ladyship's forgiveness for the unheppiness which she had occasioned.

"Let what has happened," said Lady Beaumont, "be a warning to those who have the charge of them, to beware of what they say before children;" a sentiment which Sir George considered so just and important that he had it engraven on the stone which covered the little innocents, that their fate and its cause might be had in everlasting remembrance.

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THE LATE WILLIAM L. STONE.—In a letter to the New York Board of Education, Mrs. Stone thus speaks of the last days of her husband.

He suffered greatly during his illness, physically and mentally. His mental depressions was doubtless the result of his disease. But the sense which he had of his unworthiness, and the depth of his humility, were most touching. He was constantly praying that he might not be deceived—that there should be no mistake—that his repentance might be genuine. "Oh," he would say in the midst of all his distress, "If it be my Heavenly Father's discipline to fit me for Heaven, and I may have the very lowest place at his footstool, I shall rejoice in it all." Although, as you know, he never allowed himself leisure or recreation, and was constantly endeavoring to help forward every good cause, he seemed to feel as if he had done nothing. He judged himself and his motives as severely.

One day he said, "I may go suddenly, and not be able to say anything to bear testimony to my belief." He then repeated in a very audible and impressive manner, the creed as it is in the Common prayer—adding, should my impression be realized, remember this my dying testimony—this I solemnly believe." He had his reason till the last, though he dropped away very suddenly, and unexpectedly to us all. But at the closing struggle, a beam of Heavenly light overspread all his features, and the expression upon his face was that of unalterable—unutterable happiness. There was also an expression of holy triumph, which seemed to say, "I have escaped the tempter forever."

## The Lost Ship.

BY MISS LONDON.

DEEP in the silent waters,  
A thousand fathoms low,  
A gallant ship lies perishing—  
She foundered long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing  
Around her port-holes now,  
And spars and shining coral  
Encrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,  
White bones unburied shine,  
While in the deep hold hidden  
Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistol, sword and carbine,  
Hung on the cabin wall,  
And many a curious dagger;  
But rust has spoiled them all.

And can this be the vessel  
That went so boldly forth,  
With the red flag of old England,  
To brave the stormy North?

There were blessings poured upon her  
When from her port sailed she,  
And prayers and anxious weeping  
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters,  
And joyous ones were they,  
Dashed but with fond remembrance  
Of friends so far away.

Ah! many a heart was happy  
That evening when they came,  
And many a lip pressed kisses  
On a beloved name!

How little those who read them  
Deemed far below the wave,  
That child, and sire, and lover,  
Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished  
None knew, save him on high;  
No island heard her cannon,  
No other bark was nigh.

We only know from England  
She sailed far o'er the main—  
We only know to England  
She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with watching,  
That yet refused to weep;  
And years were spent in hoping  
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story  
Upon their native shore,—  
God rest those souls in Heaven  
Who met on earth no more!

**EVE'S APPLE TREE.**—In the volume entitled "Recollections of Ceylon," it is written that "Eve's apple tree (kadura-gaha) is a tree of the middle size, and is found in great numbers. Its leaves are nine inches

long, and three broad, with about twenty strong fibres branching off on each side of the centre one. Its fruit hangs down in pairs from a long stalk. Its appearance is very peculiar, being like an apple, with about one-third cut or bitten out. It is deadly poison, and the milk that flows from it is so acid, that a drop falling on the hand raises a blister. The outside is of a bright yellow color, and the inside is a deep crimson. It contains a large quantity of small black seeds, like the pips of an apple, embedded in a quantity of scarlet-colored pulp. I have counted fifty-eight of these seeds in one fruit. When ripe, the food bursts and the seeds fall out, and the outside shrivels up, and still adheres to the stalk for a considerable time."

## INTERESTING DOCUMENT.

**THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE ORIGINAL VENERABLE BAND OF THE CINCINNATI SOCIETY.**—At the funeral of Gen. Morgan Lewis, in June last, Major Popham, in his ninety-second year, was one of the pall bearers, and was afterward elected President of the Cincinnati Society to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of General Lewis. Major Popham is the only survivor of the members of the society first formed under the eye of Washington, and his address on being elected President is full of deep interest.

## Major Popham's Address.

**GENTLEMEN:** The death of our late lamented President, who hath descended to the grave full of years, and full of honors, together with your united voices, have, in the course of providential events, called on me—unfit as I am—to take his place and attempt to discharge the duties of his office.

It is now more than sixty years since I first associated myself with the gallant band of brothers, who laid the foundation of the society, which you now compose—a society formed at a time, and under circumstances that find no parallel in the annals of any nation on earth.

At the glorious termination of the war, which for seven years had been maintained against the most powerful nation on earth; against the evils of poverty, destitution, privation, and the absence of almost every comfort that can render life desirable; with a firmness, perseverance and fortitude of which we can produce no example—it became necessary to disband this gallant army. Congress, in the exhausted state of the country, unable to comply with their engagements, reluctantly dismissed them without pay or emolument of any kind.

The army then lay, in detachments, in the vicinity of Fishkill, Newburg, New Windsor and West Point—Head Quarters at New Windsor—from whence the order was issued that "the army be forthwith disbanded and marched to their respective homes in squads under the command of commissioned and non-commissioned officers, to prevent disorders—that their pay, of necessity, be reduced to forty for one, with the promise of ample justice, when the state of the country would admit." This was received without an audible murmur.

After a few days a second order was issued, requiring all the officers within its reach to meet the General at head quarters the next day. The order was also obeyed.

After we had all collected, the General produced a

letter—which was read, by his order, if I mistake not—by his aid, Col. Humphreys. This letter contained sentiments the most inflammatory which the writer could possibly indite. After stating the tolls, the labors and patience of the army during a seven years war, which had terminated in the glorious independence of their country, they were dismissed and sent home, more like mendicants than a victorious army—that their applications and remonstrances to Congress for the fulfilment of their contract or relief of their wants were rejected. He advised—he called on the officers not to lay down their arms or disband their troops, but to march to Philadelphia, invest the Senate, and demand, at the point of the bayonet, what their humble solicitations failed to obtain; then to retire to the wilds of our country and establish themselves as a military colony.

On the contents of this letter the General commented with his usual dignity, and with some asperity; represented the glorious character the army had attained in the eyes of every nation on earth, by their successful fortitude and forbearance, from which a step like this would precipitate them into contempt. He urged them to persevere in the course they had pursued. He assured them that he should never lose sight of their merits, nor fail to use his utmost exertion for all their services, so soon as the state of the country permitted.

This was received with silent applause, and we were dismissed.

Previous to the separation of the officers, General Knox, Colonel Hamilton and a few others, retired and drafted a sketch of the constitution of the society which you now compose. The constitution was submitted to the General, sanctioned by his approbation and consecrated by his signature.

It was intended to perpetuate the friendship which had subsisted in times the most trying and afflictive—in the gloomy hour of retreat, as in the joyful shout of victory—to transmit that friendship to our latest posterity; and to relieve the wants of the necessitous and indigent widows and orphan children of such of our brothers as had fallen in the field. For which purpose each officer agreed to pay into the hands of a treasurer to be appointed, as soon as he should be enabled, one month's pay to form a fund. And I record it with pleasure, that the droppings of that little fund have caused the heart of many a widowed mother and her orphan children to sing for joy.

Of this gallant band, I, through the good providence of God, have been spared as the last and only survivor, and while in vain I look around, as well for the friends of my riper years as for the companions and associates of my early school-boy days, who gloriously had devoted their lives to the service of their country, and breathe a sigh of sorrow and sympathy for their premature destiny, my heart bounds with rapturous delight to behold so many of their descendants, who have sprung up like vigorous plants in the garden of Eden, clustering around the star-spangled banner of their country, and swearing on her altar, that the glorious and untarnished inheritance which they have received from their fathers, they will, by God's help, transmit unimpaired to their latest posterity.

But with deep regret, I am compelled to say that some of the members of this society have expressed a wish for, and earnestly urged the dissolution of this

institution, and dividing among its members its paltry funds.

*Perish the thought! Never! No! never, though my days are numbered, and through the natural infirmities of extreme old age I may be denied the power of appearing in it again, will I consent to consign to eternal oblivion an institution formed under the eye of Washington, sanctioned by his approbation, and consecrated by his own signature.*

No!—I consider this greatly undervalued institution as an integral portion of the soil in which the glorious tree of our country's liberty was originally planted—which has taken deep root, and whose branches have extended to the utmost boundaries of the inhabitable globe. I consider it as the "Alma Mater" of the greatest and most resplendent empire that the world has ever seen—an empire that hath sprung up from cradled infancy to the meridian of gigantic manhood within the space of less than four hundred years.

Where shall be found a country in which such successful enterprise is exhibited? Where shall we find a spot of navigable water in which the star-spangled flag of the United States has not been unfurled and sported in the breeze? May we not exclaim in the language of the pious hero of classic song,

*"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"*

Where is there a country of interminable extent, in which, by means of canals, railroads and steamboats, an army of an hundred thousand men can be collected at any point on our extensive sea-coast, within forty-eight hours, if necessary, to repel the invading foe? Men, too, well versed in the use of military weapons, and whose hearts and hands are ready to exercise them to the best advantage in their country's defence. A country through which a canal of more than three hundred miles in length has united the waters of its great Western lakes with the ocean; and brought millions of acres of land, as prolific as the sun ever shone upon, within ten days transit to the mart of the commercial world—land—which, less than twenty years ago might well nigh have been thought almost inaccessible. A country which contains a state, wherein a river has been conducted forty miles under ground to adorn its metropolis and rejoice the hearts of her citizens.

Before I conclude this little address I am warned to remind you, my dear friends and fellow citizens, that the various events which I have stated, and which stand as uncontrovertible truths in bold relief on the pages of history, cannot be attributed to the strength or power of our own sword or our own bow, but to the Omnipotent arm that led the children of Israel through the Red Sea.

I have only to add that as in the common course of providential events, I, now at the close of my ninety-second year, may not be permitted to see your faces again in this world, I shall hope to meet you in that eternal world, where we shall no more see through a glass darkly, but face to face, where we shall know even as we are known.

New York July 4th, 1844.

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If a man were riding in a skiff with a sister, and were to ask her to use the oars, what classical proper name would he pronounce? This must be given up, for it is original! Wouldn't he say Cicero? (sissy, row!)

## Napoleon's Tomb at St. Helena.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;  
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;  
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,  
His eagle flag unrolled—and froze.

Here sleeps he now alone; not one  
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,  
Nor sire, nor brother, wife nor son,  
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now alone; the star  
That led him on from crown to crown  
Hath sunk; the nations from afar  
Gazed as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone; the mountain cloud  
That night hangs round him, and the breath  
Of morning scatters, is the shroud  
That wraps his mortal form in death.

High is his couch; the ocean flood  
Far, far below by storms is curled,  
As round him heaved, while high he stood,  
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! comes there from the Pyramids,  
And from Siberia's wastes of show,  
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids  
The world he awed to mourn him? No:

The only, the perpetual dirge  
That's heard there, is the sea-bird's cry,  
The mournful murmur of the surge,  
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

## THE MORMONS.

And the way they work miracles.

SINCE the death of the prophet Joe Smith, various publications have appeared in different sections of the Union relative to the practices of their chief men, which neither redound to their individual honor, nor the advancement of the cause of religion and good morals. It is impossible to prevent the influence which such men must have over the weak-minded; and yet, the many cautions which have appeared and the many facts substantiated against them, it would seem, should at least have placed them on their guard. There is nothing more sacrilegious, more obviously impious and wicked than such persons assuming to be delegated from the most high to perform extraordinary miracles. One of these, a Mormon preacher, has been making these pretences in the interior of this state. He is represented to be tall, well proportioned, heavy black flowing hair, black eyes, a smooth gracious looking face, and very grave in appearance and speech. He did not condescend to speak save to a few chosen brethren and a few of the sisters. Being in a town remarkable as the residence of ultra theorists in religion, many flocked to him to converse on their several maladies, and invoke a cure through his miracles. He had at last a trying case. A little child was sick and the doctors had expended their skill upon him in vain. The anxious mother besought the holy man to save him if he could. He assured her that he could do it if it was not decreed the child should die. "But," he cunningly remarked, "it will be necessary for me to

remain with you all the time." To this no objection was made, and the priest took up his abode in the family, and commenced his curative applications.

He soon saw that the sickness of the child was produced by excessive indulgence, and consequently advised that the little sufferer be forbidden to eat "heartily food," and ordered nothing but mush and milk, and that only twice a day. He assured the parents that the cure would be effected by adhering closely to what he said, provided he (the priest) could bless the dishes daily before eating. So every day before feeding the little fellow, his bowl of milk and mush was placed under the hand of the Mormon priest. And as might be expected the child soon began to recover. One day the priest happened to be out when the child should have been fed. The mother gave it more than the usual quantity and without grace! The excessive eating created a little uneasiness with the boy which alarmed the mother exceedingly, and as soon as the priest returned she confessed the whole. He appeared greatly alarmed for the fate of the sufferer, but assured the mother, that by fasting over one period of eating the child would recover, provided he (the priest) could go to the holy place and fast and pray on the sacred spot from whence were taken the plates of gold containing the bible. Accordingly he was furnished with a new cloak, borrowed of a neighbor, and a good horse and saddle, and amid many tears and "blessings" he went on his way. But whether he was devoured by wild beasts, lost his way, or was translated like good Elijah is not known. Yet certain it is that neither priest, cloak, horse, nor saddle have ever been heard from! The child soon recovered, and the deluded parents recovered their senses, at the cost of a good horse and saddle.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

His Family—Political Relations—His Will.

THE Count of Surveilliers, for several years King of Naples, and a short time King of Spain, who lived twenty years in this county and this neighborhood, at his residence called Point Breeze, near Bordentown, New Jersey, died at Florence, Italy, the 28th of July, in his seventy-sixth year, after long illness from repeated strokes of palsy.

He was the elder brother of Napoleon, to whom he was much attached, to whose fortunes he always adhered, and whose good intentions he uniformly vindicated.

He was a man of superior education and information, an elegant scholar, and likewise deeply read in human nature, liberal and benevolent in all his opinions and principles, the constant admirer and vindicator of the institutions and character of this country.

While King of Naples his government was eminently just, wise and conciliatory, so that General Lamarque, one of the distinguished men of the French Empire, who became a leading member and speaker of the House of Deputies under the Bourbons, styled Joseph Bonaparte a philosopher on a throne.

His short and disastrous royalty in Spain was such that all Spanish animosity against him, it is believed, died before him, while many of the most enlightened of that fine but unfortunate kingdom regret that he did not remain its ruler.

During his twenty years residence in this country, his princely mansion and extensive domain on the



Delaware were the resort of all who chose to visit them, hospitably welcomed and unaffectedly entertained. Hundreds of the trades-people of Philadelphia, with their wives and children, frequently visited his house and grounds, which were thrown open to their enjoyment, with all their statuary, paintings, and other works of the fine arts.

His neighbors, especially the poor and humble, and more particularly those in any way employed by him, who were numerous, experienced never-failing generosity and kindness.

The legislature and other constituted authorities of New Jersey occasionally, as well as other eminent American citizens, paid their respects to him, and were uniformly received with attention and urbanity. Distinguished strangers from all parts of the world frequented his house and partook of his unostentatious hospitality.

After the Parisian revolution of 1830, Joseph Bonaparte, at the instance of many of the former adherents of his brother's Empire, went to England, in expectation that in some way or other the way would be opened for the return of the Bonapartes to France. Disappointed in that expectation, his abode was for some time in England, till about three or four years ago, when he was permitted to establish himself in the South of Italy for the benefit of his health, much impaired, and for that of the care of his family, who were many of them fixed at Florence.

He died there, surrounded by them, after long lingering with disease, but in his last moments free from pain. By a clause in his last will, his body, embalmed, has been deposited in one of the Florence churches, to remain unburied there till the law of France suffers his family to be restored to that country, when it is to be buried there.

His last will, made first in London, and afterward confirmed in Florence, is remarkably indicative of the considerate and benevolent temper in which he constantly lived and died.

His property, by no means so large as commonly said, in Italy, France and America, is mostly given to his wife, from whom he derived a large part of it. She was the daughter of Mr. Clary, a rich mercant of Marseilles, whose sister is the widow of General Bernadotte, the late King of Sweden. After the death of his wife, Joseph Bonaparte leaves nearly all he possessed to his only surviving child, the wife of his Nephew, Charles Bonaparte, the mother of eight surviving children, whose eldest son, Joseph, inherits the Bordentown estate of his grandfather.

There are numerous minor legacies by the will, tokens of remembrance to friends whom he loved; among others, to the late Judge Hopkinson, Dr. Chapman, who was his physician, Mr. William Short and Mr. Charles J. Ingersoll.

The executors were Judge Hopkinson and Mr. Mailiard, who for many years has enjoyed Joseph Bonaparte's unlimited confidence, and his will in terms declares, and who, by Judge Hopkinson's death, remains sole executor of the will, the duties of which, it is believed, will recall him shortly from Italy to this country.

Why needn't you pay a cab man if he wont fight with you? Because, "none but the brave deserve the fave."

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

## ANECDOTE OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

It was early in the year 1770, while the British troops were stationed in Boston, their repeated insults to the inhabitants and the depredations they daily committed, caused the people to hold a meeting, to decide what means to adopt to alleviate the general suffering. As this was the day following the famous "Boston Massacre," the particulars of that tragedy were fresh in the public mind, and various persons related to the assembly what they had witnessed the preceeding day. A committee of fifteen was appointed to wait on the Lieutenant Governor, and express to him the sentiment of the town, that it was impossible for the soldiers and inhabitants to live in safety together, and their fervent prayer for the immediate removal of the former. No satisfactory answer was returned and a second committee composed of seven of the original ones were again deputed. Samuel Adams," says the History of Boston, acted as chairman of this delegation, and discharged his duties with an ability commensurate to the occasion.

Colonel Dalrymple was by the side of Hutchinson, who at the head of the council received them. He at first denied that he had the power to remove them. Mr. Adams proved to him in a very few words, that he had the power by the charter. Hutchinson then consulted with Dalrymple in a whisper, the result of which was a repetition of the offer to remove *one* regiment, the 14th, which had no part in the massacre of the preceeding day. It was at this critical moment that Mr. Adams evinced that admirable presence of mind and undaunted patriotism, which characterized his exertions throughout the revolution. Seeming not to represent but to personify the universal feeling, he stretched forth his arm, as if it upheld the strength of thousands, and pointing to the charter, which lay open upon the table, he with the most unhesitating promptness replied: "If the Lieutenant Governor or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together have authority to remove *one* regiment, they have authority to remove *two*; and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town, by the troops will satisfy the public mind, or preserve the peace of the province."

The officers, civil or military, were in reality abashed, before this plain committee. They knew the imminent danger that impended—the very air was filled with breathings of common indignation; and although a price was set upon the head of Mr. Adams, yet with such determined firmness and courage did he enter the hall, that not one of the officers dared molest him, nor did the governor think proper to give orders to such an effect. The very presence of a man courageously asserting the rights of the people, seemed to inspire them with a reverence which admitted the use of no arbitrary power. After some hesitation, Hutchinson proposed the removal of half the troops. "Sir," replied Mr. Adams with a stern voice, "my mission demands the removal of the *whole*; and in case of a refusal, I cannot answer for the consequences. Even now the people are awaiting in anxious expectation the answer I am to return; and to what further acts of violence they may be driven by the unjust and cruel measures of your officers, I know not. Nothing but the removal of *all* the regular troops will preserve inviolate the public peace."

The firm and decisive tone of Mr. Adams told the council that matters were fast approaching a crisis; and after a short consultation between Hutchinson and

that body, they give him their unqualified advice that the troop should be sent out of town; and the Commander-in-chief having pledged his word to that effect, Mr. Adams left the house unmolested. Shortly afterward both regiments were removed to the castle.

From that day the spirit of liberty rapidly diffused itself over the land, and shortly afterward occurred those scenes which eventually procured the Independence of America.

The fine painting by Copley, which hangs in Faneuil Hall represents Mr. Adams in this scene. He stands before the council with one hand grasping a roll of parchment, and with the other he points toward the open charter. The firmly compressed lip, and high intellectual forehead, show a man of uncommon abilities, while the clear dark eye evinces that decision of purpose, and unflinching firmness, which ever characterized him as a statesman and patriot. It was painted while he held the office of governor, after the revolution, and was pronounced a capital likeness. It was purchased and presented to the city by a gentleman of Boston, in 1839."

#### Spare the Birds.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

SPARE, spare the gentle bird,  
Nor do the warbler wrong,  
In the green wood is heard  
Its sweet and happy song:  
Its song so clear and glad,  
Each list'ner's heart hath stirred;  
And none, however sad,  
But blessed that happy bird.

And when at early day  
The farmer trod the dew,  
It met him on the way  
With welcome blithe and true:  
So, when at weary eve,  
He homeward wends again,  
Full sorely would he grieve  
To miss the well-loved strain.

The mother, who had kept  
Watch o'er her wakeful child,  
Smiled as the baby slept,  
Soothed by its wood-notes wild;  
And gladly has she flung  
The casement open free,  
As the dear warbler sung  
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed  
Forgets his weariness,  
And turns his feeble head  
To list its songs, that bless  
His spirit, like a stream  
Of mercy from on high,  
Or music in the dream  
That seals the prophet's eye.

Oh! laugh not at my words,  
To warn your childhood's hours;  
Cherish the gentle birds  
Cherish the fragile flowers:  
For since man was bereft  
Of Paradise, in tears,  
God these sweet things hath left,  
To cheer our eyes and ears.

#### VIRTUE REWARDED.

A Good Story well told.

On the third of January, during the cold which reigned so severely in Paris, at the moment when the snow was falling in heavy flakes, a stoppage of passengers, horses and vehicles took place suddenly at the corner of the Rue St. Honore and the Rue de l'Arbre-Sec.

"What's the matter?" asked a young man, whose accent declared him to be an inhabitant of the south of France.

"I really can't inform you, Monsieur—I was going to ask the question myself."

"It's only a man who has fallen on the ice," said an orange woman who had overheard the colloquy—"nothing more. Two sous a piece—come buy!"

"It's a man dead drunk," said a porter, pushing his way out of the crowd.

"Bah!" cried an old woman, "I bet that it's one of those cursed omnibusses which 'has overturned some poor wretch. I had my leg broken by one two years ago."

"No such thing," cried a stout man, warmly wrapped up in a thick wrap-rascal, a large handkerchief up to his nose and his hands fixed in his side pockets—"It's no such thing. It's a man struck with cold and hunger. He is dying—that's evident. Poor man! These things quite affect me! I should have stopped to lend him some assistance, but the fact is I am too late as it is, for my wife is waiting dinner for me. Pardon, Monsieur, permit me to pass."

The stranger, however, to whom this request was addressed, pushed the stout man in the contrary direction and pressed through the crowd of gazers until he arrived, not without difficulty, at the spot where the cause of this assemblage was lying. There, near the fountain, was extended on the ice an old man scarcely covered with a few rags. The stranger, yielding only to the dictates of a kind heart, stooped down, and was in the act of raising the unhappy man, when a cry broke the silence of the crowd and a sweet voice exclaimed, with deep emotion, "It's my poor old man!" At the same moment a young girl, piercing the crowd, joined her feeble aid to that of the stranger.

"You know him, then?" he demanded, without looking at the new comer, but in trying to prevent her from having any share of the burden.

"Yes and no, Monsieur," she replied, taking out a smelling bottle. "I know him by sight, but am ignorant of his name."

A third person came to add his assistance to the efforts of the young people. "It is old Gerald!" he said. "He must have gone out this morning, the first for these four days. This way, Monsieur," said he, speaking to the stranger, "he lives here, at number 30, and I am the porter of the house. Come, let me take your place, my little woman," continued he to the young girl; "this gentleman and I can take him to his room at the top of the house. It is sheer want that has reduced him to this state. They say he was once rich, and I believe it; for it is only the rich who allow themselves to famish from hunger when they are poor—we have still two stories to go up—I would not be guilty of such a foolish act; I would at once go to the Mayor and demand aid. Take care—the stairs are so steep—there's a step; it is so dark here you can't well see it. It is different with me, I am used to the place—that's the door. Push! He never needed a key to lock up

his property, poor man. They say Gerald is not his name—Diable! how cold it is up here under these tiles!"

They placed the old man on some straw in one corner of the garret, and the stranger hastened to feel his pulse. "He is dying of cold and want," said he; "here, my friend, here's some money for you; bring up some soup, some wine, and a fire." The porter held out his hand for the money, when the stranger suddenly exclaimed, after having searched his pockets, "Good heavens!" they have taken my purse!" and his features expressed most vividly vexation and fear for the old man's recovery.

"I will get them," cried a gentle voice; it was that of the young girl, who had followed them unperceived. She hurried out of the room, and returned speedily; for she perceived that the slightest delay might be fatal. A woman followed her, bringing fire and wood, with which she lit a fire and then retired. The young messenger was loaded with a bottle of wine, a small loaf, and the wing of a fowl, wrapped up in a piece of a newspaper. She placed the whole near the old man, and then, kneeling down, arranged the fire and stirred it up to a blaze.

The old man by degrees recovered his senses; he was presented with food in small quantities, and in a short time animation was restored. Too weak to thank his benefactors he could only express his feelings by looks of the most touching gratitude, particularly when they rested on the young girl, still occupied near the hearth. To the stranger she appeared nothing else than a charming and mysterious vision. Who could this young creature be, who so earnestly and effectively devoted her time to a work of charity, when her own attire gave every indication of privation and penury? Cold as the weather was, the bonnet which encircled her delicate and beautiful features was of black straw; thin silk gloves, mended in several places, served to cover her hands but certainly not to guarantee them from the cold. An old cashmere, worn to the last extremity, was thrown over a faded gown of dark silk, and her whole appearance betokened the absence of any warm garment. The young man would undoubtedly have been struck by the extreme beauty of her features had there been no other charm to attract him; but there was about her that indescribable something which pleases more than mere beauty—and that is, a union of goodness and elegance, which is, indeed, but seldom to be met with, but when seen is irresistible. At last her self-imposed task was over—she approached the old man, and stooping down towards him, nodded her head kindly as she uttered the words, "I will soon return."

She then took up a small case which she had put down on her entrance, and, saluting the stranger, she left the room and descended the narrow stairs with a rapid step.

The young man gazed at her for a moment and then turned towards the invalid. "I, on the contrary, shall not return, for I leave Paris this evening; but you shall soon hear from me." He then pressed the old man's hand kindly and departed. When he emerged from the gateway of the house into the street, though hopeless of seeing his young assistant in the work of benevolence in which he had been engaged, he still could not avoid looking round to see if by chance she was still in sight. As chance would have it, she was standing, as if undecided at the door of a jeweller's shop at

some distance. At last she appeared to have formed her determination, for she opened the door and entered. Without exactly analyzing the cause of his curiosity, the stranger approached the window of the shop and observed what was going on within. He saw the young girl take off her glove, and whilst he was admiring the dazzling whiteness and aristocratic form of the hand, she drew, with some emotion a ring from her finger and presented it to the person at the counter. He took it, examined it carefully, rubbed and tested the stone, and then methodically took out a small pair of scales, and having ascertained the weight offered his customer a price, which it was easy to see she accepted, from the movement of assent with which she bent her head. The jeweler opened a drawer and counted out some money, which he pushed over the counter; and having written down her name and address, he cast the ring into another drawer, amongst a heap of jewels of all forms and colors. The girl then departed, and in a minute afterwards the young man entered the shop.

In a short time afterward she turned into a plain looking house, in one of the streets off the Rue St. Honore; and opening the door of a room on the *rez-de-chaussee*, she entered hastily, crying, "Here I am dear mother. You must have been uneasy at my long absence?"

Madame Reval, the person to whom these words were addressed, appeared infirm, though more from trouble than years. She was stretched on a sofa, and appeared in delicate health. Her features, usually, pale, assumed an appearance of animation when her daughter entered, and then immediately became more sombre than before.

"Dear Anna," said she, "I have an unpleasant piece of news to acquaint you with; it was this perhaps that made me rather fear your return, than take note of your prolonged absence."

Anna, having cast on a chair her shawl and bonnet, immediately seated herself on a low stool near the end of the sofa which supported her mother's head. The latter passed her hand affectionately over the dark hair of her daughter, and then continued:

"You know that your father had promised your hand to the son of M. Barsac, of Bordeaux, his oldest friend. The death of your father—the lengthened illness which has so much reduced me—had not overcome my courage, as long as I could live in the hope of seeing you one day rich and happy, under the protection of a worthy husband. This very morning the scaffolding of happiness, which I loved so much to build up for you, fell to the ground. This letter addressed to our old habitation, ought to have come to hand yesterday. Here, read it yourself."

Anna took the letter which her mother held out to her and looking at the signature, remarked, "It is from M. Jules Barsac himself," she then read the contents aloud.

"MADAME—As long as fortune smiled on me, I thought with delight on the alliance which M. Reval and my father had contracted for me; but the late failure of the firm of Danderlias & Co. has drawn on ours; and as a man of honor I deem myself bound to restore you your promise. If your daughter and myself were acquainted, and if mutual affection had been the basis of the projected union, I would have bent my knee before you, Madame and prayed you to wait until I had repaired our disaster; but have I the right to call on

another to partake in my poverty, and to join in my labors! Do I even know what space of time it may take to acquire a fortune worthy of that which you have lost? He that is above can only tell. Your daughter, brought up under your protecting care, is, as I am informed, both amiable and lovely. Who is there then, who will not be proud and happy to give her an honorable name, and a position in society equal to that in which she was born?—As to me, I have nothing left, and unwillingly I am forced to renounce the favor designed for me. You will pardon me, Madame, for leaving Paris without paying my respects to you; but I should fear, after having seen your daughter, to carry with me a keen regret, which might trouble the calm of an existence now consecrated to labor.

Farewell then, Madame; believe me to be penetrated with every sentiment of respect for you, and to remain. Your most humble and obedient servant.

JULES BARSAC."

The young girl paused a moment after reading the note, and then raising her eyes to meet her mother's, she remarked, as she placed it on the work table, "Do you not think, mother, that this letter is perfect; except the too high opinion expressed of me? I really think that M. Barsac writes with the utmost good sense. I almost regret that I have not seen a man whose conduct is actuated by such honorable motives."

"This letter," said Madame Reval, mournfully, "certainly augments my regret. I feel that I could have loved this young man as a son. Now what a different lot awaits you! Are you not terrified at the idea of being obliged to work for your poor mother?"

"How unkind," said Anna, "how unlike yourself! Why, what is it, after all? Formerly, I embroidered to amuse myself, now I do the same to contribute to your comfort. The latter will be surely the more agreeable. Besides, I can do it now so much more cheerfully. Look, I have disposed of the collar," and she showed the empty case which she brought in, "and here's the price obtained for it," placing three pieces of money on the table.

A light knock at the door interrupted the conversation; Anna cast a look of inquietude at her mother, for since the loss of their fortune, no visit had broken their solitude.

"Go and open it," said the lady, with a smile she obeyed, and the opened door gave entrance to a man, whom she immediately recognized, as the stranger who had assisted the poor old sufferer.

The countenance of Mademoiselle Reval at once assumed a grave and severe expression. Her mother perceived the change, but before she could make an inquiry into the case, the stranger advanced and saluting her with respect, said, "Madame, you are, I presume the mother of this young lady?"

Madame Reval made a sign of assent, and pointed out a chair to the stranger. He took it, and continued, "chance this morning brought Mademoiselle and myself together in affording assistance to an unhappy—"

"Oh! mother," interrupted the young girl whose neck and face were covered with blushes at this allusion to the morning's adventure, "I have not had time to tell you all about it. Do you remember the poor old man who generally took up his station at the door of our hotel formerly? He always wore a green bandage over his eyes, to conceal his face from the passers-by, and held a small basket of matches in his hand."

"Yes," interrupted Madame Reval in her turn, "I

remember him well; your father always dropped some money into the basket when returning from the Bourse. You used always to call him *your poor old man*; and you, little as you were, delighted in giving him every thing you could scrape together."

"Well, since our departure from the hotel, we have asked each other a hundred times, what could have become of him."

"Yes," said Madame Reval, with evident interest,

"Well mother, I found him to-day, at last, but in such a state of wretchedness that I was really shocked. Stretched on the snow, dying, absolutely, of cold and hunger; and, without the kind assistance of this gentleman, he must have perished where he lay."

"Say rather without *your's*," said the young man earnestly. "I could do nothing, for I had lost my purse. To you, and you alone, is he indebted for life. But," continued he, in a different tone seeing the bright color again mounting rapidly to Anna's face, "it is not for the purpose of disclosing to this lady, the secret of your good actions that I have followed you here; it is to request you to take the trouble of buying a bed and some other little necessities for this poor child of misfortune. Here are a hundred francs, that you will have the kindness to employ for this purpose. I pray you to believe that if I was not a stranger in Paris, and on the point of quitting it this very evening, I would not take this liberty with persons to whom I am unknown. I trust that you will excuse my request."

"There is no necessity to offer any apology," said Madame Reval; "on the contrary, we ought to thank you for having selected us to complete a benevolent action."

"Now, Madame," added the young man with a hesitating and timid manner, "it only remains for me to inquire the name of my young sister in this work of kindness."

"Mademoiselle Anna Reval."

A cry of astonishment broke from the stranger—"The daughter of M. Reval, of Bordeaux, who lost his fortune by trusting in a friend and died of grief?"

"Alas! you have but too truly stated the case. How does it happen that you are acquainted with these facts?"

"I am Jules Barsac," said the young man, in a voice scarcely audible.

Anna grew pale, and went and placed herself near her mother's seat. A mournful silence succeeded for a short time, and it was Jules who broke it.

"Ah! Madame," said he, suddenly rising, "I perceive that I yesterday sent you my renunciation of a life of happiness. This letter," and he took it from the table—"this letter," he repeated, as he slightly touched it with the finger of his right hand with a look of disgust—"permit me to destroy it, and to forget that it was ever written." Looking from one lady to the other, and seeing no sign of opposition, he tore it down the middle, and threw the portions into the fire. He watched them until the flame had seized on every part; and then, as if content that it was wholly and irrecoverably destroyed, he approached Madame Reval, and bent his knee before her, as she regarded alternately, with the utmost satisfaction, her daughter, and him whom she would have chosen for her son-in-law, if the choice had been in her power. "Or if the memory of this unhappy letter cannot altogether pass away, and if part of it must still remain in your remembrance, think only of the words which say 'If



your daughter and myself had been acquainted.' We are acquainted, and know each other already as if we had never been apart. Do not separate those whom charity has united. I just now called Mademoiselle by the name of sister; let me call her by another name, not less kind, but more sacred—that of wife. I have no fortune to offer her, but I feel myself animated by double courage and hope. For her—for you, Madame, who will never quit us, I will work with energy and determination, and I feel that I shall succeed in my efforts. Oh! Madame, deign to answer me! But you weep—you give me your hand—you consent to my request?"

"And you, Anna, what do you say?" asked Madame Reval, as she held out the other hand to her daughter.

"Have I ever any other will than yours, dear mother?" and she pressed the hand to her lips.

"You consent, then, Mademoiselle?" said Jules; "then you will allow me to present you this ring as a mark of our engagement."

He handed her a little ring set round with turquoises.

"It is Anna's ring!" said Madame Reval, with surprise.

"Yes, mother," said Anna, quite confused; "I was obliged to sell it to replace the money I had received for my embroidery."

"It was in purchasing it that I discovered your address, although you entered in the jeweler's book only the name of Anna. It is to this ring that I owe the happiness of again beholding you." He took, as he spoke, the unresisting hand of the young girl, and placed on her finger the pledge of their union.

The same evening, in order to fulfil the benevolent intentions of M. Barsac, who was obliged to leave town for Bordeaux, Anna returned to the old man's lodgings. He was no longer to be found; he had disappeared without pointing out his new abode!

A month after, in the humble lodging of Madame Reval, a few were assembled to witness the signing of the marriage contract before the notary, who soon made his appearance: he was followed by an elderly man richly attired. As the latter was not introduced, no person took much notice of him, for each was too much occupied with the ceremony for which they had come together. Madame Reval was still an invalid, and had her daughter seated near her. Jules Barsac was standing on the other side. The notary placed his portfolio on the table, and took from it a contract of marriage, which he proceeded to read aloud. After having specified the little property of the bridegroom, he went on to detail the fortune of the lady: "Madame Reval makes over to her daughter the sum of 1,000*l.* per year—"

"You are making a mistake, Monsieur," interrupted Madame Reval: "formerly, indeed, I did intend—"

The notary, without paying any attention to this interruption, continued—"1,000*l.* a year, arising from money in the public funds, for which here are the securities."

Saying this he displayed the coupons on the table, and Madame Reval, her daughter, and Jules Barsac, all made a movement as if about to speak, when the aged stranger arose and made a sign for them to re-

main silent. Surprized at this interference, they awaited with interest the result of this strange scene.

"What!" said the old man with a broken voice, and addressing Anna, "what, Mademoiselle! do you not remember *your poor old man*?"

While she was looking earnestly at him, trying to read in his venerable countenance the marks of misery and suffering, he continued—

"You have, then, forgotten ten years of daily kindness? You have forgotten the 3d of January with the assistance you gave so opportunely—the fire, the wine, and the wing of a fowl wrapped up in a piece of newspaper? All forgotten? Well, that very piece of newspaper is the cause of all my misery being at an end. In an advertisement which it bore, I read the intelligence that a French gentleman named Francois de Chazel, had been for years seeking in vain for his brother, Jacques de Chazel, ruined, like him, in the revolution; and that, by his will, he had ordered an advertisement to be inserted every week for three years, that the brother might come forward and claim his ample fortune. That Jacques de Chazel stands now before you; it is I.

"Without delay I set out for London, and only returned yesterday. Your notary," continued he, speaking to Madame Reval, "is mine: from him I heard of the intended marriage of your daughter. To that angel I owe my life, and the least I can do is to present her with a part of that fortune, which, without her, never would have reached my hands."

"But, Monsieur," said Madame Reval, with emotion, "perhaps you have a family?"

"Yes, Madame," replied he, bowing low as he spoke, "if you will admit me into yours."

"Ah, you have made part of our family for such a long time!" said Anna, pressing in her hands those of M. de Chazel; then, with a gesture full of naivete and grace, pointing to her intended husband, she added, in a low voice, "It is he who took you up. Do you recollect him? Ah! you say that to me you owe your life; if you only knew how much I am indebted to you—if you only knew it!—But we will separate no more, and shall have time to tell you all about it."

Jules came forward to present the pen to his bride, and they both signed the marriage contract. Formed under such auspices, who can doubt that it was a happy one?—*London Court Journal.*

#### EXILED MONARCHS.

WE have already noticed the death of Joseph Bonaparte, late King of Spain and King of Naples, at an advanced age, and as he had long resided in this country and was generally and favorably known, he merits a passing paragraph of praise. It is a remarkable circumstance that the revolution in France in 1793 drove to the United States the present King of the French and his brother, and also Talleyrand, and they all lived in Philadelphia, frequently in want of a dollar or a dinner. Had the good but unfortunate Louis XVI. escaped when he made the attempt, he would in all probability have found himself safe in this country, and we should have had the Bourbon and Orleans dynasties seeking an asylum in a republic whose example, operating upon the reformers of France, had actually drawn them for protection to the very country which had been the real cause of those troubles. So with Napoleon, who was the child of that revolution; he also was anxious to come to the United States after the

battle of Waterloo—strange that unfortunate monarchs should only find themselves safe in a government of the people, where every man is a sovereign. Joseph Bonaparte, and the sons of Murat, his brother-in-law, lived several years in New Jersey, in a quiet, retired manner, much esteemed among his neighbors, and uniformly liberal to the poor. His estate, New Bordentown, remains unsold, and we believe unoccupied. He was a large holder of stock in the United States Bank, which, if he did not dispose of, must have been a dead loss to him. His house was burnt to the ground—his valuable paintings, furniture, jewels, &c., &c., all scattered and lost; but finally all were returned safely to him—a proof, as he said in a letter, of the exceeding honesty of the people; and he added, that the people of this country were not aware how happy they were under their government and laws. A letter, speaking of him, says:—"The mind of the ex-king had outlived the chilling effects of age, and his heart retained its pristine vigor. His conversation was most agreeable and full of intellect, abounding in brilliant sallies, full of good heartedness, rich in anecdote, and always deeply stamped with upright and elevated sentiment. He almost always spoke of France, and neither age nor exile had altered the warmth of his patriotism. He was a man of liberal ideas and took great interest in their progress in France. His wishes for the happiness and glory of his country were as enlightened as they were sincere.—*Phil. Dollar Paper.*"

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Buds and Babies.

BY AN OLD WOMAN.

THERE'S a voice in every vernal leaf  
That trembles on the tree—  
It breathes about the flowery bud  
In its first infancy.  
There's fondness for it in the air,  
Like unseen silk it flows,  
And folds the little flowret round,  
And rocks it to repose.  
And when from out its balmy bed  
Its rosy cheek it rears,  
How warm it feels the sunbeam's smile,  
How soft the dew's bright tears!  
While Nature's joyous spirit hails  
The youngling as her own,  
And shouts unto the vernal world,  
"Another flower is blown!"

But there's a flower more sweet than this  
Young offspring of the tree—  
A brighter—purer—prouder far—  
Thy flower, Humanity!  
But in this moral wilderness,  
This maze of mud and stone,  
The young bud withers to a weed,  
Or dies—unblest, unknown.  
A chilling blight is on the air  
That breathes upon its birth,  
And tells the poor unwelcom'd one,  
It has no place on earth.  
And when it lifts its asking eye  
For succor or for cheer,  
It meets no soul-illumined smile—  
No pity-prompting tear.  
But shivering in the wintry waste,

It hears the feeble horn  
Of vampire Want, with groans proclaim  
"Another child is born!"

Oh! were the social world like thine,  
Bright Nature, man might lift  
The new-born babe aloft, and cry,  
"Behold another gift!  
Another being born to make  
More wealth than he can use—  
Another being form'd to feel,  
The bliss he can diffuse!"  
Then like the voiceful leaves that breathe  
Upon the bud-blest tree,  
The happy parent heart might hail  
Thy birth, bright Infancy!  
And "tidings of great joy" proclaim  
Thy coming to the morn,  
And shout unto a thankful world,  
"ANOTHER CHILD IS BORN!"

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THE BITER BITTEN.—A few years ago a farmer, who was noted for his waggers, stopped at a tavern which he was in the habit of stopping at on his way from H— to Salem.

The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveler, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot-lid and, while the landlady was absent, put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem.

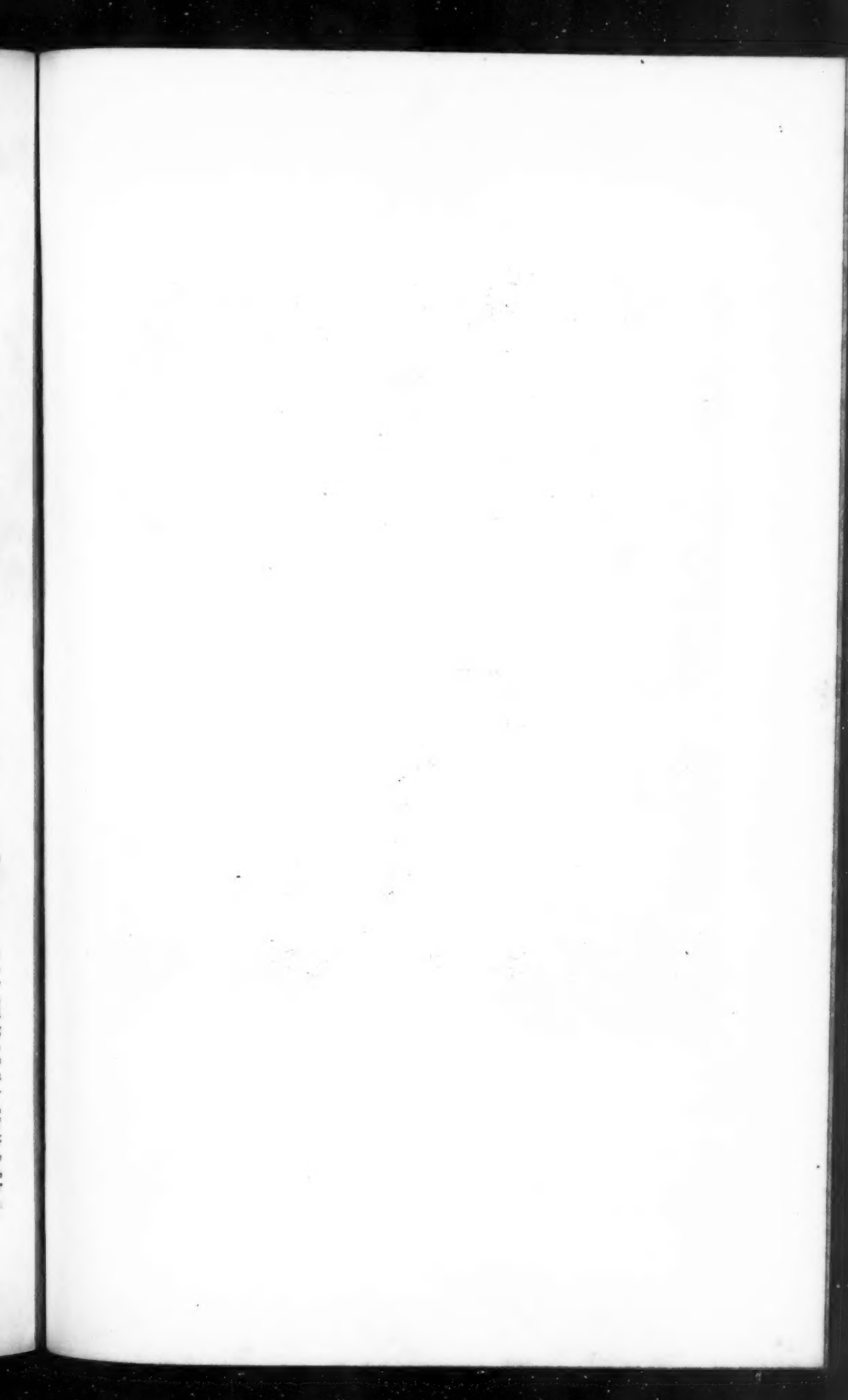
The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the unpalatable addition which was made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged. Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called as was expected and pussy was put on the table, among other cold dishes, but so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance.

He made a hearty meal and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for she had lost hers.

"What!" said he, "don't you know where she is?"

"Oh yes," replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it!"

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A NOVEL PLANT.—The editor of the Charleston Courier makes mention of a curious plant now exhibiting in that city, called, botanically, *Aristolochia Fatida*, and vulgarly the "Duck Plant." It is a tall and bold vine with heart shaped leaf, and bears a flower having a most extraordinary resemblance in body, head, throat and bill, to a duck floating tranquilly on some mirrored lake. The duck shaped flower is eighteen inches in length and sixteen and a half inches in circumference of body, seven inches in length of head, and with a slender or switchy "length of tail behind," measuring twenty-four inches. The inside of the calyx is beautifully mottled and variegated with rich colors, somewhat like the interior of a preserved ocean shell, but neither so brilliant nor so red, but rather of a purple cast.





J. H. West

THE END OF THE WORLD







# THE ROVER.

## CHILDHOOD.

SEE ENGRAVING.

Our plate this week is not only a fine engraving, but a pleasing subject, for what picture can be more pleasing than innocence and nature harmoniously blended—children enjoying a quiet woodland scene? There they sit, on the green bank, with the dark trees above them and the bright flowers about them, the elder protecting the younger, and honest and watchful *Fido* at their feet, ready to protect both. Oh, the memories of childhood, how precious! In looking on the engraving we cannot but

"Live o'er each scene and be what we behold."

Appropriate to this subject is the following little poem:

### Hymn for Children.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

There is a sound in every breeze,  
A language all around—  
We hear it from the stirring trees,  
And from the verdant ground;  
That still small voice is every where,  
Like music from above—  
Air, earth, or sea, the voice is there;  
It whispers, God is love.

Their leaves the simple flowrets spread  
In perfume to the *ay*—  
Go, listen at their dewy bed,  
That one soft voice is by—  
With plumed wing the little bird  
Sings in the sheltering grove,  
And in that song the voice is heard,  
It says, Our God is love.

O, may that voice in childhood's days  
Within our hearts be found—  
O, may we join that hymn of praise  
That spring's from all around—  
And thus on earth begin the song  
Now heard in heaven above,  
Where *ever* bow the white robed throng  
And sing, Our God is love.

### What's Charity?

BY THE BOSTON DARD.

'Tis not to pause when at the door  
A shivering brother stands;  
To ask the cause that made him poor,  
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,  
For faults he once had done;  
'Tis not to leave him in despair,  
And say that *I have none*.

The voice of CHARITY is kind—  
She thinketh nothing wrong;  
To every fault she seemeth blind,  
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith—  
Hope smileth at her door;  
Believeth first—then softly saith,  
"Go, BROTHER, sin no more!"

VOLUME IV.—No. 4.

## THE LOVER'S TALISMAN;

Or, The Spirit Bride.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

"ANNA," said the young collegian, "you are a noble girl—no die away airs, because your lover is so long absent; no making all the rest of your admirers feel that they are just the last persons in the world that you care anything about—no, no; you are not so selfish as all that, Anna."

A shadow passed over the face of the fair girl, and the smile died away upon her lips.

"Indeed, cousin, this *might* be a cutting reproach; but you do not intend it as such—I know you do not."

"Never," said the youth passionately; "I meant only to commend my cousin's sweetness of temper—her constancy is!"

Anna raised her finger.

"I have issued my interdiction upon that score, cousin; but do you know I have a Talisman that will ensure me the constancy of William—and it is of a kind too, that is valueless in case of fickleness upon my part?"

"Indeed; initiate me into its mysteries, Anna; there are a pair of blue eyes, that I should like amazingly to fix for me alone; and when you are married, sweet coz, perhaps your Talisman will be transferable."

"Aunt can describe its virtues best, cousin George; and if she will tell you the story of Hannah Newton, you will never be at a loss to understand the nature of the Lover's Talisman."

Mrs. B., the aunt, raised her eyes from her needle, and a faint smile played over her placid features. She was an unmarried lady of nearly fifty, dressed with great simplicity, her gray hair neatly parted over her forehead, which was still smooth and fair. The plain muslin cap, with its white satin strings, denoted a member of the Society of Friends.

"Thee is very fond of that story, Anna; but thee must not rely too much upon the power of the Talisman, as thee calls it; for ours is the constant sex, Anna, and we remember long, it may be, after we are forgotten."

I observed a faint blush stole to her cheek as she uttered this, and for the first time I began to ask myself why Mrs. B., (I use the English term of Mrs. as applied to ladies of a certain age, as I think it dignified, and altogether proper,) with all her sweetness of manner, and feminine excellences, should still have remained, like "the last rose of summer, left blooming alone." But the tone of the voice, the flitting blush, and more than all, the sentiment she had expressed, revealed to me at once a record of wasted affections, of lonely watching, and midnight tears, of the bitterness of sorrow, known only to Him, who seeth in secret, and of that "concealment, that preyeth like a worm in the bud" upon the human heart.

Mrs. B., from that time became with me an advocate for the whole sisterhood of those who are to seek for a kindred spirit among the pure essences of the invisible world, instead of the grosser elements of earth. She told the story with a grace and pathos, that I dare not even hope to transfer to my pages—I can only give the details, leaving my readers to imagine the many fine

touches of feeling and beauty, which could be imparted only by the lips of Mrs. B.

#### THE STORY OF MRS. B.

Hannah Newton, at sixteen, was merely a quiet, sweet-looking girl, with small pretensions to beauty; for she had nothing of that regularity of feature, and brilliancy of complexion, that are supposed to be essential to it. She was neither a blond nor a brunette, but a mixture of both—her eyes were neither black nor blue; they were, I believe, hazel, but they owed much of their power to long curved lashes that veiled their extreme tenderness of expression, and made them appear much darker than they really were. I say this of Hannah in the early part of her life, for at thirty she was called beautiful by those to whom an elevated expression of countenance, combined with softness and grace of manners, constitute beauty.

Her mother was a pale, gentle woman, with large blue eyes, who had always been an invalid, and whose delicacy of look and demeanor contrasted strongly with the rough, harsh manners of her husband. Constant ill health had made her winning and dependent as a child; yet beneath all this softness of exterior, she carried a fixedness of principle, an elevation of mind, and strength of purpose, that had their full share of influence over her stern, imperious companion. Whatever might have been his previous irritation of feeling, no sooner did he enter the presence of his wife than all traces of it disappeared, even as if his rigid brow had been swept by the wing of his good angel.

Hannah had inherited all the fine womanly qualities of her mother, superadded to an excellent constitution, and a dash of her father's energy of will. It was well for her that it was so, for even from a child the duties of a woman had been exacted from her, and she was at once sister and mother to the little group about the domestic hearth. As she approached maturity she became the friend and companion of her mother, the nurse of her sick room, and even the utterer of her religious faith and devotion, as physical suffering sometimes dimmed the vividness of exalted truths. At such times the high-minded girl might be seen kneeling by the bedside, and with clasped hands, pouring forth the simple, fervent prayer of a young heart, deeply responding to the blessed truths of revelation.

The mother pressed her to her bosom with tears and blessings, for her progress to the tomb was made a pleasant pilgrimage, while cheered and supported by such a child.

At this time an addition was made to the little family, in the person of a youth of rare piety, and such powers of intellect as to warrant the elders in setting aside their ordinary rules for his benefit. Andrew Horton was an orphan, left penniless by his young parents, who both died of an epidemic when he was scarcely a year old; bequeathing this, their only earthly gift, to the charity of the church. He became, as it were, the property of the church, and each individual of it claimed a right for the discharge of kindly offices in behalf of the little orphan. As he grew up, it was evident, he was not unworthy of their solicitude. He was of rare modesty, deep piety, and such wonderful intellectual endowments, that all eyes turned to him, as one destined to become a leader in Israel, a burning and a shining light in the temple of the Lord. Unusual care was bestowed upon his education; as was meet for

one who was hereafter to become the expounder of the Word, and a voice to the people of the Lord.

Friend Newton had now claimed his privilege of entertaining, at least for one year, the favored youth, while he should prosecute his studies, and engage in those acts of devotion and piety, which so much engrossed his affections, and were so appropriate for one called to his high and holy vocation.

Mrs. Newton listened to the lofty utterance of prayer from the lips of the pious young man, with a new strength, and felt her faith quickened, and her hopes elevated while she heard the truths of her religion explained and illustrated in his clear, vigorous manner, with the glowing language of his aspiring imagination and fervency of spirit.

Hannah, always retiring, and occupied with household matters, had little time for converse with the youth; but in the secrecy of her own heart, she sat even at his footstool, and imbibed not only the stores of wisdom from his lips, but the far more dangerous lessons of youthful love.

Andrew Horton scarcely noticed the quiet, unobtrusive maiden, so occupied was he in his studies and devotions. But when it became necessary for him to accept the hospitality of another of the brethren, he started to perceive how often the image of Hannah mingled in his dreams, and obtruded upon his meditations. He missed everywhere her sweet voice and placid smile, and felt that she must henceforth be to him what no other maiden ever could become.

The affliction of the little family, occasioned by the increasing illness of Mrs. Newton, seemed to justify his frequent visits, and Andrew Horton, more than once, upon his return from the bedside of the dying, threw himself upon his knees, and besought forgiveness from the Father of spirits, that his visits should have been rather the promptings of earthly attachment, than those of a high and holy sense of duty.

All sternness and pride of manhood forsook Friend Newton, as he stood by the side of his dying wife. He threw himself upon his knees, pressed her thin hands in his own, and the tears streamed from the eyes even of the strong man. Andrew Horton was there, and his rich deep voice breathed the language of prayer. He ceased—the soul of the sufferer had taken its flight upon the wings of his lofty aspirations; the mystery of life had ceased in the cold form before him.

Hannah arose with pale cheek, and approached the bereaved husband.

"Go with me, my father," she said, gently putting her arm in his, while she pressed her lips to his pale, damp brow. The old man arose with the docility of a little child, and she led him forth to an inner room, where none might witness the agony of that moment. When she placed the large arm chair for him and had adjusted the cushions he opened his arms to his child, and she fell upon his bosom. It was an unwonted tenderness, for Mr. Newton had never expressed anything like it for any other being than his wife. Now that she had left him, he yearned for some heart to which he might reveal the burden of his sorrows.

"There has been a dutiful child, Hannah, though I may never have told thee so before. It always grieved Hannah, that I expressed so little tenderness for thee; but it wasn't in me—I couldn't do it—but I love thee just as well, child. And I might have made thy mother a great deal happier, but for my stern, hard ways. Oh,



Hannah, Hannah, the grave is the revealer of all hearts. What would I not give to hear her say once again that she forgives me!" and the old man bowed his head upon the bosom of his daughter, and wept like a little child.

Hannah had wept too, but she felt that she ought not to witness the humiliation of her parent, and she raised her head calmly—

"Thee has ever been a good father to us all, and my mother loved and blessed thee to the last."

"Hannah, Hannah, I was unworthy of thee!" His voice was choked by a gush of tears.

Hannah turned to the Bible and read a part of the fourteenth chapter of John, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you," and gradually the anguish of her father became soothed, and he pressed her again to his heart, saying—

"Thy voice is like thy mother's, Hannah, and thee will be to me all that a child can be; I know thee will; and I will subdue my nature for the sake of thee and the little ones."

He kept his word—from that day a gentleness was infused into his manners, and a tenderness of feeling hitherto unknown. If occasionally his former spirit gained the ascendancy, he went alone to the chamber that had witnessed the suffering and death of one so gentle, and when he returned, it was as if her mantle had fallen upon him.

Andrew Horton found himself the pupil, rather than the teacher of the noble girl; and his own zeal and piety were strengthened by his intercourse with her. They had exchanged their pledges of fidelity, and Andrew was about to leave the vicinity to prosecute his mission in a distant field. It would be many years ere he would return. Hannah in the multiplicity of household avocations, in attendance upon her sick mother, in the exercise of her own religious views, to which the silent worship of their sect afforded ample encouragement, had imbibed a lofty enthusiasm, a shade of spiritual mysticism, little in accordance with the practical faith of her people. She had watched the operations of her own mind and compared them with circumstances and events, till she saw a mysterious connexion between them, and even at times was led to something verging upon the spirit of prophecy. She delighted to dwell upon the inter-communication of mind with mind, and the power which she believed it had to influence a congenial spirit, even though separated at ever so great a distance. The mind was unsubjected to the laws of the body; it traversed the fields of space, and lived in the past as well as the present. Even the future, under certain circumstances and states of the mind, she believed might be revealed to it. Why then should not the intense thoughts of the human mind, especially when directed to an object of attachment, go forth like winged messengers and work their influence upon the distant and beloved? For this reason, she said, she would keep her thoughts and imaginations pure, that no emanation from her own mind should mislead the conceptions of another; that no unhallowed emotions should ever be associated with her in the minds of those she loved.

Andrew Horton listened to these mystical views of the lofty girl, until his own mind shared a portion of her enthusiasm—if it were a weakness or error in judgment, it was at the least a harmless one—one that to them could only purify and exalt, while it could never mislead another. Therefore, he gave himself up to the

beautiful illusion, that established a perpetual intercourse between himself and Hannah in the long period of absence.

"I do not ask, said Hannah, whether I shall be forgotten. You cannot forget me, unless I cease first to think upon you. For oh, Andrew, I can never forget you; and the emanation of my thoughts will momentarily create an image of myself within your mind. Do you realize, my friend, what it is to love one like me? You can never forget me, even should you desire it; for my thoughts, fixed as they will be upon you, will forever present an intense image of myself to your mind. You may cease to love, but you cannot cease to think upon me. I hold the talisman, that will ensure me this. But, oh! Andrew, when you shall cease to love, when you shall desire to forget me, think not I can remain ignorant of the fact. No, never. While the attachment is mutual, and the thoughts and memory of each other pleasant to the mind—the emanations of each will conjoin, and there will be produced upon the fancy of each, the most vivid conception of the other—it will be as if a pleasant painting of each should be presented to the eye. But should the affections of either become cold, the image of that one will fade from the vision of the other. He may retain the memory, but that vivid impression which brings up the eloquent eye, the speaking lip, and the very tones, and look of endearment, will grow less and less distinct, till it shall fade altogether away. Now, Andrew, this must be the case with you. My image will be forever distinct to you, for I can never cease to think upon you. But should your's fade from my mind's eye, alas! I shall know too well how to interpret it."

Andrew Horton's brow contracted.

"Hannah, I did not expect this from thee. Have I ever given thee cause for distrust?"

"Never, my friend," she said, laying her hand upon his; "but thee will have many snares to encounter, Andrew. Beautiful faces will look up to thee in thy holy ministrations; timid maidens, who will flatter more the pride of thy heart, than ever Hannah could, will tremble and weep at the fervor of thy eloquence, and come to thee as to a spiritual guide. Would it be surprizing then, if vows to one like me should be forgotten?"

The youth trembled under her searching, anxious glance; but he drew the hand to his bosom and kissed the lofty brow of the impassioned girl. Hannah's head fell upon his shoulder, and tears started from her eyes.

"Hannah, thou hast a lofty soul, and thy love is to me dearer than ought upon earth. Do not distrust me, Hannah, I shall have thy prayers and thy blessings, and that mystery of inter-communication of thy soul with mine, which of itself will be an amulet to preserve me from danger. All that is noble and pure in life is associated with thee, and thou well knowest it is in contemplations like these that I delight."

Two years passed away, and the smile grew faint upon the lip of Hannah. She had taken the child, who was an infant at her mother's death, upon her knee, and its cheek rested upon her bosom.

"Hannah, dear, don't thee humber," said the child, lifting its eyes to her face.

"Humber, my dear—what does that mean?"

The little one heaved a deep sigh. "There, to do so, sister—that was a humber."

Hannah felt the tears spring to her eyes.

"No, Georgy, I wont do so any more—it is wrong. I must make thee feel quite happy."

The child kissed her cheek many times, and put his arms about her neck, calling her a dear sister.

From that time Hannah went about her daily avocations, with a strong purpose to forget her own sorrows in ministering to the happiness of others. The child had taught her to feel the selfishness of concealed suffering, and she wrestled in prayer for strength to sustain her under the many trials of her lot. She felt a strong internal conviction that Andrew Horton had ceased to regard her with his former attachment. Impressed with this belief, she wrote a letter in answer to one of his, from which I shall extract a few sentences.

"Thy letters reach me with the same punctuality as ever, and their language is still tender; but, Andrew, the spirit is wanting. It is as if the sentiments turned to ice under thy pen. There should be no disguise between us. Thee should never attempt it with me, Andrew, for I can divine all. Thy image has almost faded from my sight, and I know that thee *desires* to forget me. The vows that bind thee to me have become shackles. It would more become thy calling, Andrew, if thee would tell me so at once; for deceit must be painful to thee. I absolve thee from thy vows, my friend—thou art free to do as seemeth to thee good. I will even try to forget thee, that my image be not troublesome, as I know it will be if I continue to think upon thee. My thoughts, fixed on thee, will perpetually create in thy mind an image of myself, which I would not do if thy affections are fixed upon another.

"Farewell, my dear friend; I say it for the last time, and thee will forgive the utterance. Do not distress thyself upon my account. I was made for endurance—it is a woman's destiny. I would forgive thee if I had aught to forgive; but the affections are not to be schooled like wayward children. I cannot even now believe they are transferable. Farewell—and may thee be very, very happy."

In the reply of Andrew Horton he confessed all. Hannah had indeed divined the truth. He spoke of a sweet, gentle girl, whose witchery had chased the love of Hannah from his heart. But he implored her forgiveness, he deprecated his own fickleness of heart, and conjured Hannah to forgive him, forget him, and be happy in some new attachment.

Hannah's proud lip curled in scorn, and she laid the letter upon the coals of the hearth. She went about her accustomed duties with a new pride, a womanly spirit of endurance, that knowing the worst hath nerved itself for the trial.

Ten years passed away, and Hannah had become like unto Deborah in the estimation of her people. Her proud beauty, her fervent piety, and the burning power with which she some times expounded the truths of her religion, had raised her up to be a leader amongst her people—little short of a prophetess, indeed, did she seem to many as she held forth in the congregation.

It was rumored that Andrew Horton would return, and explain the scriptures once more in the place of his nativity. Hannah took her seat early among the matrons—for time had abated nothing of the interest with which she once regarded him, although it had become modified by the circumstances in which he was now placed. Ten years had elapsed since the recep-

tion of that last letter, yet Hannah Newton felt her limbs tremble as she found herself once more in the presence of Andrew Horton.

She raised her eyes as a stranger sat down upon the form beside her. It was the bride of Andrew Horton—a fragile, fair girl, whose eyes were fixed upon her husband through the whole exercises, as if the only divinity she worshipped were vested in the manly form of the preacher. As the rich tones of his voice once more broke upon Hannah's ear, and she encountered those deep, passionate eyes, she closed her own, for a new weight of misery seemed pressed upon her heart. Why had he returned, to do away at a glance, that firmness which it had cost her years to acquire?

Hannah was quite alone when friend Horton called. She arose with naive self-possession, and spoke to him as to a brother.

The preacher struggled for utterance.

"Hannah," he at length said, "I have taken this long journey only upon thy account. I have come to implore thee to forget me. Thee has had much to forgive, Hannah; but thee cannot have suffered as I have done. When I took the hand of my bride at the altar, thy form seemed to come between me and her—and, oh, Hannah, I felt then, and have not yet ceased to feel, that thou art the wife of my spirit."

"Andrew Horton, I must not listen to this. Thee wrongs the fair girl who lives only in thy smiles. Why didst thou return to bring new sorrow to my heart and to plunge thee deeper in sin?"

"Hannah, I returned not for this, but to implore thee to forget me. Thee cannot have forgotten that intercommunication of spirit with spirit, of which we used to talk. I feel its full power now; for thy image is ever with me, and daily am I taught to feel the constancy of thy attachment."

"Why shouldst thou return to tell me this? I think of thee, Andrew, as the husband of another. I pray for thy happiness, thy usefulness, and that thee may be preserved from temptation. Friend Horton, this is unworthy of thee. I forgive thee, but let us part."

"Nay, Hannah, thee must hear all. I come not to speak of aught that might wrong my bride; no, it is for her sake as well as my own, that I implore thee to forget me. When her cheek is pressed to mine, I see only thee, Hannah. When she sleeps upon my bosom, with her fair arms about my neck, it is thy form and thy arms that seem to entwine me. I shrink from her caresses as from a deadly sin, for I bestow them as unto thee. Mary is as a sister unto me; but thou, Hannah, art the bride of my spirit."

Hannah turned deadly pale, and covered her face with her hands, while low moanings escaped her heaving bosom.

"Andrew, I foresaw all this when I warned thee of the peril of loving one like me. I knew the nature of thy sex—delighting in the timid, the trembling and dependent—and that should one like this cross thy path, the love of Hannah would be a shackle. It is as I foresaw—but I will not reproach thee, Andrew; it was thy nature."

"And most bitterly have I suffered. My broken vows have rung a perpetual knell in my ears, and barred up the avenues to enjoyment. The loving, the trusting Mary, hath been the victim of my error; and

thee, too Hannah. The blight hath fallen from me upon two spirits, of whom the world is not worthy. Wo, wo is me!" And he pressed his hand to his brow, for the large veins were swollen and rigid with the intensity of his suffering.

Hannah laid her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Andrew Horton, thou art called not to ease and enjoyment, but to labor and trial. Gird thyself for the contest, and be strong even in the strength of the Most High. I will strive once more to forget thee. But, oh God! have I not striven? Have I not wrestled day and night with tears and many prayers? Andrew, I will pray yet again, that this bitter cup may pass away from us. But, oh! when I pray to forget, even in the agony of my spirit, do I not still remember thee? I will strive yet again. Andrew, return to thy bride; be all to her that thou hast promised at the altar to be, that thy conscience upbraid thee not for wrong done to the gentle and timid, whose spirit is ill able to bear suffering of any kind, far less to have it dealt out without measure, as it hath been to me. Farewell." She pressed his hand gently and left the room.

For many years had Hannah Newton discharged the duties of her sex with a pale cheek and placid brow, sympathizing with the sorrows of all, but herself seeking sympathy with none; for with a mind lofty and exalted as her's, human sources of consolation were utterly unavailing. She stood alone in the majesty of grief, seeking consolation only from the Great Comforter. But now the smile lingered about her mouth, and the light returned to her eye—yet her step grew feeble, and her brow assumed a more transparent beauty. The image of Andrew Horton again mingled with her dreams and visited her mental vision. She felt, she knew, that her love was still dear to him—that he turned to her with the fondness of other days. She knew this, but it filled her with doubt and anxiety. Had Andrew Horton, the minister of the most High, dared to forget his vows to his wife—to her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? Or, was the fair bride at rest—gone in her youth and beauty to the bosom of her God?

Again Andrew Horton, with pale cheek and a lofter beauty, stood by the side of Hannah; he told how the sweet, child-like Mary had fallen asleep, like a young flowret blighted upon the stock; he dwelt upon her love—her beauty, till the tears of Hannah mingled with his own.

"And now, thee wilt be my own wife, Hannah, even as thou hast been the bride of my spirit. I shall acquire new strength with a spirit like thine. Thee will caution, advise and elevate me. Thy love shall purify and exalt me. Mary was a beautiful child, slumbering upon my bosom; when doubt and suffering came upon me, she would fling her white arms around me and mingle her tears and sighs. But thou, Hannah, wouldst have dispelled my doubts; thou wouldst have led me to the true sources of consolation; and thy prayers would have been as the dew of Hermon to my spirit. Thy caresses would have blessed while they exalted me. Wilt thou not be my own wife, bride of my spirit?" He drew her to his bosom—her cheek rested upon his. She pressed her lips to his, and her arms encircled his neck. A deep sigh escaped her, and her head fell upon his shoulder.

Andrew Horton raised her from his bosom and gazed

upon her face. Hannah Newton was to be only the spirit's bride. She was dead!

# MASSACHUSETTS.

BY E. W. GUNNING.

"There is her history—the world knows it by heart. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever."—*Webster.*

THE nation's wreath is light with stars,  
A bright and glorious number;  
And o'er them Freedom's eagle keeps  
A watch that does not slumber.  
In every gem that garland bears,  
Fair beauty hath a dwelling;  
Yet beams old Massachusetts' star  
With lustre far excelling.

A halo gilds Virginia's name,  
For Yorktown tells a story;  
New York hath Saratoga's fame,  
And Jersey Monmouth's glory.  
Points Delaware to Brandywine  
And Lafayette the finger;  
And still o'er Carolina's fields  
Doth Eutaw's memory linger.

Vermont may boast of Bennington,  
And Pennsylvania wonder;  
O'er unforgotten Valley Forge  
And Red Bank's fatal thunder.  
But 'tis old Massachusetts tells  
Of Bunker's fame ne'er ending,  
And guards their dust who earliest died  
Their inborn rights defending.

Aye, on her 'scutcheon blazing high,  
Read Lexington's invasion,  
Where cannon peal and rolling drum  
To freedom woke a nation.  
Those mossy walls, whence death-shots fell  
Like hail upon the foemen,  
Speak prouder things than Grecian fanes,  
And mock the glorious Roman.

They heard the knell of Briton's power,  
When first in thunder given;  
They first caught Freedom's 'larum cry,  
And echoed it to Heaven.  
They saw the bloody fountain ope  
To seal her priceless charter;  
And heard the latest anguished prayer  
When died her earliest martyr.

Time honor'd Massachusetts! thou  
A sacred trust art keeping;  
For there the dust of pilgrim sires,  
And patriot, is sleeping.  
Their names are whispered on the hills,  
And murmured in the fountain,  
And tireless echoes fling them back,  
From valley, rock and fountain.

And never shall thy sons forget  
The "haunted air" they're breathing  
Bold hearts shall guard the altar fires  
Their father's died bequeathing.  
While Bunker lifts its awful light,  
Or Warren lives in story,  
Shall Massachusetts guard the trust,  
And hand it down in glory.

## A TALE OF THE LITTLE LAKE.

BY MRS. LYDIA J. PEIRSON.

IN the interior of the State of New York many years ago, while the dark old forest stood undisturbed in its majesty, and the wild deer had not learned to flee at the sound of the rifle, a neat log dwelling stood alone by the side of one of those beautiful little lakes, that lie so still and clear, without visible inlet or outlet, sparkling amid the wide forests like diamonds in a wreath of emerald.

This cottage was inhabited by a Yankee family, consisting of Mr. Edward Green, his wife and only child—a little girl of wonderful beauty, both of mind and person.

Mr. Green was from Connecticut, was a man of good abilities, and upright mind: but it so happened, he could not get into the good graces of her of the golden sceptre; so, after wooing her unsuccessfully in his native valley, he made a bold push for the West.

Mrs. Green was an orphan; and fancying herself neglected by her few relatives, who were wealthy and proud, felt little regret in leaving them, to attain, as she firmly believed, independence and honor, in a better country.

They packed up their little all, and found room for it and their child upon a one horse wagon; and on a bright April morning, took leave of their native land.

Mr. Green was a man of fine sensibilities; one of those susceptible spirits, in which the stings and bruises that a man unavoidably meets with in his intercourse with his fellows, remain unhealed, and become cankered sores; and many were the rebuffs and disappointments over which his mind brooded in bitterness. His wife sympathized with him out of pure affection. She seemed to have no identity, so entirely were her opinions on all subjects merged in those of her husband. Ambitious she was; but only for him. To see him honored and respected; and in a station to which those who had slighted him should be obliged to look up to him, was the sum of all her worldly wishes; while every hope and care, that had not its centre in him, she had gathered around his beautiful child, whom she sought to render lovely, only that he might love her the more tenderly.

"Keep yourself neat, Jessa, so that papa may call you his little lady; learn your lesson so as to repeat it perfectly to papa; do your work neatly so that papa may be pleased with it," were her daily words of encouragement to the child; and "Oh, Jessa! now papa will be very sorry to hear of that," was her usual reprimand.

Of course all the hopes and fears of the child, like those of its mother, dwelt around the one dear object. Mr. Green was an absolute monarch; his slightest wish was law, to those over whom he reigned with the sceptre of love. Yet he was not happy. Notwithstanding the affectionate homage of those he loved, there were days during which he was moody and sad. At such times, the affectionate wife forbore remark; but her table was spread with his favorite dishes, and every little delicacy which her store afforded made its appearance. She dressed herself and child with great care, and as she sat at work, would sing in low, sweet tones, his favorite airs; thus unobtrusively dispelling his gloom, and winning him back to cheerfulness. Since their residence by the lake, his melancholy was more abiding, although it had assumed a more softened character. His thoughts seemed ever with his

white-haired parents, in his childhood's home; and in regretting the past, he overlooked the blessings of the present, and neglected to provide for the future.

Years passed; and still he dwelt in the same low cottage, and the rude log fence was mouldering around his small clearing. The many little elegancies which once gave an air of refinement to his dwelling had disappeared, or were black with smoke, and discolored by the rain, that found its way freely through the frail roof. Mrs. Green now dressed herself and child in coarse linen frocks, walked barefoot in Summer, and had no richer dainties than the wild berries which she gathered on the hills; yet all her privation served but to increase her love for her husband, for whose unhappiness she felt the most tender pity. He had been an industrious man, but now he went to his labor as to a task; and would sit for hours upon a fallen tree, bent forward with his face concealed in his hands. She had no longer wherewith to cheer him; and when he came in from his work, and looked upon his scanty meal, his appetite would oftentimes forsake him entirely; and when she looked up to greet him with her usual smile, she would detect the tears in his eye, and he would go hastily out, and ramble about in a listless mood, until his locks were wet with the drops of the night. She respected the morbid sensibility which she could not comprehend; but her anxiety, together with the hardships and privations of which she thought not of complaining, began to prey upon her health. Mr. Green was quick in discerning that her step was slow, and her smile sorrowful, and he deemed that she was sinking under the pressure of poverty; and his unhappiness, which was the real canker at her heart, became more deep and abiding.

Jessa turned from one to the other—but the stream of love that nourished her young spirit, flowed beneath the shadow of the noxious night-shade, blending poison with its sweetness; and she became a creature of pensive tenderness. Daily did she strive by every little art within her power, to dispel the shadow from her father's brow, and lighten the burden of her patient mother. When her tasks were done, and her mother had commended her efforts with a fond yet clouded smile, and her father gazed upon them both with big tears in his clear blue eyes, then would she go out upon the lake shore, and weep, she knew not wherefore; or gazing down into the clear mirror of its waters, trace the reflection of hill and forest, bower and blossom, and the mimic sky beneath, with its bright or black clouds sailing like ships far down in the crystal deep, until her soul was filled to overflowing with the pure poetry of nature. Her father had taught her to read—but the Good Book, and an edition of psalms and hymns, were the only volumes in the cabin; all others having been left behind when they came to the woods. Yet in these she delighted to read, and drank from their pages pure and living inspiration.

It was her thirteenth birthday; and her fond mother exerted herself as usual to make it a glad day. She ornamented the cottage with evergreen foliage, intermingled with sweet flowers, and prepared to spread a little feast of all the good things within her reach. Mr. Green smiled as he had not smiled for many a month; and as he was preparing to go out in quest of fish, he clasped his devoted wife to his bosom.

"Dear Jane," he said, "I feel happy to-day. It seems as if a mountain were removed from my mind. I feel light and glad as I did in my happiest days. I



can hope again now; and we will yet have a good house, and make a little paradise here by this beautiful lake. Surely I have awakened from a long dark dream." Mrs. Green sobbed upon his bosom with pure ecstasy; and Jessa held a hand of each, kissing them alternately. At length Mr. Green kissed his wife and child fondly, and went out. Jessa ran to the hill-side to cull the finest strawberries; and her mother busied herself in making a cake, and roasting two fine pheasants.

Jessa came in with her basket full of berries; she found the table spread, the dinner covered on the hearth, but she saw neither father nor mother. "They are dressing the fish," she said, and ran gaily to the little brook, that tumbled laughing from the spring to the lake; but they were not there. She called, but received no answer, and her heart trembled with undefined fear.

Suddenly she heard a loud wild cry, which seemed to swell from a little bay beyond a wooded point, on which the wild-plum and crab-apple grew in rich abundance. Like a frightened fawn, she bounded through the interlaced branches, and beheld her mother, standing with her hands raised and clasped, gazing on a canoe which was drifting toward her. In a moment it grated on the gravel at their feet. It was her father's canoe. His poor coarse cloth coat, and simple cap lay in one end—in the bottom were two large pike; but he was gone; and the conclusion was obvious; he had fallen into the lake, and was drowned!

"Do not weep so bitterly, mother," sobbed Jessa; "father is in Heaven—I know it; for I dreamed last night that he stood with me on this very spot, and told me that he had been down into the bright heaven, which we see through the limpid waters, and that it was a paradise, real and all glorious—that it was peopled with beautiful spirits, and that he recognized his own father and mother there, radiant with immortal glory."

As she ceased speaking, there came upon the breeze that stirred the lake, a strain of deep and dreamy melody—low and rich, like the echo of a distant hymn chanted by a choir of worshippers. Perchance it was a woodman's song, or it might have been the mingled echoes of a hunt upon the opposite hills; yet to them it was the breath of heaven, speaking assurance and consolation. Still they watched and wept by the lake, until the evening mists moved between them and the opposite shores, like a funeral train of white-robed spirits. Slowly and mechanically they returned to the cottage. The good dinner was cold; the fire had gone out: all was darkness and desolation.

"Jessa, will you eat anything?" inquired the widow.

"No, mother, I cannot," the orphan girl answered, and the two sank upon their knees instinctively together. Long did they mingle their sobbing supplications; the mother for the child, and the child for the mother; until weary and exhausted, they lay down upon their beds, and wept themselves to sleep.

Jessa's domestic birds awoke her in the morning with their joyous melody; but a sleep like death lay on the mother's eyelids. Jessa looked upon her as she slept. She was pale as marble; and the girl wondered that she had never before remarked her exceeding beauty. Every line of that still face was perfectly delicate, yet well defined; and forehead, nose, and chin, with the sweet meek lip, and beautiful cheek, might have put the most perfect statuary to confusion. "And wherefore," thought Jessa, as she lifted a lock of her rich au-

burn hair in which was one or two threads of silver, "wherefore, was such beauty hidden in this wild place? Are the people who dwell in beautiful houses, and have everything they can desire, better than she? Oh, why did my father come hither, to sink down in the deep lake? Oh, my mother! What will support her now?" The big tears fell fast upon the floor, but she gave no other sign of sorrow. At length she arose, struck a fire, and prepared breakfast; then she sat down to wait her mother's waking.

The sun was at the meridian before she unclosed her eyes. Jessa, although alarmed by her long sleep, had feared the awaking, with which must come a consciousness of her desolation. She was rejoiced to see her arise calmly, and, after adjusting her dress, sit down at her invitation to breakfast. Presently she arose, and, bidding Jessa follow, went down to the lake shore. Long and silently she gazed upon the water; then suddenly clapping her hands, she cried—"I see it now! Come! come quickly!"

"What do you see, dear mother?" asked Jessa, as she followed her flying footsteps.

"Do not ask me now, only make haste," and she sped to the bay where the canoe was lying, with a speed that left the fawn-like child behind. As soon as Jessa's foot was in the canoe, she pushed off into the lake, and paddled toward the centre. Of a sudden she dropped the oar, the light of her previously excited countenance faded into a deep gloom; she clasped her hands, and said slowly, "We are too late, Jessa; the signal is withdrawn."

"For mercy's sake, mother," cried the child, "what do you mean?"

"Have I not told you," Mrs. Green replied, "your father promised to show me a sign which would guide us to a spot in the lake, directly above the bright gate of the palace in which he dwells in perfect happiness? and then we could see the glorious arched portal, and passing joyously through the waters meet him in that blessed world. I saw the white boat on the wave, but it has gone down without me."

While she was speaking, Jessa looked down instinctively into the dark waters, and started in astonishment—for she saw, as if far down, in immeasurable distance, an arch surpassing the most glorious rainbow; while the phantom of a boat, white as the robe of purty, seemed rocking just beneath the surface. The rays of the sun lay in a halo of glorious colors on the light clouds that apparently clustered like angels round his throne, which the glittering bow reflected down in the dark mirror of the lake; while a white detached cloud threw its skiff-like shadow in the waters. Jessa understood the phenomenon; but, as a conviction that her mother's reason wandered, had taken hold upon her mind, she thought to direct her attention to the halo above, before she should discover its shadow beneath them. "Oh, mother, look!" she cried, pointing upward; but the eyes of Mrs. Green were searching the water, and at that moment, while Jessa was looking upward, her mother sprang into the waves with a loud cry of joy!

Jessa would have followed, but her senses were benumbed; she made an effort to rise, but sunk down inanimate at the bottom of the canoe.

When she awoke, the night winds were rocking her cradle; and the pure stars kept watch above her, as she lay a lone orphan in her frail canoe, upon the water that sobbed above the graves of her parents. Night

was abroad upon the earth, and a hush on the bosom of nature.

She arose and looked around her. The shores were lost in shadows. She could not determine at what point lay her desolated dwelling; and if she had known, how could she have gone thither? or where should the lone child go for shelter or consolation? Her canoe lay motionless, for there was not wind enough to impel it along the still water.

She sat with her hands clasped, and her young head bowed down like a violet upon which the foot of the hunter had pressed too heavily. At length a vivid flash of lightning passed across the lake, and then came the long low voice of thunder. She started and looked up. A billowy cloud was heaving its dark battlements above the hills; piling up huge towers, and surmounting them with magnificent ornaments—the silver capital and cornice, glittering dome and snowy streamer—for the waning moon lay behind, wasting her lustre upon the cloud that shadowed the earth. Again the red lightning leapt out upon the rampart, and threw his keen arrow with a shout that made the earth groan and the strong forest tremble.

Jessa was afraid of the loud thunder, and had always been used to hide her face on her mother's bosom when the forked lightning was abroad. Now the bosom of the lake proffered her a pillow, but she shrank from its cold embrace. She sought the oar, with which to paddle to the land; her mother had dropped it overboard; there was no help nor hope. The breath of the storm, as it panted for the onset, began to disturb the sullen quiet of the waters, which threw back each fiery signal from their curled lips, and answered the deep thunder with low, fitful moanings. The poor child grew almost frantic.

"Mother!" she cried, between the howlings of the tempest, "Oh, mother, answer that I may know where to come!"

Never before had she called upon that holy name in vain; but the mother's ear was closed, and the mother's heart was silent; there came no sound but the roaring of the storm.

Onward it came with its windy speed; and the tree that refused to do it reverence, was smitten to the earth. At once it leapt from the hills upon the lake; and the stroke of its plumes threw high the foamy billows, to each of which it gave a crest of flashing gems; while the angel of the tempest threw profusely upon them a shower of icy diamonds—the keen cutting hail. But where was the frail bark with the lone helpless maiden? Lo! it skims the flood, impelled by the wing of the tempest, and is thrown up upon the green shore. A wild billow follows the fugitive, passes over it, and returns to the bosom of its mother.

The night and the storm was past. The sun hung high in the heaven; and earth looked up in his loving face smiling through her tears. A graceful youth of nineteen, in his white hunting-frock and buckskin moccasins, stood that morning on the brow of the highest hill that mirrored its loveliness in that little lake. His cheeks were fresh with exercise; his eyes bright with hope; and his dark curls, gemmed with drops from the blossomed spray, glittered in the sunlight. His right hand held his trusty rifle, and his left grasped a thong, to which was attached a large rough fiery-eyed dog. The young man sent a searching glance over hill and valley, while the good dog snuffed the wind and seemed eager for the chase. But the storm

had driven the deer from the hills, and the light-footed hunter took his way down toward the lake.

But what attracts the dog so forcibly toward that stranded canoe? He elevates his nose, raises his bristles, utters an anxious whine, and pulls at the thong with a strong endeavor to lead his master onward. The hunter yielded to his humor, and followed to the spot. He thought of the lurking savage, and approached cautiously. The dog began to dig furiously under the side of the canoe. "Be quiet, Nero!" cried the youth; and taking hold of the canoe he threw it suddenly from its position. "God of mercy!" he cried, "what does this mean?" and he sank on his knees beside the beautiful inanimate form of poor little Jessa. There it lay partly on the face, with hands clasped above the head. He took hold of the body; it was not rigid; he raised it, and sitting down on the canoe, held it to his bosom. The perfect face was white as marble, and the soft chesnut-colored hair hung in long wavy tresses over his arm. The still cold bosom was pure as a new fallen snowdrift; and the little hand and round smooth arm, lay lifelessly upon it. "Oh what a pity that a creature so lovely should die," he said mournfully. "But how came she here? I know of no family residing near the lake. What shall I do with her? I cannot leave this beautiful form to be devoured by wild beasts; I cannot carry her the long seven miles, over hill and stream, to my home."

Long time he sat gazing down upon his lovely burden, while the big tears fell upon the face that felt them not. Rising at last, he laid her on a grassy bank, gazed upon her a moment, bent down and kissed her forehead. "Here, Nero! take care of her," he said to the stout dog, who approached, sat down by her side, and looked wistfully after his master, as, with flying footsteps, he ascended the hill. On the summit he paused and looked back; the faithful animal still sat by his charge; and, with a blessing on the canine race, the hunter sped on.

It was past three in the afternoon when the hunter, accompanied by three strong men, approached the place, bearing a rude bier, or litter. At a little distance they halted and gazed with wonder. The dog lay quietly on the grass, the child reclined upon him, with her arms around his neck and her cheek on his velvet head. "God of wonders! she lives!" cried the hunter, as he bounded to her side. The noble dog looked up with his glad bright eyes, but moved not until the precious burden was lifted from his neck.

The pulse was beating, and the sweet breath of life had imparted its rose-hue to her lips; but her cheeks were white as ever and her eyes closed heavily. After a few ineffectual attempts to rouse her they placed her upon the litter and bore her away.

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when her consciousness returned, and she slowly raised the white lid from her soft sad eyes. The mellow light that penetrated the heavy crimson curtains, shed a beautiful twilight through the elegant chamber, and gave the white drapery of her bed a tinge that made them seem like the clouds that hang round a summer sunset; while exotic flowers, such as she had before never seen, shed their incense from the most elegant vases. She felt that she was in Paradise. "Mother," she cried, with her low, sweet voice. A benign-looking lady approached her and inquired, "what would my dear girl have?" "Is not mother here?" she ask-

ed, in reply. "Be quiet, love," returned the lady, "you are too weak to talk now. To-morrow I will tell you all you wish to know." "But," persisted Jessa, "is not mother in heaven?" "Oh yes! most certainly," replied the lady; "but you must not talk of her to-day. Keep yourself calm and you will soon be well." "I will obey;" and Jessa closed her eyes and slept again. As the clouds of weakness cleared from her intellect she became aware that, instead of being a glorified spirit, she was still of the earth, earthly. Then memory unrolled slowly before her the scenes of the birthday and the night of the storm; and she alarmed her anxious nurse by a burst of passionate weeping. "Oh, I thought I was with my parents in heaven," she said, "and I am only a poor orphan, without one friend on earth." The lady sought by every means to soothe her, assuring her of safety and protection as long as she lived. "Only in mercy, tell me how I came here and where I am!" The lady recounted how she had been found and saved by her son, adding, you are now in the house of Mr. Hill, whose wife I am. Jessa soon related all she knew of her own history and the terrible events of her birthday. Mrs. Hill wept with the poor child for the sudden and fearful bereavement which had made her a destitute orphan, at the same time blessing God, who had so wonderfully preserved her. "You shall stay with me," she said; "we have no child but Harry, your preserver. I have often wished that heaven would send me a daughter, and now my wish is granted. I hope we shall be able to make you happy."

A few days afterwards and Jessa was sporting in the garden and through the beautiful grounds which surrounded Mr. Hill's fine mansion, attended ever by Nero, who seemed to love her with all his heart, as certainly did her young master. But the man envied the dog the many, caresses which he won and the constant companionship to which he was admitted. Indeed, one might have fancied that Jessa loved Nero more than Harry, who did not know how holy a thing love is in the bosom of a young and innocent girl. Jessa was a joyous creature, and the only cloud on the atmosphere of her spirit was the memory of her parents, and on that was ever glowing the radiant rainbow of faith in their eternal beatitude. Mr. and Mrs. Hill loved her almost to idolatry, and every person about the house felt it a privilege to serve her. She was literally burdened with presents of every thing rare and beautiful; but she delighted in nothing so much as in flowers.

A party of men had been to her father's deserted cottage and brought away whatever was worth preserving, and she had treasured every little memento of parental affection; but some choice plants which her mother used to love and nurse, because her father prized them, were to her most precious. She tended them with a religious devotion, as if she believed that her mother's spirit lived in their bloom; and if they drooped or faded prematurely she would weep bitterly, from a fancy that she had offended that gentle spirit which thus testified its sorrow. She kept them in her own chamber, and always knelt and mingled her prayers with their fragrance.

Mrs. Hill observed that whenever Harry gave her a choice flower, she would place it in a water vase on the same stand with her hallowed treasures; and this one indication of affection for the giver was all conclusive in that lady's eyes. But poor Harry was by

no means satisfied with such indications of love, and misconstrued her delicate maidenly reserve into indifference. Often did he sigh—"Oh that I were that dog!" as he beheld Jessa seated on the grass, with her book in one hand and the other buried in Nero's worsted locks; or with her white arm round his neck as she reclined on his broad shoulders. He did not know that she loved Nero for Harry's sake.

With the sere autumn he was obliged to leave home to go to a distant university. "You will not forget me, Jessa?" he said to her at parting. "Not if you write very often," she replied, with a bright smile. He turned away displeased, and she went into the desolate garden to weep.

Mrs. Hill was a woman of excellent sense, who possessed a good solid education, and found great delight in instructing Jessa, who seemed to possess intuitive knowledge, which grasped at once the contents of every page that was spread before her, and rejoiced in every new acquisition of science as in an imperishable treasure. During the three years of Harry's absence she became an all accomplished woman. Her mind was stored with useful as well as ornamental literature, and her fingers were like expert on the keys of a musical instrument and in the use of the scissors and needle. She could give a botanical description of the flowers which she cultivated in her garden, and could imitate them beautifully with the pencil or in embroidery, with worsteds of her own spinning and dyeing. She could cut and make a garment—cook a hunter's dinner or a Christmas feast.

A gentleman of great worth and wealth in Mr. Hill's vicinity, a visitor at his house, becoming acquainted with Jessa, and seeing in her the perfection of what a woman should be, fixed his hopes upon her. She perceived the partiality, which he was at no pains to conceal; but while her truthful heart shrunk from encouraging his affections, she was obliged to receive his attentions with civility; she frequently rode out in his company, although she gave no encouragement sufficient to embolden a declaration on his part.

Just at this time Harry returned home, and was met with joyful accounts of Miss Jessa's excellence, and fine prospects of becoming the bride of Mr. Granger. He felt disposed to curse the officious tongues that told him the hateful tidings. He had written home frequently and been at home several times during the term of his studies, and Jessa had always written and spoken to him as her kind and dear brother; could she do more without his permission? and he had never solicited her love. She felt that he was most precious to her heart, and could not divine his increasing reserve and coldness. He grew silent and morose, seldom spent an evening at home, and never brought her her favorite blossoms. She smiled in company and wept upon her pillow, until her eye grew heavy and her cheek pale.

It was the first wish of both Mr. and Mrs. Hill that Harry and Jessa should be united, and succeed them in their beautiful possessions. This wish, however, they kept within their own bosoms, and while they read their young hearts resolved to let love take its own course.

It was a soft evening, just at the bridal season of the year, when the full blown spring yields, blushing, to summer's ardent cooling, and mingles rich berries with her fragrant rose wreaths, while hope and love reign over all animate and inanimate things, weaving the

garland, attuning the hymn, and filling the balmy atmosphere with bliss, when Jessa stole from her chamber into the dewy garden. The full moon was walking in brightness up her starry path in the blue ether, shedding a mellow beauty upon all that was already exquisitely beautiful. She did not acknowledge herself miserable, yet all the bloom and fragrance around her fell coldly on her spirit, and she wept—she knew not wherefore, only she was sad.

In that same garden under a thick tree sat Harry, musing on the blight of his cherished hopes. He thought of the day in which he found the lifeless child on the Lake shore, and how he wept over her inanimate beauties; and how his heart leapt when he beheld her, on his return, with her bright curls dishevelled over Nero's neck; and how he had prized the dog for her sake; and how he had regarded her as his own precious pearl of the waters; and how his parents loved her. And then that, pure, pious and beautiful as she was, she was indifferent to him and about to become another's. "Oh God!" he cried in a voice of agony, "can I live and see her given to the arms of another? Jessa, my own worshipped Jessa, the wife of my rival! No—never! I will leave my home to-morrow, never to return. I have nerved my heart—I will leave her to be happy." "Will you consult her first, as to whether such a step will in any manner conduce to her happiness?" whispered a sweet, familiar voice, almost in his ear. He turned. Jessa stood like the spirit of bliss beside him, her bright eyes beaming roguishly into his. The farce was over. He blushed under a deep sense of the ludicrousness of his position, and then, with a glad laugh, clasped her to his bosom. "And will you be my wife, Jessa?" he asked tremulously. "Why do you ask me, if you are going away to-morrow, never to return?" "Oh, Jessa, that was all folly—I thought you were going to marry Mr. Granger." "But what made you think so?" "Indeed I cannot tell. I suppose it was a delusion of jealousy, growing out of excess of love. But say, will you be mine?" "Why, I confess, brother Harry, that my little heart enthroned you as its sovereign from the time I knew you as my deliverer from death. And so, if your parents will consent to see their son united to such a little nobody as Jessa of the Lake, why she is your own."

"All's well that ends well," cried Mr. Hill, gaily, as he advanced with his good lady into the moonlight. "Now I suppose the hopes and fears that have been goading you so cruelly, are all merged in an ocean of blessedness. You have done well, and just as I would have advised you to do. May the blessing of God confirm that which your parents now pour upon you, and keep you ever from all sin and sorrow—making peace and honor your abiding portion." Harry Hill was afterwards distinguished in the councils of his country; and his gentle and beautiful lady was a bright gem in the wreath of her country's distinguished daughters. Yet the joys of home, where they were idolized by their parents and their children—where the rich honored and the poor blessed them, and the stranger rested in the shade of their hospitality—were ever nearest and dearest to their hearts.

It is not astonishing that a wise man should keep silence among warriors. The noise of the trumpet drowns the music of the lute.

#### The Philosophy of Life.

**THE Future**—a misty night that hangs  
O'er things that are to be,  
And veils, of time's broad ocean-tide,  
The undiscovered sea.

**THE Present**—a space that doth divide  
The future from the past,  
And long as is the pause between  
The cannon's flash and blast.

**THE Past**—that portion of the tide  
O'er which life's bark has sailed;  
While fast, as onward still we glide,  
Its retrospect is veiled:

Through whose dark realms, with spirit flight,  
Lone memory may go,  
And 'mid the hush of ruin's night  
Shed silent tears of woe.

Vain Philosophy! and this is all  
Thy long research has found!  
Still hangs o'er life the viewless pall  
Of mystery profound.

L—1.

*For the Rover*—Cambridge, Mass., Oct., 1844.

#### THE JEW;

Or Honesty the best Policy.

BY WILLIAM DUPREE.

It is a good old maxim, the one that heads this article; and no doubt its truth has pressed itself home to the breast of many an outcast, when standing before his Judge, to receive the penalty due his crimes, and which offended justice demands. But there are other considerations besides the disgrace attending a public exposure of criminal conduct on this earth; yea, or even supposing it possible to pursue a course of infamy through a long life without detection—there is one thing certain, we cannot escape from our own thoughts. It is true, that we may harden our hearts, deaden our sensibilities, render ourselves callous to all appeals, and crush as it were our feelings; yet, (and it is an important truth,) we cannot escape from our death bed reflections. Our evil deeds will haunt us then, if not before, and all our efforts to drive them from the mind, only tend to present them more strongly, in all their hideous deformity; and the nearer we approach our final dissolution, the more agonizing will our feelings become. It is too late to think of reforming, when all hope of continued existence here is gone; we go into the presence of a higher tribunal with the whole load on our guilty souls. Would it not be well for the embryo in iniquity, before he pursues the downward path farther, to ask himself if he can escape them; and if not, what are the motives that prompt him to wrong himself, his fellow man, and his God? But, dear reader, you may ask, "what has this to do with the Jew?" Read on, and then judge.

A gentleman on his route from Moscow to Paris, had determined, (having business to transact,) to stop at Warsaw, in Poland, a few weeks; and being intrusted by merchants of the former place, with considerable treasure, he felt anxious for its safety. Arriving in the city, his first care was to select the best hotel for his temporary abode, and after accomplishing



this, to seek the residence of M. De Jacobs, to whom he had letters of introduction. This man, though born of poor parents, had, by some means or other, become one of the wealthiest money lenders in the city; and farther, was more esteemed by the inhabitants than any of his nation. Although an usurer, he was free from those repulsive traits of character which distinguish this class of men throughout the world; yet while he would stick for his bond with the tenacity of a Shylock, his manner was such as to disarm resentment. A man so well known was not difficult to find, and so well pleased was Mr. Wilson at his reception, and at the bland and urbane manners of the Jew, as to place implicit confidence in his integrity. The third day after his arrival, after dinner, (to which he had been invited,) he communicated to his friend his anxiety about the treasure confided to his charge, stating his fears respecting its safety at a crowded hotel, and requesting advice. The latter was readily given, and his own house offered as a depository for its safe keeping—pledging himself to keep it safe, until demanded by the depositor. After remaining three weeks, and concluding his business, Mr. Wilson made preparations for resuming his journey, and after completing his other arrangements, he went to take his leave of M. De Jacobs and his lady, to thank them for their uniform kindness, and to receive back the treasure confided to their care. But what was his surprise, after stating the object of his visit, to hear the Jew deny all knowledge of the transaction!

"Sir," said he, "this is a serious mistake—I scarcely know what to think. Will you be kind enough to ask your lady if she has no recollection of my leaving it here?" said Mr. Wilson.

"Surely, Sir," returned the Jew, "yet I cannot conceive it possible to remember what never transpired."

However, the request was granted: but the wife's memory, poor soul, was as treacherous as that of her husband. She denied all knowledge of the affair, said "the gentleman must have dreamt," and even hinted at his sanity. He expostulated, but that was vain. He threatened, but where were his witnesses? Enraged at such perfidy he left the house, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, sought his hotel. After the first shock of his feelings had subsided, and calmer moments returned, he thought what was the first thing to do; he determined not to leave the city without an effort to regain his property, to punish the guilty, and thereby save his own name from reproach. But how to accomplish this desired end, was yet to be known. Himself a stranger, and his enemy's influence great, he was about to abandon the case in despair, when he thought of a gentleman high in office, who had shown him some kindness during his sojourn, and to him, therefore, he went for advice. After a plain statement of the facts, the officer advised him to lay his case before the Grand Duke, Constantine, who, luckily for him, was then in the city—promising to procure for him an interview the next morning. Punctual to the time, he went to the palace, when the officer, faithful to his word, presented him at once to the Duke, to whom Mr. Wilson disclosed the nefarious conduct of the Jew. Astonished at such treachery, orders were given to have the Jew brought into the council room forthwith, which was speedily done, and M. De Jacobs was publicly charged with the crime.

But though confronted by the man he had so deeply injured, his bearing was firm, and he boldly denied the charge, intimating very plainly that it was a base attempt to rob him. Here was a dilemma; the charge could not be proved, and the case was about to be dismissed, when the Grand Duke arrested the proceedings, at the same time ordering the accused forward to the council table, commanding him to write as he dictated. The Jew's countenance fell, his confidence forsook him; and he trembled as he essayed to take the pen. "Address this to your wife," said Constantine; "inform her that all is discovered."

"Your Highness will not certainly force me to criminate myself?" imploringly asked the Jew.

"Certainly not—and I pledge you my word, that nothing contained in that letter shall ever be held as testimony against you.

Not daring to utter another objection he continued to write, "All is discovered—restore the casket containing the treasure belonging to Mr. Wilson to the officers bearing this message; they will convey it to the presence of the council before whom I now stand."

The seal was affixed to the letter and the officers despatched to the Jew's residence. The terrified wife unsuspectingly gave the casket to the messengers, who immediately returned to the council, and placed it on the table, to the astonishment of all present, who were highly delighted at the success of his ruse. The Jew, however, took no share in their mirth. A more pitiable object could not be imagined; the sweat in large drops went pat-pat on the floor; every nerve trembled, as he shrunk back before the fierce glance of Constantine, who, turning toward Mr. Wilson, congratulated him on his good fortune, and warned him to be more circumspect in future. Then again turning to the culprit, he exclaimed, "Listen to thy sentence! Thy property I confiscate to the service of the state; and doom thee to the mines of Siberia!"

Would the Jew believe it, think you, if you were to have told him at that moment, that "Honesty was not the best policy?"—*Hartford Columbian*.

Newington, Sept., 1844.

## WHAT IS TO BECOME OF OUR COUNTRY.

BY JUDGE STORY.

WHEN we reflect on what has been, and what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this republic to all future ages? What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts—what brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm—what solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence!

The old world has already revealed to us in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece! lovely Greece!—the land of scholars and the nurse of arms—where sister republics in fair procession, chanted the praise of liberty—where is she? For two thousand years the oppressors have bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temple are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylae and Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the

Hellespont. She fell by the hand of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissensions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising sun—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains, proud even in her desolations, noble in decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has not traversed in the paths won by the destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A mortal disease was upon her before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon, and Brutus did not restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate chamber. The Goths and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people paid the tribute money.

And where are the republics of modern times that clustered around modern Italy? Venice and Genoa exist but in name. The Alps, indeed, look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is their weakness and not their strength. The mountains are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like the avalanche, carrying destruction in his path. The peasantry sink before him. The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for valuable conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and if we fall, probably the last example of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions never have been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are we have been from the beginning, simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self government, and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The Government is mild. The press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What is more necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created.

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has ascended in the Andes, and snuffed the breeze of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life-blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the low-lands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and moving onward toward the South, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America under such circumstances can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruin is, "they were, but they are not?" Forbid it my countrymen! Forbid it heaven!

I call upon you, *Fathers*, by the shades of your an-

cestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you hope to be, resist every attempt to fetter your conscience, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, *Mothers*, by that which never fails, in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them as they climb your knees to lean on your bosom, the blessings of liberty. Swear them at the altar, as with their baptismal vows, to be true to their country, and never forsake her.

I call upon you young men to remember whose sons ye are, whose blood flows in your veins. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression. Death can never come too soon, if necessary, in defence of our country.

#### TO CLARA.

On hearing of her Marriage.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

Though years have passed since we have met,

And though we ne'er may meet again,

These tidings shall not pass without

A tribute from my pen.

Nor from my pen alone—my heart

Shall prompt each sincere word;

My warm congratulations, first

Of all, I will record.

Art married! Well, I give thee joy,

Both for thyself and thine;

May the silken bands of love around

Each heart their folds entwine.

Thou hast, I hope, thy husband's love,

And he has thine, I trow;

The happy dog! I'd envied him

For that six years ago!

Six years ago—since then what change!

Not much, perchance, in thee;

But for myself, alas! what change

Six years have wrought in me!

The world, seen as it is, how void

Of all that can give joy;

The little joy there is, how mix'd

With gloomy care's alloy.

But still there is one source of bliss

For those who scorn it not—

The best and purest that remains

To bless man's fallen lot.

And that is love—abiding love,

For one whose heart is thine;

To love and be beloved again,

Alone makes life divine.

Remember this—and if thou find,

As soon or late thou must,

That all who smile are not thy friends

Nor worthy of thy trust—

Then wilt thou cherish that one's love,

And learn to prize its worth—

As all that is worth living for

Or caring for on earth.

For the *Revue*—New York, Sept. 29, 1844.

## JEFFERSON AND THE ELDER ADAMS.

JEFFERSON used to write delightful letters. We give below a part of one of his letters written at the age of seventy-six to the elder Adams.

These two great and distinguished men were in their day the leaders of two powerful and extremely violent political parties. Both were attacked by their opposite partizans with all the bitterness and venom that slander could devise. Neither was allowed by his opponents to possess a single patriotic virtue; but both were charged with plotting the ruin of their country. The minds of the people were inflamed to such a degree by the arts and intrigues of ambitious politicians, that more than once they were upon the verge of civil war. But when these two men had retired from public life into the quiet vale of old age,

"Walking on the silent solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean, they must sail soon."

and looking abroad upon the happy country they were about to leave, what do they say of each other? Nothing but the most honorable and unequivocal testimony of each other's patriotism and public services, and the most cordial respect and attachment for each other's personal character.

What a beautiful and impressive lesson is contained in this letter of Jefferson to the angry and fiery politicians of the present day, who in the fierce war they are now waging are ready to cut each other's throats.

## EXTRACT FROM JEFFERSON'S LETTER TO ADAMS.

"I live so much like other people, that I might refer to ordinary life as the history of my own. Like my friend Dr. Rush, I have lived temperately, eating little animal food, and that not as an ailment, so much as a condiment for the vegetables which constitute my principal diet. I double, however, the Doctor's glass and a half of wine, and even treble it with a friend; but halve its effect by drinking the weak wines only. The ardent wines I cannot drink, nor do I use ardent spirits in any form. Malt liquors and cider are my table drinks, and my breakfast, like that also of my friend, is of tea and coffee. I have been blest with organs of digestion which accept and concoct, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chooses to consign to them, and I have not yet lost a tooth by age. I was a hard student until I entered upon the business of life, the duties of which leave no idle time to those disposed to fulfil them; and now retired at the age of seventy-six, I am again a hard student. Indeed, my fondness for reading and study revolts me from the drudgery of letter writing; and a stiff wrist, the consequence of an early dislocation, makes writing both slow and painful. I am not so regular in my sleep as the Doctor says he was, devoting to it from five to eight hours, according as my company or the book I am reading interests me; and I never go to bed without an hour or half hour's previous reading of something moral, whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep. But whether I retire to bed early or late, I rise with the sun. I use spectacles at night, but not necessarily in the day, unless in reading small print. My hearing is distinct in particular conversation, but confused when several voices cross each other, which unfits me for the society of the table. I have been more fortunate than my friend in the article of health. So free from catarrhs, that I have not had one, (in the breast I mean,) on an average of eight or ten years through

life. I ascribe this exemption partly to the habit of bathing my feet in cold water every morning, for sixty years past.

"A fever of more than twenty-four hours I have not had above two or three times in my life. A periodical head ache has afflicted me occasionally, once, perhaps, in six or eight years, for two or three weeks at a time, which seems to have left me. Retired at Monticello, in the bosom of my family, and surrounded by my books, I enjoy a repose to which I was long a stranger. My mornings are devoted to correspondence. From breakfast to dinner I am in my shops, my garden, or on horseback among my farms; from dinner to dark I give to society and recreation with my neighbors and friends; and from candle light to early bed time, I read. My health is perfect, and my strength considerably reinforced by the activity of the course I pursue; perhaps it is as great as usually falls to the lot of one of my age. I talk of ploughs and harrows, seeding and harvesting, with my neighbors, and of politics too, if they choose, with as little reserve as the rest of my fellow citizens, and feel, at length, the blessing of being free to say and do what I please, without being responsible for it to any mortal. A part of my occupation, and by no means the least pleasing, is the direction of the studies of such young men as ask it. They place themselves in the neighboring village, and have the use of my library and counsel, and make a part of my society. In advising the course of their reading, I endeavor to keep their attention fixed on the main objects of all science, the freedom and happiness of man. So that coming to bear a share in the councils and government of their country, they will keep ever in view the sole objects of all legitimate government. As to politics, of which I have taken final leave, I think little of them, and say less. I have given up newspapers in exchange for Tacitus and Thucydides, for Newton and Euclid, and I find myself much the happier. Sometimes, indeed, I look back to former occurrences, in remembrance of our old friends and fellow-laborers, who have fallen before us. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, I see now living, not more than half a dozen north of the Potomac, and, on this side, myself alone. You (Mr. Adams) and I have been wonderfully spared, and myself with remarkable health, and a considerable activity of body and mind. I am on horseback three or four hours of every day; visit three or four times a year a possession I have ninety miles distant, performing the winter journey on horse-back. I walk little, however; a single mile being too much for me; and I live in the midst of my grand children, one of whom has lately promoted me to be a great grandfather. I have heard with pleasure that you also retain good health, and a greater power of exercise in walking than I do. But I would rather have heard this from yourself, and that, writing a letter like mine, full of egotisms, and of details of your health, your habits, occupations and enjoyments, I should have the pleasure of knowing, that in the race of life, you do not keep, in its physical decline, the same distance ahead of me, which you have done in political honors and achievement. No circumstances have lessened the interest I feel in these particulars respecting yourself; none have suspended for one moment my sincere esteem for you, and I now salute you with unchanged affection and respect."

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

## The Blind Mother.

I saw a mother! in her arms  
Her infant child was sleeping;  
The mother, while the infant slept,  
Her guardian watch was keeping.

Around its little tender form  
Her snow white arm was flung,  
And o'er its little infant head  
Her bending tresses hung.

"Sleep sweetly on, my darling babe,  
My own, my only child;"  
And as she spoke the infant woke  
And on its mother smiled.

But, oh! no fondly answering smile  
The mother's visage graced,  
For she was blind and could not see  
The infant she embraced.

But now he lisped his mother's name,  
And now the mother pressed  
Her darling, much lov'd baby boy,  
Unto her widow'd breast.

But sudden anguish seiz'd her mind,  
Her voice was sweetly wild;  
"My God," she cried, "but grant me sight  
One hour! to see my child!"

"To look upon its cherub face,  
And see its father's there;  
But pardon, if the wish be wrong,  
A widow'd mother's prayer!"

And as she spoke, her anguish grew  
More loud and still more wild;  
And closer to her aching breast  
She clasp'd her orphan child.

## SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

THE following adventure is related of himself by one Smith, a desperate character who was formerly an inmate of the Connecticut State Prison at Wethersfield. He was once a soldier in the army. We copy it from Mr. Phelps' recent pamphlet entitled "The Newgate of Connecticut."—*Hartford Columbian*.

"One evening, I together with a number of non-commissioned officers, took a walk down town for our amusement, and on our return home, I saw by a light through the window of a Mr. P's house, something laying very carefully rolled up, on a table, under the window. I also perceived that there was no person in the room. I now thinking to get something rare and fresh, in order for our suppers, lifted up the window, and on putting my hand in, felt by its ribs and size, enough to convince me that it was a good roaster, and I of course made it a lawful prize. Putting it under my coat, I said nothing to my comrades, until our arrival at my quarters, where I had invited them to accept of some refreshment. After striking a light and introducing a good bottle of Brandy, I thought it the most convenient time to uncover my booty, in order to satisfy our craving appetites. At this moment, all eyes were gazing at the mysterious prize, when lo! to my utter surprize and astonishment, it had turned from a roaster to a COLORED CHILD. You can hardly imagine, dear reader, what were my feelings at this

critical moment, not only from exposition among my fellow officers, now disappointed in my intended and contemplated supper, but also, in the thought of robbing some unhappy parents of their darling child. I need not add, that they all had a hearty fit of laughter, at my expense, while my wits were all to work in order to devise some manner of getting out of the hobble, and restoring the infant undiscovered, to its proper owners. This I thought best to do, by returning it immediately to Mr. P's, and in order to accomplish this, I took it again under my coat, and repaired to the main guard, to obtain liberty to return to the village. On asking Lieutenant Ellison, (who was the officer of the guard) he discovered something white hanging below my coat, and insisted on knowing what it was; when I had of course to reveal the whole secret to him; he also laughed heartily and told me to go on. When I returned to Mr. P's, the house was filled with both men and women, who, having missed the child, did not know what to think of its mysterious flight. I had at first thought of leaving it at the door, but fearing the numerous hogs in the vicinity would destroy it, I altered my mind, and taking it by the heels, threw it into the room among them. At this crisis, how must they have felt, to see it re-appear among them, and feeling at the same time, the effects of innumerable particles of glass, which flew in all directions over the room. Their screams were indescribable—by which, in a few moments, not only the house, but the street was filled with astonished spectators; all anxious to know what was the matter. On my return home, I met many repairing for the house, and on some of them inquiring what was the matter up the street, I told them that I believed there was a crazy man in the house of Mr. I. On arriving at the barracks all was still, and I heard nothing more respecting it for some days."

## CHEAP POSTAGE.

Professor Wright, now in England, and the correspondent of the Boston Morning Chronicle, thus describes the happy effects of the cheap postage system:

"You may send a letter of no matter how many pieces of paper, or containing no matter what dry substance, if it does not weigh over half an ounce, to any part of the kingdom, for a penny, or two cents; if it weigh less than an ounce, four cents, and so on. This has wonderful consequences. It sets all to corresponding, resuscitates old friendships, creates new ones, facilitates all manner of traffic, and pays the government a clear profit of \$3,000,000 per annum! It may be called the grand civilizer and universal educator of the people. The poor girl that can express her ideas by pothooks, now corresponds with her poor parents while out at service; and if she wishes to remit them a few shillings of her earnings, she has only to pay three pence or six cents at the post office for a money order and inclose it in her letter, and the government then becomes not only the bearer, but the insurer of the money. It cannot be lost, and the party to whom it is sent is sure to get it as if it were handed over in silver. The convenience of this arrangement for making little purchases, collecting little debts, &c., must be felt to be understood.

"In connection with the great carriers, whose arrangements for the delivery of parcels, after the manner of Harnden & Co., ramify all over the kingdom, the cheap postage and money order system give the



country all the advantages of the city. They give a life-blood circulation which makes people strong wise and happy. I wish I could blow a trumpet on this subject that 'would reach every log-house beyond the mountains.' Fellow countrymen, we have the power in the United States to have a system as good and as cheap. For Heaven's sake, do not let us willfully pick our own pockets any longer for the benefit of people who will not even thank us. If our Federal Government cannot do this to us, it is not worth having.

#### SYBILLINE ORACLES.

THE following is extracted from an old edition of Merlin's Prophecies, supposed to have been written about a thousand years ago, imprinted at London, by John Hawkins, in the year 1630. For an account of this extremely valuable and scarce book, vide Swift's Works, vol. 2, page 114, ed. 1776.

##### I.

When the savage is meek and mild,  
The frantic mother shall stab her child.

##### II.

When the cock shall woo the dove,  
The mother and child shall cease to love.

##### III.

When men, like moles, work under ground,  
The lion a virgin true shall wound.

##### IV.

When the dove and cock the lion shall fight,  
The lion shall crouch beneath their might.

##### V.

When the cock shall guard the eagle's nest,  
The shining stars shall rise in the west.

##### VI.

When ships above the clouds shall sail,  
The lion's strength shall surely fail.

##### VII.

When Neptune's back with stripes is red,  
The sickly lion shall hide his head.

##### VIII.

When the seven and six shall make but one,  
The lion's might shall be undone.

#### SOLUTION.

*Verse 1.* The settlement of America by a civilized nation is very clearly alluded to in the first line. The frantic mother is Britain—America the child.

*Verse 2.* The cock is France, the dove America—Columbia; their union is the epoch when America shall cease to love Britain; for so I understand the prophecy, in which there is manifestly an equivocal which is one of the most striking characteristics of the ancient oracle.

*Verse 3.* The siege of Yorktown, where approaches were carried on working in the earth. We are told by Mr. Addison in his Spectator, that a lion will not hurt a true maid—this at first seems contradicted by the prophecy; but it will be found, that the epoch referred to, the virgin, or Virginia, (as North America was then called in Europe,) shall wound the lion, viz: Britain, which shows the precise time when the oracle shall be accomplished.

*Verse 4.* Alludes to the alliance between France and America, before whose might Great Britain crouched.

*Verse 5.* This certainly refers to the period when

France (the cock) guarded the home of the Americans, (the eagle's nest,) and assisted the States (the stars) to attain their independence—that is, to rise in the western hemisphere.

*Verse 6.* It is very remarkable that the properties of the inflammable air by which balloons first traversed the upper regions, were then first discovered, and they are here evidently called ships.

*Verse 7.* When America's navy covers the sea with her red stripes, Britain's will be humbled.

*Verse 8.* The thirteen States first confederated.

#### FOOD AND DIGESTION.

**SALUTARY RULES.**—The following rules are deduced from Dr. Beaumont's work, of which he says, that they are of the most salutary character, being founded on the permanent constitutional principles of human organic life; and are equally valuable to every portion of the human race in every part of the globe.

1. Bulk, or food possessing a due proportion of nutritious with nutritious matter, is best calculated to preserve the permanent welfare of the organs of digestion, and the general interests of the system.

2. The food should be plainly and simply prepared, with no other seasoning than a little salt, or occasionally a very little vinegar.

3. Full and deliberate mastication or chewing is of great importance.

4. Swallowing the food slowly, or in small quantities and at short intervals is very necessary.

5. A quantity not exceeding the real wants of the economy, is of prime importance to health.

6. Solid aliment, thoroughly masticated, is far more salutary than soups, broths, &c.

7. Fat meat, butter and oily substances of every kind, are difficult of digestion, offensive to the stomach, and tend to derange that organ and induce disease.

8. Spices, pepper, stimulating and heating condiments of every kind, retard digestion and injure the stomach.

9. Coffee and tea debilitate the stomach and impair digestion.

10. Alcohol, whether in the form of distilled spirits, wine, beer, cider, or any other intoxicating liquors, impairs digestion, debilitates the stomach, and if persevered in for a short time always induces a morbid state of that organ.

11. Narcotics of every kind impair digestion, debilitate the stomach, and tend to disease.

12. Simple water is the only fluid called for by the wants of the system; artificial drinks are all more or less injurious; some more so than others, but none can claim exemption from the general charge.

13. Gentle exercise after eating promotes digestion more than indolent inactivity or rest. Violent exercise with a full stomach is injurious.

14. Sleep soon after eating retards digestion, and leads to debility and derangement of the stomach.

15. Anger, fear, grief, and other strong emotions, disturb digestion, impair the functional powers of the stomach, and deteriorate the secretions generally.

**A QUEEN DOWAGER.**—When Captain Kotzebue in his last voyage, visited the Sandwich Islands, he found Noomahanna (the widow of his Majesty Tameamea,

who died in this country) so much increased in size that he did not know her again. She was six feet two inches high, and more than two ells in circumference. On one occasion the captain called on her at dinner time; she was lying stretched on her prodigious stomach before the looking glass upon some fine mats; a number of China dishes were ranged in a semicircle before her, and the attendants were employed in handing first one and then another to her majesty. She ate voraciously, while two boys flapped away the flies with large bunches of feathers. The quantity of food she ate was prodigious. After the entrance of the captain she ate enough to satisfy six men, and those Russians—at least the estimate is Kotzebue's. After she was satisfied she drew her breath two or three times with apparent difficulty, and then exclaimed. "I have eaten famously." By the assistance of her attendants she then turned on her back and made a sign with her hand to a strong fellow, who seemed prepared for duty. He immediately sprung upon her body, and kneaded her as unmercifully with his knees and fists as if she had been a trough of bread; this was done to favor digestion. After groaning a little at this ungentle treatment, and taking a short time to recover herself, she ordered her Royal Person to be again turned on the stomach and recommenced her meal. Noomahanna and her fat hog are the greatest curiosities in the island. By a natural sympathy with fatness, she loves everything *en bon point*. This hog is black, of extraordinary size, and the Queen feeds him to suffocation, as other ladies do Dutch pigs. He has two kanackas to attend upon him, and can scarcely move from obesity.—*Kotzebue's Voyage*.

**HORSE CRAWLING THROUGH A POST.**—A story is told of Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Dublin, N. H., which sets the remarkable simplicity of the learned parson in a ludicrous light. Paying a visit to one of his parishoners, he threw the bridle of his horse over the post of a rail fence near the house. During his stay the animal contrived to disengage the bridle from the post and get it under his feet; seeing which, a servant girl drew the reins through one of the mortices and over the top of the post, in the form of a noose. The parson, going to untie his horse, was indescribably astonished to find the bridle, which he had simply thrown over the post, thus passed through one of the holes.

"This beats all," ejaculated he to himself, "I never saw the like of it in all my life before! To be sure we read of a camel going through the eye of a needle, but this was in days of miracles. No, no; I never saw the like of this before!" He examined it anew; he tried to get the bridle out, but it surpassed his ingenuity. "Yes, it must be," said he, "the horse has actually crawled through the post hole; there's is no way to account for it!" Full of this impression, and despairing of making the animal retrace his steps, he whipped out his knife and was about cutting the reins, when the same girl, perceiving his quandary, released the horse and explained the mystery. But if the simple parson had been astonished before, he was little less so now, to find his own penetration surpassed by that of a servant girl. "Heh, girl," said he, "I believe you're right, but how in the name of wonder should a girl like you know more than a man of my learning. It's astonishing! astonishing! miraculous! miraculous!"

**A TRUE PHILOSOPHER.**—George Alexander Stevens author of the *Lecture on heads*, while in jail for debt, at Yarmouth, Eng., where he was obliged to pawn his clothes to procure the necessities of life, writing to a friend, whom he asks to get up a concert for his benefit, thus jests with his situation: "Themistocles had so many towns to furnish his table, and a whole city bore the charge of his meals. In some respects, I am like him, for I am furnished by the labors of a multitude. A wig has fed me for two days; the trimming of a waistcoat as long; a pair of velvet breeches paid my washerwoman, and a ruffled shirt has found me in shaving. My coats I swallow by degrees. The sleeves I breakfasted upon for weeks; the body, skirt, &c., served me for dinner two months. My silk stockings have paid my lodgings, and two pair of new pumps enabled me to smoke several pipes. It is incredible how my appetite (barometer like) rises in proportion as my necessities make their terrible advances. I here could say something droll about a good stomach, but it is still jesting with edge tools, and I am sure that is the sharpest thing about me. You may think I can have no sense of my condition—that while I am thus wretched, I should offer at ridicule; but, sir, people constituted like me, with a disproportioned levity of spirits, are always most merry when they are most miserable; and quicken like the eyes of the consumptive, which are always brightest the nearer the patient approaches his dissolution."

**ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.**—The greatest men are often affected with the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. A gentleman of considerable celebrity always feels secure against the cramp when he places his shoes, on his going to bed, so that the right shoe is on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. Dr. Johnson always, on going up Bolt Court, put one foot on each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain that the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr. Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose with his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German critic wrote his commentaries on Sophocles, with a pot of porter by his side. Schlegel lectured at the age of seventy-two, in Latin, with a snuff-box constantly in his hand.

**THE FIRST DUEL** ever fought in the United State was in New England, between two servants, in the year 1621. Both escaped unhurt, but the Puritans tied them hand and foot for 24 hours, and gave them neither food nor drink during that time.

In whatsoever house ye enter, remain master of your eyes and tongue.

Why repent a second time of an action of which we have already repeated?

If you wish that your own merit should be recognized, recognize the merit of others.

NEVER give counsel when it is not asked of you; especially to those who are incapable of appreciating it.

ONE can live well without a brother but not without a friend.

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ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Late Poet Laureate







# THE ROVER.

## BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY,

With a portrait of the Author.

It was a summer evening;  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.  
She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
Which he beside the rivulet,  
In playing there, had found.  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large, and smooth, and round.  
Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
Who stood expectant by:  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
"Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory."  
"I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about;  
And often, when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men," said he,  
"Were slain in that great victory."  
"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
Young Peterkin he cries;  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
"Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for."  
"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout;  
But what they fought each other for,  
I could not well make out;  
But every body said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a famous victory,"  
"My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.  
"With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a child and mother then,  
And new-born baby died;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory."  
"They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory."  
"Gr—at praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene."  
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory."  
"And every body praised the Duke,  
Who the great fight did win."  
"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;  
"But 'twas a famous victory."

VOLUME IV.—No. 5.

## SUNDAY IN LONDON.

THE devotion with which business is pursued in London, has caused the Sunday to be most unfairly dealt with. The great bulk of the industrious classes find, or affect to find, that they must work from morning till night for six days, and then convince themselves that it is necessary to spend the Sunday entirely in recreation, for which they say they have no other time. It would probably be a new idea to many of them, if they were asked, "why no other time?" or if it were pointed out that each day ought to have, to some extent, its own period of recreation. But, how far soever they may be in error on this point, the mode in which these classes do generally spend the Sunday is itself a fact in our social system not unworthy of notice. A few light pencillings on the subject may be listened to, where a downright sermon would be disregarded.

The streets of London always present a remarkably quiet and deserted appearance early in the morning, but on this day particularly so. All is still, save now and then when the steps of the distant policeman are heard breaking with their echoes the death-like silence of the streets, or when a party of anglers, principally young clerks and shopmen, pass by, yawning and half wishing that they had not got up quite so early, and carrying across their shoulders formidable instruments intended for the capture of roach and gudgeons, and large full-bellied baskets crammed with bread and meat, equivocal pork pies, and a bottle of beer. Now and then—but, I am happy to say, this has become comparatively a rare sight of late years—some mechanic, we may hope an unmarried one, who had been offering last night the first fruits of his week's wages at the shrine of Bacchus, comes staggering past. He is not sufficiently sober to know where he is going; but as he is not too drunk to walk, and does not make any disturbance, the policeman takes no notice of him. The early breakfast stalls, that on other days are patronized by artisans on the way to their work, are not to be seen, or are confined to localities in which their custom is derived from those who reside in their immediate vicinity. The coffee-shops remain shut longer than usual, as mechanics, who form their principal frequenters, lie in bed a couple of hours later, as a rest from the toils of the past week, and a preparation for the fatigues of the ensuing day.

At seven o'clock the day may be said to commence. The shrill voice of the water-cress seller is heard—the small transactions of that trade confining it almost entirely to children and those who are too old for anything else. The other cries tolerated on Sunday morning are shrimps, dried haddocks, Yarmouth bloaters mackerel, and the fruits of the season. It may be well, however, to say that the magnificent but ugly word bloater is applied to mere red herrings, and not to that incomparable dainty which swims in the sea only a few days before it comes on the table, and is only salted sufficiently to make it keep for that interval, and only smoked enough to tinge it with the color of virgin gold. The milk-woman now walks her rounds, clattering her tin cans, and singing out her musical cry. She is a stout, rosy-cheeked, good-humored Welsh or Irish woman, with a joke for the policeman, and for

the servant-girl an inquiry after the health of her "young man." She is also the confidant of the whole neighborhood, and gives sage advice to the servant-of-all-work, who, disgusted with some inquiries that had been made after a shoulder of mutton which appeared but once at table, resolves to give that missus of hers warning this very blessed day. The chimneys begin to smoke, and the shops in the poor neighborhoods, that deal in the necessities of life, open one by one. Down the narrow courts, windows are thrown open to let the chimney draw, and in that nearest, you hear the rattle of cups and saucers, and by-and-by the screams of a little boy who is undergoing an involuntary ablation. When the younger branches of the family are dressed, they are made to sit in a row on the door-step, so that they may be out of the way, and with strict injunctions not to play, lest they should spoil their dresses. Inside, the mother and elder daughters are deep in the mysteries of stuffing a leg of pork and the manufacture of an apple-pie, and the father, after being knocked about by everybody, and made a complete fool of—having alternately been set to hold the baby, and pare apples, and reach down sugar, and sharpen knives—at length indignantly retires to the street-door, where, with his coat off, and in a very white shirt and ditto trousers, and with the baby in his arms, he smokes his pipe and reads his Sunday paper, borrowed from the public-house, or one of the penny weeklies, purchased "out and out."

About ten o'clock the streets become fuller. Londoners have a strong regard for appearances, and those who perhaps do not visit a church from one year's end to the other, are yet unwilling to exhibit their negligence to the public. During the hours of the morning service the streets are comparatively empty; all those who set out on their day's walk before dinner—who, however, form but a limited proportion of the pleasure-seekers—starting about this time. They generally consist of small parties who go down by rail-way or steamboat to Greenwich, carrying their dinner with them in a basket, and dining under a chestnut tree, spending their afternoon in visiting Shooter's Hill, riding on donkeys on Blackheath, or perhaps getting up, along with some other party, a game at kiss-in-the-ring. There is also the time chosen by the young shopkeeper, who, shutting his eyes to the expense, hires a gig for the day, and drives his lady-love to Harrow, Richmond, Tottenham, or some other favored place, where they dine at an ordinary; and after walking about the neighborhood, return at six to tea, which is served with great dignity by the young lady, whose point of politeness is to thank the waiter separately for every service he performs. There is another class—patriarchal, experienced men, knowing of the fact that simple and economical pleasures are often the best—who carry the whole of their family, and a friend or two besides, to Epping Forest, in a taxed cart drawn by a tall bony horse, well known in the neighborhood for the last dozen years, and generally supposed to possess unlimited powers of drawing. When this party has arrived at its destination a large basket is unpacked, and a cloth spread on the ground, and they all fall upon the viands before them with hearty appetites and merry laughter, as safe from intruders as if they were in a balloon, although the place is within a few miles of London. After dinner a fire is made with dry sticks, and a small kettle of water is put on, which serves the double purpose of preparing the old gentleman's toddy

and making tea for the ladies; and in the meantime the young folks stroll about, arm in arm, gathering wild flowers, and the old folks sit down together and prose. Others, with their dinner in a handkerchief, repair to Hampton Court, by means of a pleasure-van holding about two dozen persons, and for the trip there and back pay a shilling. The van is handsomely painted, the horses neatly harnessed, and the awning overhead protects the pleasers from the sun, admitting only the dust. In a very little while they are rumbled and tumbled into companionship. Perfect magazines of fun are these pleasure-vans. Many an acquaintance begins in them which is destined to reach its climax at the altar, and only to terminate in the grave. These pleasers look down with a good humored superiority on mere pedestrians, and many are the jokes and repartees bandied between the two as they pass.

Well, as has been said, it is ten o'clock. The main streets that lead out of town are thronged with pleasure-seekers, and in the poor neighborhoods the shops are open, and doing a great amount of business. Mrs. Smith, having resisted for sometime the demands of the children for a pie, to their great glee at length gives in, and hurries out for green rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, and raspberries, or apples, according to the season, though with many misgivings in her mind, when she considers the quantity of sugar that will be necessary to make them palatable. Good managers put off the buying of their Sunday joint to this moment, in the hope that the butchers will sell his meat a halfpenny a pound cheaper rather than keep it till the next day; but they meet with the fate of most very good managers, and are often obliged to put up now with what they would have rejected last night. Little boys with their jackets off, carry earthen dishes containing shoulders of mutton, with potatoes under them, to the baker's, feeling all the way in a state of nervous trepidation lest they should meet with some strong and unscrupulous man who might not have such a dainty for his dinner. Behind comes a little girl who is intrusted with the pie, and who, on her return home, gives her mamma an account of what all the neighbors are going to have for dinner. It is astonishing how penetrating girls are, especially if they are the eldest in the family. Boys neither know nor care about anything that is not in some way or other connected with marbles or leap-frog, but we never knew a little girl who did not know the names of all the people in the street, and more of their affairs than could be gleaned from any other source.

The church-bells are now ringing, well dressed people are walking along with a quite and serious air, carrying prayer-books in their hands, and making Mrs. Smith wish that she had done all her marketing on Saturday evening, so that she might not have been seen before she had "cleaned" herself. The shops are all shut, and in a quarter of an hour the streets are comparatively empty. The cabmen, despairing of a fare for the next two hours, collect in groups opposite the coach-stand, and regale themselves with the feast of reason and the flow of soul, the public houses being rigidly closed until 1 o'clock; while in St. Giles' and Seven Dials, Irishmen dressed in blue coats with brass buttons, individually lean against posts, or, seated in rows on the curb-stone, smoking in a state of apathy, occasionally addressing some monosyllable observation to one another, which is answered with a grunt of assent.



It is one o'clock, and Mrs. Smith is dressed and nursing the baby; and Mr. Smith, having finished his second pipe, and read the paper through, advertisement's and all, and having been put into a state of patriotic dissatisfaction by the leading article, is indignant because he cannot think of anything to grumble at except the heat of the weather. The little Smiths are each of them seated on a chair, in order to preserve their muslin frocks and white trousers; but which, however, they are constantly leaving, in order to look if the people are coming out of church, keeping their mother actively employed in reseating them. At last, however, the streets begin to fill as if by magic. The clock strikes one, and out the young Smiths rush to the baker's without stopping for bonnets or hats. If they did not get there before anybody else, who knows that somebody might not make a mistake and take away *their* pie? Such things have happened before, and it is a remarkable fact that the person who makes the exchange has always the best of it. However, on this occasion it is all right. The pork is done well, and is encased in a coating of such delicious crackling; the potatoes are nicely brown, and soaking in fat; and as for the pie, it is the perfection of the baking art. It is a fine sight, too, to see the stout woman handing the dishes over the counter, and relieving the money with an air of cool unconcern, as if a gooseberry pie were an every day occurrence, and a custard pudding a mere nothing; and it would be a surprising sight, too, to one who did not know that baker's live upon the steam of the good things intrusted to their hands.

During the time the dinner has been sent for, Mr. Smith with his own hands has brought a pot of porter from the public house at the corner, stopping every minute to drink a mouthful lest it should spill. On reaching home, he finds that his wife has laid the cloth with scrupulous neatness, bringing out to advantage the imitation ebony cruet frame that they had ever since their marriage, and the best knives and forks which had been a present from mother.

The cloth is laid, too, on their best table, a small, round, unsteady, and indeed somewhat dissipated-looking article, made of walnut tree. It is certainly rather a hard squeeze, but the other table will not do for Sunday; and Mrs. Smith takes the youngest boy on her lap, and the father one of the little girls, and thus they all manage, somehow or other, to get within reach of the dainties. We will not say anything about the dinner, farther than it is treated in the style customary with Londoners, who consider it a christian duty to eat as much as possible on Sunday; and it must be a good dinner too, even if they are upon short allowance for the rest of the week to pay for it.

The dinner is over, the things are put away, and every body is dressed, and anxious to go out. So Mr. Smith goes for the children's "shay" from the back-yard, and with some difficulty lugs it up the narrow steps, looking very red, and feeling very wrathful from his having whitened his best coat against the wall, and received a blow on the shins from the handle of the chaise. However, he cools down when three of his children are inserted in the vehicle, and the party at length set out, three other children walking behind with his wife and the baby, while he himself draws the chaise, wrapped up in the enjoyment of a new clay pipe at least half a yard long, which he had hid away till now over the clock, to be out of the way of the juveniles.

Through the streets they go, Mrs. Smith screaming out every moment to the children to get out of the way of the carriages; and herself, by way of setting a good example, running every now and then under the very heads of the horses, as is the custom of all timid ladies. They cross the New Road, down which crowds of people are making for the Regent's Park, to sit down on the benches or lie on the grass, or form a circle round one or other of the many lecturers who there hold forth gratuitously; and perhaps after that to make a pilgrimage to Primrose Hill, from the top of which they see the panorama of the mighty city spread before them, with St. Paul's rising in the midst.

Everything goes on pleasantly enough with our Smiths, who walk through Somerstown, keeping on the shady side of the way; but it is quite a different affair when they get past Chalk Farm. The road here opens to the hot sun, and clouds of dust come darting down, then across and back again, like a playful kitten doing all the mischief it can out of pure fun. But the worst of it is the steep hill they have to climb. Mr. Smith tugs and toils away, now stopping to dry the perspiration from his brow, and now giving vent to his feelings by reproaches levelled at his wife. He knew all along what it would be. It always happens so every Sunday; and his pleasure must be spoiled for a whole day because she would insist on bringing the children. It was too bad—that it was. Now, Mrs. Smith possesses, as she herself affirms, the temper of a *hangel*, but to hear the way John went on would exhaust the patience of Job. Wasn't it enough that she was worrit to death by the baby, but he must begin to talk about *her* bringing the children, just as if he didn't propose it himself! But that was the way she was always treated; he was never contented and sociable like other men. Why didn't he take pattern by cousin Mary's! But just as she has reached this point, they arrive at a public house, in which Mr. Smith proposes that they should rest for a short time, and as his wife is perfectly agreeable they walk in. After sitting some little while over a pint, who should they see coming in but young Thompson and his wife, a very respectable couple indeed, he being a first-rate turner, making, it is said, at least two guineas a week. After expressing their mutual surprise at meeting, they all sit down together, and the two men began to talk politics, and the ladies domestics. Mrs. Smith gives a complete history of the rise and progress of the whooping cough with which little Johnny has been lately suffering, with an exposition of her particular mode of treatment, to all of which Mrs. Thompson listens with great interest and treasures it up in her mind, as she herself has a baby of two or three months old. Having rested for some time, they start in a body, and as there are now two men to draw the chaise, they go on pleasantly enough, and at length, after several stoppages, arrived at the very top of Hampstead Heath.

On the side of the declivity on the heath there are a great number of tables and forms laid out on the grass, on which some washerwomen, who inhabit the cottages close by, provide the social meal for all such as are willing to pay ninepence a-head. To this spot our party repair, and after some discussion with an elderly female with regard to how many heads the young Smiths might be supposed to possess collectively, they sit down and take tea, remarking how very differently the beverage, as well as the bread and butter, tastes in

the country. Even tea, however, will not stand more than three or four waterings at the most, and they at length get up and turn their faces homewards.

The heath is now rapidly becoming deserted, the only persons who seem inclined to remain being couples, who walk about slowly in the less frequented parts, and talk together in a lower tone, and white gowns that are seen gliding like phantoms among the bushes, each with its Hamlet striving to muster courage to address it. The dusk of the evening is coming on, and the pleasure-seekers again return to the road, and now commences the least agreeable part of the day. From Hampstead to the New Road there is an almost solid line of human beings, some three miles long, enshrined in a cloud of dust. Every person is thirsty, but the public houses are all full; and even if they were not, there are very few who have not spent their money at Hampstead. Of that mass of human beings—indeed of the whole population of London, whether seen in the church or in the streets on this day—it is worthy of remark, that there is not one who is not well and comfortably dressed. In this respect we differ from most continental cities. The same feeling of pride that makes the Londoner fare well on Sunday at the expense of the rest of the week, causes him to dress well; and if he cannot do so, he remains a prisoner in his house all day.

Down the hill come the multitude, their feet sore with walking, their heads aching with the heat of the sun, combined, in many cases, with the potations they have been imbibing, their clothes discolored with the dust, and almost all of them either sulky, or venting their ill-humor on their friends. Our party, who half an hour ago were in such good spirits, are now quite the reverse. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are engaged in a not very amicable discussion, and the children are either asleep or crying, and their mother endeavors to silence them by the distribution of boxes on the ear, which, strangely enough, seems to have quite an opposite effect. Those who can afford to ride are the only persons who enjoy themselves. One party comes tearing down the hill at full speed in a cab, making the women run screaming out of the way, and raising a cloud of dust that blinds everybody. Inside the conveyance are three couples, and three or four gentlemen are distributed on the available places on the roof, smoking segars, and cutting jokes at the personal appearance of the passers-by. Just as the Smiths are entering London, the evening service of the churches is finished, and the different congregations come pouring out, neatly dressed, and with a quiet, serious air. The Smiths, with dirty faces, dusty clothes, and screaming children, hang down their heads abashed, and sneak home as quickly and quietly as they can, and quite worn out, go to bed with a mental resolution not to seek pleasure in future in such a laborious manner. It is a curious fact, and one that shows how much better the pleasurable parts of past events are remembered than the disagreeable, that the Smiths, the very next Sunday, again go to the same place, spend the day in the same manner, and return with the same resolution, which is made only to be broken the next Sunday.

The streets in the meantime continue more or less crowded by the returning population till ten o'clock; when a sensible and remarkably sudden diminution in the numbers takes place. Almost all the families with children are by this time housed, and the warehouse-

men, shopmen, and shopwomen who live with their employers, disappear as the hour strikes, like so many apparitions. This abstracts at once the gayer part of the throng, including all the patent leather boots, gold (mosaic) headed canes, delicate colored silk gowns, bareghe shawls, and pretty bonnets, and with these accessories most of the gentlemanlike figures and coquettish ankles which throughout the day had thrown a strong dash of gentility upon the motly assemblage. The great lines of thoroughfare become more and more empty toward eleven, and in the back streets the neighbors who had congregated in the doors in little groups to talk over the events of the day, or to compensate themselves for having passed the Sunday at home by enjoying a look at the returning wanderers, vanish one by one into the interior of their domiciles. "Good night" is heard on all sides, mingled with the shutting of doors, the shooting of bolts, and here and there with softer adieus. By midnight the signs of the holiday are over.

Such are but a few traits of a vast subject, the full treatment of which fill volumes. Enough, however, must have been done even in these light paragraphs, to indicate the unsatisfactory nature of the tradesman and workingman's Sunday in London; that is, taking these classes generally, and acknowledging many exceptions. At least, a little amusement is obtained, or a brief unbending from tasks which press at all other times. The higher needs of our nature are left entirely ungratified. It may not, I humbly think, be amiss, while congratulating ourselves on the success of the nation generally in the pursuit of wealth, to remember the expense in various ways to a vast portion of the people at which that success is secured.—*From Chambers' Journal.*

#### WILSON THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

It may be doubted, however, whether a mere bird-killer has the same bent of mind which in other circumstances would make him a manslayer, albeit the author advances, that "this pursuit has interested minds of a very high order, and enlisted in the service of science those who would otherwise have been engaged in fields of blood. There is much beauty in this biography; the author's tendency toward the beautiful appears in all his illustrations, which are, happily, numerous. He says, truly, that all things in nature are fit subjects for study, and, held to the light of science they unfold new wonders. "The flower grows more beautiful than when it first opened its golden urn and poured its earliest incense on the fire; the tree, which was before thought of only as a thing to be cut down and cast into the fire, becomes majestic, as it holds its broad shield before the sun in summer, or as it stands in winter, like a gallant ship, with its sails furled and all made fast about it in preparation for the storm."

Wilson was born at Paisley, 1766, and it was intended to educate him for the pulpit, but the intention failed and in his thirteenth year he was bound apprentice to a weaver—which employment he followed three years, without any growing partiality for it. He worked as a journeyman weaver four years more, though he found time to attempt poetry, and to utter in verse some "groans from the Loom." His poetry was published in a Glasgow paper, but in general they are harsh and unpolished.

To improve his circumstances, he became a travel-

ing merchant, as it is called in Scotland, or a pedler, as it is denominated in England, and he walked forth full of hope and laden with merchandize, and he broke forth in a very unpedler-like phrase "there are pleasures, which the grovelling sons of interest, and the grubs of this world, know as little of as miserable spirits doomed to everlasting darkness know of the glorious regions and eternal delight of Paradise."

But he was a philosophical pedlar, moved by no absorbing love of gain, and he went out of his track to visit the grave of Hume and of Blair. If he grew not rich, he reaped a harvest of new impressions—he studied in the great book that even the unlearned may read, the book of nature and the ways of men. Mountains he admired, but men he observed, with too much scrutiny to give them much praise. His remarks were qualified with censure, or tinctured with sarcasm. In all his perambulations he had no particular tendency toward birds. His ruling passion was not yet excited. His calling, though lawful was not adapted to aid him in the sale of an edition of his poems, which he published not by "request of friends," but in despite of them. They were not without merit, but that wonderful man Robert Burns, was then in the blaze of his glory. He went to Ayrshire to visit Burns, and ever after spoke of the interview with delight.

But Paisley has its factions, and a fierce dispute arose between the weavers and the manufacturers, in which Wilson sided with his craft, and he poured out his satire upon some of the adverse party. He became a sufferer for literature's sake, and was sentenced to imprisonment, with the further unpalatable provision of burning his libel, at the public cross, with his own hand.

He now turned his hopes toward America, where poets and pedlers receive so much honor and emolument. He wove the warp and wove the wool for another four months, living on a shilling a week till he had saved money enough for his passage, which he made from Belfast, sleeping on deck.

He stepped on the land of promise with a few shillings in his pocket, borrowed of a fellow passenger; he had no letter of introduction—no acquaintance—no object. But he had a stout heart, if not a light one.

He landed at Newcastle and walked to Philadelphia, with his gun in his hand. He was delighted with the birds, and he had the good fortune (which he estimated properly) to get a red headed wood pecker. Long afterward he repels in wrath Buffon's libel upon the wood pecker, as though it touched one of his friends.

He made a peddling excursion, and also betook himself to weaving—but at last seated himself upon the unquiet throne of a village school, where he reigned several years, adding something to his revenue by acting as surveyor of land. Though struggling with poverty, there are many instances in the biography in which he aided others, and his letters to his nephew show a very manly character and feeling.

Wilson's school happened to be near Bartram's Botanical garden. The elder Bartram was a farmer, but a lover of nature. His son William inherited his tastes and was the best ornithologist in the country.

His first tendency toward ornithology was in drawing birds rather as objects for the pencil, than for favorite studies. In the year 1803, however, his mind had so long dwelt upon them that he conceived the plan of the American Ornithology, though of course not

the magnificent work that he made of it; his first aspirations were humble. One of the most discouraging objects he met with, to his burning powers, was the face of an owl; but he had a friendly feeling even for owls. He was well pleased with the Indians for placing gourds for martins to build in them, and he never disturbed the superstition of a farmer's boy who believed that if he should kill a swallow, the cows would give bloody milk. The birds were his friends; to wear feathers was a passport to his favor. He carried a parrot in his pocket as the giant carried Tom Thumb, by the side of his snuff box.

On his various expeditions for birds, his only funds were the money he received for coloring his plates; and for his splendid work he received little other profit. He died in 1813, of an exposure in the water, by pursuing a rare bird, and expressed a wish to be buried where the BIRDS MIGHT SING OVER HIS GRAVE.

#### AMERICA, I LOVE THEE STILL.

AMERICA, I love thee still,

There's glory in thy name,  
There's brightness beaming from thy birth  
And honor from thy fame.

There's beauty in thy naked soil,  
Bespeaking smiles of love,  
The rocks and blooming wilds proclaim  
Protection from above.

America, I love thee still—

Beneath thy valleys rest  
The pilgrims of a tyrants power,  
Bright emblems of the blest—  
And round them clothed in silence, lie  
The mouldering patriots fame,  
Embalm'd in secret memory's fire,  
Immortal honors claim.

America, I love thee still,

Though traitors dare disown  
Thy holy rights and ornaments,  
Endeared to Freedom's home:  
Though misty cloud o'erspread the light,  
And fears together blend,  
Hope's cheering rays forth tell thy pride  
Of glory to ascend.

America, I love thee still—

Thou art my native land—  
Thy joy, so pure, can ne'er be found  
Upon a foreign strand,  
Tho' pleasure's path, and fortune's smiles,  
In other climes seem fair,  
The brightest of their hopes and joys,  
Cannot with thine compare.

America, I love thee still—

Resplendent glories gleam  
Through all thy deeds. Thy sacred lights  
Shall ever be my theme,  
Pure from the realms of victory's sky,  
The crown was given to thee—  
'Mid starry lights, eternal stands  
The star of liberty.

Two things cause affliction: a sad friend, and a joyous enemy.

A hundred thieves cannot steal from a poor man who is naked.

## THE LITTLE GROWN GREAT.

In a beautiful seaport town in Connecticut, lived a young mechanic, who was not only honest and industrious, but a man of good education and refined sensibilities. He married in early life a lovely girl, who though a mechanic's daughter, and brought up to labor with her hands, was no whit behind the governor's child in all that makes a real lady. They commenced housekeeping with high hopes and grand prospects, but having met with several losses and disappointments continued poor, and the embargo of 1808 so effected his business that it was with difficulty he could support his family, consisting, besides himself and wife, of four small children—fine chubby fellows—the two eldest of whom, of five and seven years old, went to school, and wore laurels as the best scholars in their respective classes. The parents were proud of them, of course, and looked forward to a day when they would be great and honored.

Mr. M—— inhabited a small and somewhat dilapidated house—not being able to pay a high rent—which, however, was neat and comfortable within, by the tidy hands of Mrs. M——, who besides doing all the work for her family, and attending most religiously to her little ones, contrived to earn something by sewing; and thus assist her husband to struggle against adversity, as well as soothe and cheer him beneath his heavy burden. So that, although they were sometimes without provisions for the morrow, they spoke of hope to each other, made their evening oblation of prayer and praise, for they felt that they had much to be thankful for, and lay down and slept sweetly, trusting that good angels guarded their pillows, and that their Father in Heaven would give them day by day their daily bread.

Mr. M—— had a rich neighbor, a Mr. W——, who was counted a rich man. He lived in a large white house, and regarded his less fortunate neighbor with ineffable contempt.

It chanced, one summer day, that Mrs. M—— was prevented from finishing a piece of work, which she had promised the next morning, by the illness of her babe; and as her husband went to his shop as soon as it was light, and came to breakfast at eight, she rose early, and sat down to finish her work. As she had only to make coffee for breakfast, she allowed her little ones to sleep till seven, and then, as her fire had gone out over night, sent her eldest boy to Mr. W——'s for a coal. (Locofocos were not then in use.)

It chanced that the great man was in his kitchen when the child entered, and asked in his pretty, smiling way for fire.

Mr. W—— regarded him with a scowl, and then asked in a gruff voice—

"Have you had no fire in your house yet to-day?"

"No sir," said the boy, shrinking involuntarily.

"What do you let it go out for, and then come to trouble the neighbors? I suppose you live without eating!"

While the gentleman was speaking, his little daughter, a child of seven years, slipped from the room, and as the boy came out drew her hand, with a cake, from beneath her apron, and holding it out to him, said, with her lips trembling, and her bright blue eyes full of tears—

"Take it, Willy, and don't be angry now."

"Thank you, Lucy," he said: "but I can't take your cake, oh, no!" and he hurried away.

The little girl wept bitterly, and he, as soon as he reached home, and had laid his coal on the hearth, crept away beneath a hedge of currants in the garden, and cried till he was quite sick.

Mr. W——, when he thus forgot his manhood, and stooped to taunt a noble boy with poverty, which, had it been the fault of his parents, could not have been a reproach to him, had no conception of the cruelty of the action, of the deep envenomed wound which his words had inflicted. Men do not appreciate the sensibility of children. I have often wondered at the inconsiderate manner in which they speak to them, and ignorant of the deep and keen sensibilities of childhood, but also of the fact that the children now regarded and treated like dumb animals, will, in a few years, be men and women, occupying the position from which the present actors in life's drama will have passed away, and bearing on the heart's tablet the indelible impressions of love or fear, esteem or aversion, written there while the heart was tender, and every impression consequently deep and abiding.

Poor Willy felt agonizingly the taunt of Mr. W——, and with it the kindness of little Lucy was chronicled enduringly. Although the offer of a cake at that time was bitter to his insulted pride, and proudly rejected, yet the tenderness of heart that had prompted the offer was dear and precious to his wounded spirit.

He could eat no breakfast that morning, but he forbore to wound the feelings of his parents by repeating to them the words of his neighbor, and he resolved to use every endeavor to rise in the world, that he might one day be able to look down upon Mr. W—— from a nobly won eminence.

The wealth in which Mr. W—— prided himself, he had inherited from his father, who, from a blacksmith's apprentice, became by industry and parsimony the proprietor of a fine farm. He married late in life, and this one son was his only child. The old man endeavored to educate him well, but he forgot to imbue his childhood with kindness, generosity and truth.

The old man was very proud of the affluence which he had won so painfully, and the deference which people are always ready to pay to the possessor of wealth, however it might have been acquired.

It is by no means wonderful that the son imbibed an exalted opinion of himself, as sole heir to so fine a property: and affected the society of those whose estates have been accumulated by grand-fathers or great grand-fathers, and were thus one or two grades removed from the *working classes*.

Old Mr. W—— had determined that his son should have a genteel education. He was accordingly sent to College, whence he emerged with a superficial knowledge of many things, yet without having mastered one single science; and being no book worm, as he said, he soon forgot everything that the poor patient professors had been at such pains to write, line upon line, and precept upon precept, upon a mind hard as iron to the pen of instruction, and which, like ice, lost every impression as soon as the sun and wind of the outer world acted upon it. But he had been to college, and he felt the most bitter contempt for every one who was not "liberally educated," a contempt which he was at no pains to conceal. He had married the daughter of a merchant of the city, and on



the death of his father, was easily persuaded to sell his fine farm, and come into partnership with his father-in-law. He was now at the height of his glory; and as he sat in his parlor, and looked exultingly at the gold lettered sign, upon which his name glistened beside that of one of the oldest and richest merchants of the city, he felt that he desired no higher heaven. No marvel that such a gentleman would stoop to insult a child.

Well, Mr. M— grew weary of struggling in the city and living on the refuse of the market; so he sold the little he possessed, purchased an old horse and wagon, and with little more than his hopeful family, turned his footsteps westward.

Mrs. M— wept bitterly, when from the top of the hill she took the last look of her native place, the last farewell of the scenes of morning life, and felt that these places should know her no more *forever*. But she soon dried her eyes, and turned her face resolutely toward the unexplored region, in which hope whispered she would find a better home. They traveled wearily onward, and the blind goddess who stands by the way-side, bestowing a guerdon on one of a thousand of the innumerable emigrants who leave home with all its idols, and go forth on a weary pilgrimage to court her favor, smiled graciously on our travelers, and pointed them to a healthy place.

Mr. M— secured a large tract of wild land, on which he erected his cabin, and made rapid improvements. Willy saw in a dim future, the fulfilment of his one desire, and at the age of ten years, could boast of his expert axemanship, and bring quite a tall beech to the ground.

Our favorites of fortune were blest with continued health. The winters at the time were unusually mild; and every crop and seed which they put into the ground brought forth an hundred fold; and the laying of the Great Western Canal lengthwise through his land so increased its value, that, in a few years, he found himself rich. Willy was then "sent to college," and came home at the age of twenty-four, with a thorough and classical education. He was seated among the legislators of his state; and such was the confidence reposed in his honor and abilities, by his fellow men, that there was no office so responsible but they were eager to lay its burdens on his shoulders.

A few years ago, as he sat with his associates on the seat of judgment, listening to heart-sickening details of sin and misery, amid the poor wretches arraigned for crime against their fellows, were two men charged with burglary and arson. His very soul shrank within him as he recognized in the elder of the two, a man whom he had long forgotten, his father's haughty neighbor, Mr. W—. "This miserable, white-haired felon, clothed with rags and covered with disgrace," he said to himself "is the very man against whom I so long harbored a bitter enmity. Well I have now my revenge in full—and what is it? A bitter drop. Poor man, I ought never to have envied you." Such were his thoughts as he gazed on the poor man, who was taught in his childhood, to trust in riches, and who, when they forsook him, turned to "wrong and robbery."

It was proved, as the trial progressed that Mr. W— and his son-in-law had many years ago failed in trade, for a large amount, and became miserably poor. It seemed that he had "been used to live without eatings," and unable longer to endure, he and his son-in-law—a

vain, vicious-tempered fop, who found little difficulty in deceiving both father and daughter; the first into a belief of his wealth and the other into a firm faith in his worth and pure affection—took to gambling, and other disgraceful practices, by which they had obtained a precarious livelihood, until the commission of the crime of which they stood accused. Toward the close of the trial, a feral, muffled in an old camelot cloak, and having her face concealed by an old hood, and a thick green veil drawn over it, came into the courtroom. She seemed to walk with difficulty, and took a seat just behind the prisoners. There she remained, silent and motionless, as a statue, until the jury, having agreed, without leaving the box signified that they had found a verdict. She then clasped her hands with a kind of gasping utterance, and her whole frame shook violently, until the words "guilty," fell on her bruised heart, she sunk heavily to the floor. She was carried out, and the just sentence of the law passed upon the two miserable offenders.

"It is well," muttered the old man. "In the penitentiary I shall at least have food."

That evening, Judge M— having learned where the poor woman had been conveyed, made her a visit. As soon as she saw him, she cried wildly:

Oh! in mercy let me go with them! I have no friend, no home on earth!

"Compose yourself, madam," he replied calmly; something better will, I hope be done for you. Pardon me the question, was your husband kind to you?"

"He was, until misfortune urged him to evil courses, which I could not but plead with him against, and then he became irritable, estranged, outrageous. Oh I have lived miserably with them, but still I had a home, and was under the protection of a husband. But now, I am an outcast! doomed to beggary and insult. I was not taught to labor in my youth; and my accomplishments, though showy, were superficial, and have been all worn away by affliction. I have no way to earn a subsistence, and no one to take me in. Oh, what will become of me!"

"Lucy," said Judge M—, taking her hand, respectfully, I hope you will not retaliate upon me now the pain which I once proudly inflicted upon you. I have never forgotten the morning when you, in your pure and childish charity, proffered little Willy your cake, nor the blush and tear that beautified your sweet little face at my refusal. I will not conceal from you that I hated your father for his cruel words to me that morning, and resolved, one day, to stand above him on the scale of riches and honor. But you may believe me, I am sincerely sorry for his misfortune, and would make any possible sacrifice to take away his guilt, if that could be done. But, Lucy, I cannot save him nor your husband from the penalty of the offended laws. Neither would I, if I could. They have sinned in the face of the law, and they must abide its vengeance.

"But I have a home, where love, peace, and plenty delight to dwell, and my affectionate Clara finds one of the chief delights in ministering to misfortune. Come and dwell with us, and we will regard you as a dear sister. I have told Clara the story of little Lucy and her cake, and you shall find that, although I hurt your gentle heart then, by a refusal, the good seed was not lost nor forgotten, but shall bring you fruit an hundred fold."

Poor Lucy fell sobbing at his feet, but she could not

speak her gratitude. She is still residing in the family of Judge M—, and no inmate of the house considers the amiable and cheerful Aunt Lucy, as she is familiarly called, a burden or a draw back on their interests or their pleasures.

Her father died in the penitentiary, and her husband, as soon as released, took the road to Texas. But she affirms that she never knew happiness until she found it in the mansion of Judge M—.

This little story is literally true, and its truth is its only recommendation.

#### THE SPRINGFIELD ARSENAL.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
 Like a huge organ rise the burnished arms;  
 But from their silent pipes, no anthem pealing,  
 Startles the villager with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
 When the Death Angel touches those swift keys!  
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
 The cries of agony, the endless groan—  
 Which, through the ages that have gone before us,  
 In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
 Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
 And loud amid the universal clamor,  
 O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
 Wheels out his battle bell with fearful din,  
 And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
 Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin!

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
 The shout, that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
 The soldier's revel in the midst of pillage,  
 The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,  
 The rattling musquetry, the clashing blade:  
 And ever and anon in tones of thunder,  
 The diapason of the cannonade.

It is, oh man, with such discordant noises,  
 With such accursed instruments as these,  
 Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,  
 And jarrest the celestial harmonies!  
 Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
 There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name should be a name abhorred!  
 And every nation that should lit again  
 Its hands against its brother, on its forehead  
 Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;  
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
 The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
 But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
 The holy melodies of love arise.

#### THE SEA GULL.

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

THE tempest is singing rejoice! rejoice!  
 And mingles its mirth with the reveling voice  
 Of the spirit of storms. And the lightning gleams,  
 And the thunder howls; yet the sea-gull screams,  
 As with circling wing o'er the murky waves  
 He wheels, while the howling tempest raves:  
 For what cares he? He's a brave old bird,  
 Nor shrinks when the thunder-crash is heard!  
 He spies the storm as it cometh afar,  
 And watcheth its progress from star to star;  
 And he joins in the revel the water-fiends make  
 When they shout in the doomed vessels wake,  
 And laugh in the drowning sailor's ears  
 As he utters a prayer and disappears!

When the white-crested waves, like monsters of life,  
 Lift their angry forms mid the din of the strife,  
 And winds in their gamboling over the deep,  
 Are rocking the drowning maiden asleep,  
 The Gull with a sweep of his gloomy wing,  
 Bears the sentence of death from the old sea-king!  
 And the sailors know, as he wheels them by,  
 That no message of love ever brings him nigh.

Oh, bird of ill-omen! too often thou'st been  
 The witness of many a dismal scene.  
 Thou hast watched the thunder-bolt hurled from Heaven,  
 When the stout ship was shattered—the tall mast was  
 riven;

And hast listed the mariners terrible wail  
 That arose, and was lost in the rushing gale!

Thou hast rode on the clouds when the brave man-of-war  
 Was going to wreck on a hard lee-shore;  
 And to thee it was rare and horrible glee  
 To hear her sad guns boom over the sea!

And hearts that had many a battle braved,  
 Trembled like children and prayed to be saved;  
 While the monster shark came slowly by,  
 Marking his victims with greedy eye;  
 Such a feast was there as they seldom found—  
 Enough for each guest that came thronging round!

Oh, could'st thou but look with thy far-piercing eye  
 Deep down where the bones of the drowned lie—  
 In the coral-beds where the mermaids sleep,  
 And the sea-kings their mighty wassails keep,  
 Thou wouldst see how quietly, side by side,  
 The bridegroom sleeps with his new made bride—  
 How 'mid the bones that are round them piled,  
 The mother is clasping her skeleton child—  
 And the miser sleeps on his chest of gold,  
 Which his bony fingers still firmly hold—  
 How the king and the beggar together sleep,  
 For titles are void in the fathomless deep!

Oh, bird of the never weary wing!  
 Thou hast wheeled in the blast of the changeful  
 spring;

Thou hast scream'd with a wild and fierce delight;  
 When the tempest raged with a furious might;  
 But a stronger and fiercer than thou shalt reign,  
 And dash thy form on the frothy main,  
 And the rolling wave shall toss thy form  
 The sport of the spirits that rule the storm!

For the Rover—Boston, Oct. 3, 1844.

## AN INCIDENT ON A WHALING VOYAGE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

PERHAPS there is no voyage attempted by man, where there is so much danger attending as whaling. The hardy mariners engaged in this business, have not only the elements to contend with, but also the great leviathan of the deep. Many ships cruise in latitudes but little known, and encounter severe gales, and suffer many privations which are unknown to those engaged in the merchant service. It was once my lot to be engaged in this service. There are several persons on the Island of Nantucket who can vouch for its authenticity.

Early one pleasant morning while cruising near the equator, the man on the main-top-gallant cross-trees sung out—"There she blows!" which is the usual intelligence to the officers on deck that a whale is in sight.

"Where away?" lustily inquired the mate.

"Three points to the lee bow, sir. There she blows; looks like a sperm whale sir," again sung out the man.

The mate had already ascended the rigging as high as the topmast cross-trees, when he arranged his spy-glass and looked in the direction in which the whale was blowing.

"There she blows—that's a sperm whale," exclaimed the confident mate. "Mr. Emmons," continued he, addressing the second mate, "who was on deck, 'call the captain.'"

But this was unnecessary; the captain had already turned out of his berth and rushed upon deck, where he was finishing his toilet.

"Mr. Fisher, what is it? A fine back?" inquired he of his mate.

"Oh no, sir; sperm whale—I could see its hump very distinctly with the glass—but he has gone down now."

"What time is it steward?" inquired the captain, after ascertaining which he addressed the second mate, telling him to finish washing off at once, and the boat-steerers to get their boats in readiness. The captain was "eager for the fray;" he ascended the rigging, till having reached the fore-top-gallant yard, (the sail being furled) he seated himself, and inquired of the mate "how far off the whale was when last seen."

"About four or five miles."

"Which way was he heading?"

"To leeward, sir, as near as I could judge."

"On deck, there," hailed the captain.

"Halloa sir."

"Keep her off two points, and square in the yards a bit."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the second mate.

The yards were squared in, and the good ship, *Cyrus*, of Nantucket, began to move a little faster through the water. The mate hinted to the captain that probably the ship might run over the whale, and asked him if the foresail should not be hauled down.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Fisher, have the foresail hauled up; and clew up the main-top-gallant-sail."

These orders were soon executed, and the crew, being released from immediate duty, ascended the rigging to look after the whale, which would soon make his appearance. It was then about four months since we had captured the last whale, hence the anxiety of the men; they could not endure the idea of returning home without a full ship. There never was a vessel better appointed for the voyage than ours. The captain was acknowledged to be as good a whaleman as

ever darted a lance. The first mate, Mr. Fisher, and the second mate, Mr. Emmons, were half whales themselves, and feared no fish with flukes athwart-ships. In short the ship and crew were considered A. No. 1. What is somewhat remarkable, we brought home every man (with the exception of two, who were discharged during the first part of the voyage, on account of sickness contracted at home,) that we carried away. This is proof sufficient that there was good management on board. Many of the noble ships engaged in the whale fishery are commanded by men whose only recommendation is *that they can kill a whale*. Their knowledge extends no further; generally speaking they are better navigators than the captains of merchant ships, but as they usually commence their arduous business at an early age, they consequently have an opportunity of acquiring a good education, although many improve their minds while upon their lengthy voyages. Captain Hussey however was a man who had received a good education; he had a good stock of books, which he liberally loaned to the crew, and in return would borrow such as they chanced to have. Everything was agreeable and pleasant; we lived together, as happily as if one family. Many of our crew formed themselves into a musical band, which, after a time almost equalled the "Dedham Picnic Band," and every pleasant evening we had a "fore and after" on the main deck, much to the enjoyment of the captain, who said it would drive the scurvy out of their bones. We were in short all united, and if our ship was not filled with sperm oil, it was the fault of neither officers nor crew.

Nearly forty-five minutes had now elapsed since the whale disappeared; and every eye was strained in looking for him.

"There she blows," shouted half a dozen voices at once.

"I see him, my lads," said Captain Hussey. "There he is, Mr. Fisher, about a mile off; we will lay down and lower away."

The boats were immediately lowered from the davits into the water, and every man was soon in his respective place.

"Use your paddles instead of oars; do you hear in the other boats?" exclaimed the captain at the top of his voice.

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply.

I belonged to this boat, and had the honor of steering. It was soon perceptible that our boat was the nearest to the whale; which we were approaching rapidly.

"Dick," said the captain to me, "don't miss him, for he is an eighty barrel whale."

"Never fear sir," I replied, taking the head iron (i.e. harpoon) in my hand, and eyeing the huge whale as he slowly proceeded through the water, scarcely burying his hump.

We were now almost within dart, when the captain whispered to the men to seize the oars and pull. In an instant we were alongside.

"Give it to him roared the captain. "Bang," went one iron; "bang," went the other.

"Starn all—starn all—starn, you scamps, starn!" cried our elated captain, after having seen the second iron buried to the hitches in the back of the whale.

"Come aft here, my boy."

"Ay, ay, sir," I replied, going aft, and seizing the line which was around the logger-head in the stern of the boat. The captain went forward, preparing to use the deadly lance, as the other two boats came up with

the intention of also fastening. The whale, which a few minutes before was so quiet, now appeared more like an enraged bullock; his flukes (i. e. tail) was often high in the air, every joint of which was cracking, making a sound similar to the snapping of a hundred whips; and then his head would appear several feet out of water, which, together with his formidable jaws and frightful teeth, plainly showed his strength, and what was in his power to do. The second mate's boat approached the whale, and a young man by the name of Hale was standing up ready to dart the irons, but the whale caught sight of the boat, and instantly made for it with his mouth opened. Yet Hale was nothing daunted, but darted the irons, one after the other, and then jumped overboard. It was all that saved him, for the jaw of the whale came down upon the very spot where he had stood, and with so much power *that the head of the boat was bitten off*. He swam to our boat evidently grateful for having escaped. Mr. Fisher now pulled up.

"Be careful how you go on that whale," exclaimed the captain, much chagrined at the catastrophe which he had witnessed.

The mate however was not allowed to approach his whale-ship, for he politely gave the boat a gentle cuff with his flukes, which knocked the bottom in, and sent the boat in company with sundry whaling gear, such as harpoons, lances, walf-poles, line-tubs, &c.

"By George!" roared Captain Hussey, "two boats stoven, and the whale not having received a lance! Haul line! haul line! I will now see what we can do. Bow the line, Hale, and sit down upon the thwart," said he to the young man who had been taken into our boat and was standing up by his side. But he disregarded the captain's order, and still remained standing. The captain was in the act of darting the lance, when the whale turned upon us.

"Starn—starn—starn—starn all! Take the harpooner oar, Hale, and starn!" he eagerly exclaimed.

As Hale was about obeying this order, the whale rolled under the boat, and striking it at the same time with his jaw, so that by the collision he lost his balance and fell, *directly into the jaws of the whale!* The whale lifted his head out of the water, showing the young man firmly in his mouth, as if in mockery of all our attempts to capture him; he then disappeared with his victim.

How long the whale was out of sight I cannot tell. In a few seconds, however, Hale's hat came up and floated upon the surface; and about a minute after Hale himself appeared!

"Pull me in, for heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "I have been in the whale's jaw!"

We soon had him in the boat; his scalp was hanging by a portion of the skin, at the back of his head. It was replaced, and a handkerchief bound round to keep it in the right position. For some minutes he could not speak; but after a time he informed us he was not injured elsewhere.

"Where's the whale?" inquired the captain. "Blast the whale," I almost exclaimed.

"There he is, sir," answered one of the men, pointing out the whale.

"Well, haul line, we will haul up close to him and then cut, for Hale must be injured more seriously than perhaps we are aware of.

We were accordingly hauling up, when the whale "turned flukes" and disappeared.

"Cut line, it is folly to hold on any longer," said the captain.

The line was cut, and we were soon along-side the ship. Hale was hoisted up in the boat, and carried into the cabin, where he was examined by the captain and myself. On removing a portion of his clothes, several frightful wounds were discovered, one of which, in the lower extremity of his body was so large that a portion of the intestines were hanging out. There were others also upon his thighs. These were all sewed up and after being properly bandaged, he was placed in one of the cabin berths. The stoven-boats were picked up; and others immediately rigged, and put in order, while men were sent to the mast-heads, (with what hearts I won't pretend to say,) to look after the whale that had caused so much trouble.

"Pretty how-do-you-do," said the captain to the mate, who till now had been busy in making the changes in the boats. "Two boats knocked in pieces—craft of various kinds lost—and what is ten times worse, one of the boatsteers nearly killed—pretty morning's work, I want to see that whale once more, if it is only to ask him how he feels with those irons in his back."

Mr. Fisher expressed the same sentiments, adding that he had never witnessed such hard luck. What became of the whale I never learnt. If he was afterwards seen from the mast-head no one announced the fact. After a few days the carpenter had repaired the boats and some of the crew had partially forgotten the occurrence. But not so with Hale, he was obliged to remain below some weeks before he was enabled to go into the boat again. On being questioned by some one, what his thoughts were in the whale's jaws, he replied he thought *the whale might make about eighty barrels of oil*. I will merely add that he is now mate of a whaleship. Mr. Fisher now commands the "Napoleon," and Mr. Emmons the "Cyrus," both ships belonging to Nantucket; Captain Hussey is in the ship James Maury, of Salem.—*From the Norfolk Democrat.*

#### FEATHERY SHERIFFS.

ONE of the old philosophers defined man "a two legged animal without feathers." Had he lived in our day he might perhaps have described him as a *legged animal with feathers*, especially if he lived on the Rensselaer estate. The following from the Philadelphia Gazette is a very fair and very *funny* hit.

THE Helderberg Indians, we see, have tarred and feathered an Albany butcher who was a little refractory when selling beef to one of their party. We really do not know how the matter will stop, as things are now going, till the whole of the anti-Helderbergers have undergone the same process. There is no disposition manifested, on the part of the citizens at large, for resistance, and the only sensation they exhibit, when seeing one of their legal functionaries come home in the garbure of a fowl, is stupid wonder. So contented, in fact, do the authorities appear to be under the change of costume to which they have been subjected, that it will be a matter of no surprise should tar and feathers be taken as the official dress of the sheriff and under-sheriffs of Albany county. Livery of such a character would possess two advantages; in the first place, it would designate the usages to which sheriffs are put—flight and not fight; and in the second place



it would make unnecessary the forcible disrobement of its wearer whenever the populace is irritated.

It is true that under such circumstances deputy Sheriffs might be *plucked*; but as plucking is a thing they have often inflicted upon others, it is but fair that they should take a turn in experiencing it. We propose therefore, to the New York Tribune and the Albany Evening Journal, who are acting the part of mediators, two propositions, which will check dissatisfaction at least for the present; first, that the landlords in the contested region be sent in a mass to Texas; and secondly, that the legal functionaries be equipped in a full suit of tar and feathers. Governor Bouck, who, by the way, forgot himself so much the other day as to ask an aged Catholic bishop how his wife and children were—can have no objection, if we can judge from his late course, to a compromise of so satisfactory a character; and we submit, therefore, whether as the governor is the highest executive functionary in the state, it would not be expedient to prepare for him a dress on a more imposing scale than that used by his subordinates. To a stranger at Albany, no spectacle could be more striking than that of the governor as an ostrich, and the inferior authorities in various grades, from turkeys down to barn-door fowls.

*From the Boston Correspondent of the Rover.*

On various topics lightly do we muse,  
Uncertain what to claim or what refuse.

Bonner.

Our city for several weeks past has been kept in one continual jar, like Doctor Valentine's Hypochondriac's nerves, "all on a jar;" or as the Irishman said by his wig on the morning following a precious row, "it's in a bit of an uproar ye are!" Almost every day of this season the "Common" has presented some animated spectacle of parades, reviews and conventions. Not long since the Temperance Society held a grand jubilee, and succeeded in getting up more excitement on the strength of cold water than you could well conceive of for such an occasion. I have heard it said that more liquor was retailed on that day than usual; but, as in duty bound, I put down the remark as *slander*! Then followed the Seventeenth of June, the Fourth of July, and so on down to the grand Whig Convention on the 19th of September, which was immediately followed by "general muster!" and that was succeeded by—no matter what, plenty of noise and hubbub, you may be sure; for that seems to be the only principle on which the people can celebrate any thing—I had almost included "fast day" and "thanksgiving!"

In view of all this I have conjured up the following plan, or "order of exercise," for the most commendable celebration that ever was held, viz: for a season of quietude, and promise success to whatever party shall follow these directions.

On the day appointed, which should be as early as possible, every member must leave his bed just at the dawning of day and prepare to march; if he is a man of sedentary habits he may proceed one mile and return to his breakfast; if his occupation affords him sufficient physical exercise, he may march in a B line to business. When all of the members are situated in their proper stations, they may commence the celebration which they are to go through cheerfully, never making any unnecessary noise, never quarrelling on any topics, and especially on those that they know nothing about. Their thoughts must be expressed in

the fewest and simplest words, which are to be spoken in a tone not much louder than is actually necessary; this is a rule which all of the "speakers" will please to bear in mind. Having thus commenced your operations in the morning, let all of your proceedings through the remainder of the day be consistent therewith, so that at sundown, conscious of having done your duty in the cause of quiet industry, you that have wives and children may return to them, and single gentlemen may betake themselves to their books or other quiet studies, not having been carried home in a deplorable state of intoxication, a thing that too frequently occurs on celebration days. Thus having gone through one day industriously and happily, you will not forget that six days in every week afford you the same advantage for celebrating the privileges which kind Providence has granted you. Such being your course of conduct, you will soon find temperance and political conventions entirely superfluous; and having discussed, (in your own minds, remember,) the qualities and principles of any candidate for office, you may go and deposit your votes, feeling perfectly sure that your country "is safe," whether Texas is admitted or rejected!

These gala days, however, have not been the only things that have been got up to amuse or instruct the citizens of Boston. The exhibition of Allston's Belshazzar's Feast, (which I intend describing to you one of these days;) the Athenaeum gallery of paintings and statuary; and the annual exhibition of the Artists' Association, have all been open during the summer to the public; and—I had almost forgot to mention the most popular of all—Mrs. Pelby's numerous groups of wax statuary, *admittance 12 1-2 cents, children under twelve years of age half price*; toward the close of the season perhaps the price of admission will be reduced.

The Fair of the Mechanics' Charitable Institute has just closed, after a most brilliant season of success, and it is not saying too much to assert that it merited, in every respect, the liberal patronage of the Boston people. In the great hall (old Faneuil,) were exhibited all kind of American manufactured dry goods. Around were hung numerous pairs of gentlemen's "oh no, I never mention 'ems," already booted and spurred, as though their butterfly proprietors had just burst from the chrysalis. In the gallery of the same hall, the proprietors of a shower-bath stood exhibiting the machine in its full tide of operation. Another gentleman, the patient victim of inhuman curiosity, sat laboring at a patent centre table, which he could extend to the distance of about ten feet, and then wind it up, like a clock, with a small crank.

On leaving the ten thousand unspeakable articles, amounting almost to a chaos, in Faneuil Hall, the visitor passed across a sort of wicker-worked bridge, suspended over the street, into Quincy Hall. Here were hats, harrows and hand-saws, wigs, wagons, water buckets and wax-work, fire engines, carving knives, carriages and confectionery; but be it understood, that all of these did not form one heterogeneous mass; for although they, with a million of other things were there, each article was assigned to its appropriate place. One of the confectioners exhibited a young Bunker Hill Monument, made of "pound cake," with the label upon it, "there are fourteen gold rings in this cake!" which was about equivalent to as many very fine cambric needles in a hay-stack. Some individuals fondly imagine that there is luck even in lotteries, and

many such fanciful persons undoubtedly patronised that cake. One man kept a stall of shoe blacking, a very superior article; he exhibited its virtues by polishing the shoes of any gentleman (gratis) who might desire it. You would have been astonished at the intense interest manifested in regard to that patent blacking! Farther along were the works that came within the province of the fine arts. A great number of fine portraits were there. The Hon. S. T. A., (a gentleman who was once the accidental Governor of this State for the brief space of sixty days, and afterwards refused to be a candidate for lieutenant governor because, perhaps, he deemed it beneath his dignity to step back from the honorable seat where unforeseen events had placed him, into the unsequential chair to which the people were willing to exalt him,) was there finely represented by the best painted portrait, (if I am not mistaken in the name of the artist,) that Harding has ever produced. Mr. Ball, a promising young artist, exhibited a number of excellent pictures. But perhaps the most curious and wonderful specimen of art, was that of an elegant piece of embroidery, executed, as I understand, by a Mrs. Roberts, of this city. The scene represented King Richard III. with the young Prince of Wales, and the Queen, their mother, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Standing at a proper distance from the picture, it would be difficult to say that it was not a veritable oil painting, the colors being exceedingly rich, yet so artfully woven together as to impart all of that softness so peculiar to a good oil picture. It was undoubtedly the largest and most elaborate piece of the kind ever executed in this country. Among the French specimens of worsted work that have been imported, I have never seen any thing either equal to it in size or in delicacy of execution. There is no reason why embroidery should not rival the richest specimens of the Mosaic; the principle that governs one governs the other, and the piece above referred to, plainly discovers that the line dividing the two arts is but a slender one, that will soon be overstepped, strange as it may appear. BOSTON ROVER.

Boston, October, 1844.

**BALL IN A MADHOUSE.**—The French certainly carry their treatment of the insane to a far higher pitch of refinement than we do. The idea of giving a ball to the inmates of a lunatic asylum may startle some of our mad doctors; but what think they of the following precedent? On the 7th instant the female patients of the Saltpetriere were treated with a grand ball. The insane ladies themselves were entrusted with the getting up of the entertainment; they adorned the ball room with festoons, garlands, and devices; and in the midst they crowned with *immortelles* the bust of Pinel, the liberator of the insane from the old system of cruelty and terror. The dancing, it is said, went off with charming effect; the students, intern and extern, did the honors; and the festivity was kept up to an hour sufficiently advanced for the satisfaction of all parties, who, to do them justice, were indefatigable in their exertions to please and be pleased. It should be added, that the gay scene (which was appointed and arranged with the most serious object) has been generally attended with good effects; it served admirably to fix and amuse the minds of the patients; and several who labored under melancholy were much diverted, for the time, from their imaginary woes. M. Esquirol, some years ago, it seems, tried this method

with success; but it is to M. Pariset, the physician of Saltpetriere, that the credit is due of having so happily ventured on its repetition in the present instance.—*Med. Gazette.*

#### LOOK AHEAD.

#### PROSPECTIVE POPULATION AND DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following calculations, made up for Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, have a startling and powerful interest. To think that within a century from this time the territory of the United States will contain a population of *three hundred millions*, and that in less than fifty years it will contain a *hundred millions*, is indeed interesting, and shows in a striking light the magnitude of the responsibility of those who have and who shall hereafter have the destinies of this mighty Republic in their hands. The calculations do not seem to be extravagant, and are probably very near the truth.

In 1840 the United States had a population of 17,068,666. Allowing its future increase to be at the rate of 33 1-3 per cent. for each succeeding period of ten years, we shall number, in 1940, 303,101,641. Past experience warrants us to expect this increase. In 1790, our number was 3,927,827. Supposing it to have increased each decade, in the ratio of 33 1-3 per cent., it would, in 1840, have amounted to 16,560,236; being more than half a million less than our actual number, as shown by the census. With 300,000,000, we should have less than 150 to the square mile for our whole territory, and but 220 to the square mile for our organized states and territories. England has 300 to the square mile. It does not, then, seem probable that our progressive increase will be materially checked within the one hundred years under consideration. At the end of that period Canada will probably number at least 20,000,000. If we suppose the portion of our country east and west of the Appalachian chain of mountains, known as the Atlantic slope, to possess at that time 40,000,000, or near five times its present number, there will be left 260,000,000, for the great central region between the Appalachian and Rocky mountains, and between the Gulf of Mexico and Canada, and for the country west of the Rocky mountains. Allowing the Oregon Territory 10,000,000, there will be left 250,000,000 for that portion of the American States lying in the basins of the Mobile, Mississippi and St. Lawrence. If to these we add 20,000,000 for Canada, we have 270,000,000 as the probable number that will inhabit the North American valley at the end of the one hundred years, commencing in 1840. If we suppose one-third, or 90,000,000 of this number to reside in the country as cultivators and artisans, there will be 180,000,000 left for the towns, enough to people 360, each containing half a million. This does not seem as incredible as that the valley of the Nile, scarcely 12 miles broad, should have once, as historians tell us, contained 20,000 cities.

But, lest one hundred years seem too long to be relied on, in a calculation having so many elements, let us see how matters will stand fifty years from 1840, or forty-seven years from this time. The ratio of increase we have adopted cannot be objected to as extravagant for this period. In 1890, according to that ratio, our number will be 72,000,000. Of these 22,000,000 will be a fair allowance for the Atlantic slope. Of the remaining 50,000,000, 2,000,000 may reside west of the Rocky mountains, leaving 48,000,000 for the great valley with-

in the States. If to these we add 5,000,000 as the population of Canada, we have an aggregate of 53,000,000 for the North American valley. One-third, or say 18,000,000, being set down as farming laborers and rural artisans, there will remain 35,000,000 for the towns, which might be seventy in number, having each half a million of souls. It can scarcely be doubted that, within the forty-seven years, our agriculture will be so improved, as to require less than one-third to furnish food and raw materials for manufacture for the whole population. Good judges have said that we are not now more than twenty or thirty years behind England in our husbandry. It is certain that we are rapidly adopting her improvements in this branch of industry; and it is not to be doubted, that very many new improvements will be brought out, both in Europe and America, which will tend to lessen the labor necessary in the production of food and raw materials."

KNOWING FOLKS.—BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

How wondrous wise some people are!

How vast their knowledge is!

They know the sun is not a star,  
Nor the moon a piece of cheese.

They're very sure society

Consists of various sects,

And know that causes oftentimes  
Are followed by effects.

They bore one with strange theories

Of sciences occult,

And know a process must be tried  
To come to a result.

They tell you with a look profound—

Of course you must believe—

That often, in these wicked times,  
Appearances deceive.

They think consistency should mark

The ways of those who teach;

And think—as who does not?—they should  
Practice as well as preach.

They likewise have found out that he

Who quotes much holy-writ,

And wears a face as long's your arm,  
May be a hypocrite.

They know—good Heav'ns! what don't they know?

That honesty is rare;

That virtue is not *always* found  
In maidens who are fair.

In every matter, great or small,

What wisdom they display;

They'll swear, that, if the wind is right,  
'Twill be a rainy day.

And when a man in climbing falls

And breaks his neck—what then?

They know, as sure as eggs are eggs,  
He won't climb there again.

And when they hear a Yankee has

Been kill'd in Greece or Rome,

They doubt not he'd be living still,  
If he had staid at home.

In short, they know quite everything

That's sanctioned by the schools,

Except one little item—that

Themselves are knowing fools.

For the *Rover*—New York, Oct., 1844.

# MARGARET AND THE MINISTER.

A Scotch Story, not founded on, but all Fact,

BY LAURIE TODD.

I SPENT a month in London in 1833. During this period, I was engaged every night, Sundays excepted, to some club, society, *conversazione*, or dinner party. Among the latter, from the peer to the peasant. On one occasion I dined at Lord B——'s. There were twelve at the table, and six servants, in splendid uniform, to wait upon them. I put on my best black, and went into the carriage to this important affair. I had got a few glimpses at high life previous to this, so that I felt some confidence in myself. The mistress of the feast sat at the head of the table, and on her right sat a young lady, a Miss C——, at the right of whom I was seated, while the eldest daughter of the family, a fine young lady of seventeen, sat at my right hand. So that I sat between the *two*. When I looked at the servants, with their powdered heads and clothes of scarlet—at the vessels of gold and silver, jars of China and platters of glass—at the lords and ladies, the sirs and counts—at the room, the seats, sofas, ottomans, and footstools of which far outshone what I had read of Eastern luxury and splendor, and whose gas lamps and chandeliers sent forth a blaze more brilliant than a winter's sun—I thought this was rather going ahead of anything of the sort I had yet seen, and was afraid I might make some blunder; however, I was resolved to maintain my confidence, and make myself perfectly at home, like my worthy countryman, Sir Andrew Wyle, at a ball given by the Duchess of Dashingwell, in the next square to the one in which I was then partaking of London hospitality. I soon found that Miss C—— was a social, intelligent mortal, and felt myself at home with her at once.

"Miss," said I, "I have been at some fine parties in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool, but this is carrying the joke a little beyond any thing I have before seen; I am afraid I may go wrong, as I am some like the old woman in Scotland, who went to dine with the minister; so, if I blunder, you must help me along."

To this she readily consented. "But what of the old lady in Scotland?" said she.

"I have heard my father," I replied, "relate the story some fifty years ago. It happened in the parish where he lives."

She was much surprised to hear that he, my father, then lived, in his ninety-first year.

"On a certain market day," I continued, "Margaret, the wife of a neighboring farmer—in addition to her load of hens, geese, &c.—brought a small basket of eggs as a present to the minister. Having sold off her load of sundries, she wends her way to the parsonage. After inquiring how he, the wife, and *aw* the *bairns* did, she says—

"I hae brought ye *two* or three fresh eggs for the *gude* wife, to help in making her *youl banrocks*," (Christmas cakes.)

The eggs were kindly received, and it being dinner hour, she was invited to stop and take her *kail*, (soup.)

"Nay, nay," says Margaret, "I *dinna ken hu* to behave at great folks' tables."

"Oh, never mind," said the minister. "Just do as ye see we do."

Margaret was finally persuaded, and sat down at the table. It so happened that the minister was old

and well stricken with age, and had, with all, received a stroke of the palsy; in conveying the spoon from the dish to his lips, the arm being unsteady, the soup was apt to spill; therefore, to prevent damage befalling his clothes, it was his custom to fasten one end of the table-cloth to the top of his waistcoat, just under his chin. Margaret, who sat at the opposite corner of the table, watching the motions, pinned the other end of the table-cloth to a strong homespun shawl, under her chin. She was attentive to every move. The minister deposited a quantity of mustard on the edge of his plate, and Margaret, not observing this *fugal* exactly, carried the spoon to her mouth. The mustard soon began to operate on the olfactory nerves. She had never seen mustard before, and did not know what it meant. She thought she was bewitched. To expectorate on the carpet *wad* be a sin. She was almost crazy with pain. Just at this moment the girl, coming in with some clean plates, opened the door near which Margaret sat. Margaret at once sprung for the door, upset the girl, plates and all, and swept the table of all its contents, the crash of which added speed to her flight. Making two steps at once in descending the stairs, the minister, befast at the other end of the table-cloth, was compelled to follow as fast as his tottering limbs would move. He held to the banisters till the pins gave way, when away flew Margaret, who never again darkened the minister's door.

#### DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO STREET LOUNGERS.

The following humorous dialogue is credited to the *Democratic Review*, although we do not recollect having read it there.

"When a feller's any sort of a feller," said Nicholas, "to be ketched at home is like being a mouse in a wire-trap. They poke sticks in your eyes, squirt cold water on your nose and show you to the cat. Common people, Billy—low, onery, common people can't make it out when natur's raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's forgot. If a man works all the time, day in and day out—if he smokes by the fire or whistles out of the window, the very gals bump agin him, and say, 'Git out of the way loaf!' Now, what I say is this: if people hasn't had genteel fotchin up, you can't no more expect 'em to behave as if they had been foch'd up genteel, than you can make good cigars out of a broom-handle."

"That are a fact," ejaculated Billey Bunkers, with emphasis; for Billey had experienced in his time treatment at home somewhat similar to that complained of by Nicholas Nollikins.

"But, Billy, my son, never mind, and keep not a lettin on," continued Nollikins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance; *the world is a railroad and the cars is a comin*—all we'll have to do is to jump in free. There'll be a time—something must be happen. Rich widders, Billy, are about yet, though they're snapped up so fast. Rich widders, Billy, is special providences, as my old boss used to say when he broke his nose in the entry, sent here like rafts to pick up deserving chaps when they can't swim any longer. When you've been down twyst Billy, and are just off agin, and then comes the widder a floatin' along. Why, splatterdox is nothin' to it, and a widder is the best of life preservers, when a man is most a case like me or you."

"Well, I'm not particklar, not I, nor ever was. I'll

take a widder, for my part, if she's got the mint drops, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was aristocratic. I drinks with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up stiffly? It's my principle that othe folks are nearly as good as me, if they are not constables or aldermen. I can't stand them sort."

"No, Billy," said Nollikins, with an encouraging smile, "no, Billy, such individuals as them don't know human natur—but as I was goin' to say, if there happens to be a short crop of widders, why can't somebody leave us a fortin? That will be as well if not better. Now, look here, what's easier than this?—I'm standin' on the wharf; a rich man tries to get aboard of the boat, the niggers push him off the plank, and in he goes caplash. The old gentlemen isn't drowned, but he might have been if it hadn't a-been for me, and then if he had a-been, where's the use of his money then? So he gives me as much as I want now and a great deal more when he defuncts rigglar accordin' to law and the practice of civilized nations. You see, that's the way the thing works. I'm at the wharf every day; can't afford to lose the chance; and I begin to wish the old chap would hurry about comin' along. What can keep him?"

"If it'd come to the same thing in the end," remarked Billy Bunkers, "I'd rather the niggers would push the old man's little boy into the water if its all the same to him. Them fat old fellers is so heavy when they're skeered, and hang on so. Why, I might drown before I had time to go to the bank with the check! But what's the use in waitin'? Couldn't we shove 'em in some warm afternoon? Who'd know in a crowd?"

#### THE INVALID HUSBAND AND THE FAITHFUL WIFE.

SHORTLY after her marriage, and in consequence of cold, her husband became a sad invalid. For thirty years, she lived separated from the world, a faithful and lonely attendant of the sick man; and what she bore and what she endured the world knew not, for she endured all in silence. For several years her husband could not bear the light; she learned, therefore, to knit in darkness, and thus made a large knitted carpet. "Into this carpet," said she, as she once spoke accidentally of herself, "have I knit many tears!"

One of the many hypochondriacal fancies of her husband was, that he was about to fall into a yawning abyss, and only could believe himself safe so long as he held the hand of his wife. Thus for one month after another, she sat by his couch.

At length the grave opened for him; and thanking his wife for the happiness he had enjoyed in the house of sickness on earth, he sank to rest in the full belief of a land of blessedness beyond. When he was gone, it seemed to her as if she were of no more use than an old almanac; but here also again her soul raised itself under its burden, and she regulated her life with peace and decision. In course of years she grew more cheerful, and the originality of her talents and disposition which nature had given to her, and which, in her solitude, had undisturbedly followed their own bent, brought a freshness with them into social life, into which she entered at first rather from resolution than from feeling at ease in it.

"The Lord ordains all things for the best." That had always been, and still remained, the firm anchor—



age of her soul. But it was not this alone which gave to her the peace and gentleness which announced themselves in her voice, and diffused a true grace over her aged and not handsome countenance; for even as the sunken sun often throws the loveliest light upon the earth which it has left, so does a beloved, but departed human being, cast a light of holy remembrance on the remaining solitary friend. Mrs. Gunilla herself lived in such remembrance; she knew it not, but ever since the death of her husband, the dark pictures of her suffering had vanished more and more, and her own person, dignified by patience and suffering, became ennobled as by a transfiguration: the light which was in her soul cast a glory around her. She seldom mentioned the name of her husband; but when she did so, it was like a breath of summer air in voice and countenance.

She collected good people about her, and loved to promote their happiness; and whenever there was a young couple whose narrow circumstances, or whose fears for the future filled them with anxiety, or a young but indigent man who was about to fall into debt and difficulty, Mrs. Gunilla was ever at hand, even though she came late.

**A DAMPER.**—A correspondent of the New Haven Courier, writing from Sachem's Head, where he has been rusticated, gives the following amusing account of an adventure which occurred within his hearing while there:

"Upon my arrival at this place, I noticed a pretty girl who, from her youthful appearance and manners, I supposed to be a candidate for matrimony. She was accompanied by a young brother, and a sister rather older than herself. In the course of the afternoon a handsome and well dressed man of about thirty, alighted from a carriage and entered the house. Between the two strangers an instant and friendly recognition took place, mutual inquiries were made and answered concerning each other's health, family, &c. I left the long separated lovers together, for such I at once surmised them to be, and strolled along the shore to my favorite seat. I had not remained there many minutes, when I discovered the pair approaching, and concealed by a projecting fragment of rock, surveyed them unobserved. They advanced directly to the spot where I was, and stood so near me that their conversation was audible.

"I am rejoiced to hear," said the girl, "that you have succeeded so well in business, and I suppose (she added with a laugh) that you intend taking a wife back with you. Well, let me choose one for you; there are plenty of pretty girls now in —"

"I shall not return, Hetty," said the other with a smile, "I intend building a neat house near your mother's, on the B—— lot, and making your town my place of residence."

"Oh!" replied his fair companion, "that will be very agreeable—it will make the neighborhood so lively."

"I hope it will prove so to you, Hetty, for I have indulged the hope," responded the gentleman, with a warmth which brought the blushes to the cheeks of his beautiful colloquist, and made her retreat a step or two from him, "as we have been associates from childhood, and our families always upon terms of intimacy, that we should be mutually conducive of each other's happiness."

"Certainly!" returned the lady, almost breathless

with surprise, "I trust that we shall never cease to be friends."

"More than friends, Hetty," ejaculated the lover.

"Mercy on me! Henry, Mr. —, I mean—Julia, John, come here!" said she, beckoning to her brother and sister, who were a few rods distant. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Then you are already engaged!"

"No—yes—why, Mr. —, you are jesting—are you not aware—?"

"Speak—for heaven's sake—of what?"

"Why," said the lady, recovering her composure, and ultimately breaking into a merry laugh, "that I have been a married woman these six weeks."

"Oh—!—!"

But I have no room for more, and if I had, it is doubtful whether I ought to write it.

**POETICAL TRIADS.**—Mr. Owen Pugh, the Welsh bard, being called upon for his opinion of the requisites of a poet, wrote on the spot the following parody on his Bardic Triads:

1. The three primary requisites of poetical genius: An eye that can see nature: a heart that can feel nature: and a resolution that dares follow nature.
2. The three final intentions of poetry—Increase of goodness, increase of understanding, and increase of delight.
3. The three properties of a just imagination—what may be, what ought to be, and what seemingly is to be.
4. The three indispensibilities of poetical language—purity, copiousness and ease.
5. Three things that ought to be well understood in Poetry—the great, the little, and their correspondencies.
6. Three things to be avoided in poetry—the mean, the obscure, and the extravagant.
7. Three things to be chiefly considered in poetical illustration—what shall be obviously seen, what shall be instantly admired, and what shall be eminently characteristic.
8. The three dignities of poetry—the true and wonderful united, the union of the beautiful and the wise, and the union of art and nature.
9. The three advantages of poetry—the praise of goodness and the memory of what is remarkable, and the invigoration of the affections.
10. The three purities of poetry—pure truth, pure language and pure conception.
11. Three things that poetry should thoroughly be—thoroughly learned, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.

**THE DUTY OF A BACHELOR OF FORTY-FIVE.**—You will naturally ask me how a man should enjoy the evening of life. Should he marry? By all means. It is the wisest thing he can do. But if he passes forty-five, he should make no unnecessary delay, for he is not far from being old enough. And at any age below sixty, or perhaps seventy, I think his wisest course is to marry. Let him rear a circle of tender and attached friends around him, who will serve him with affection, and whom he can love without fear. There is joy in the respect paid to you by your countrymen; there is joy in literary or warrior, fame but there is no earthly joy like that of a parent of a family.—*From a series of Lay Sermons by the Ettrick Shepherd.*

## THE DIRGE OF THE MARINER.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

I ASK not to sleep where the ancient church-bell  
Will fright the young birds from my grave—  
More dear than its chime is the requiem swell,  
And musical chime of the wave :  
Let not the frail herbage grow over my bones,  
Which the winter-gale covers with snow ;  
O ! bury me not where memorial stones,  
Earth's chronicled sepulchres show.

But place me away where the curlews sweep  
Round the ocean's unlaurelled goal ;  
On the sparkling beach, where the surges sleep,  
And the waters forget to roll ;  
I have lived on its mighty and solemn breast,  
And I love it far more than the land ;  
O ! when I am dead, let my ashes rest  
Entombed on the weltering strand !

For there the green billows with chaplets of foam  
Will come from the midst of the sea,  
Like friends from the haunts of my ocean home,  
To utter their sorrow for me ;  
They will bring gay weeds from the fathomless caves  
And twine them above my head,  
And the ambient gleam of the distant waves  
They will cast on my lonely bed.

With shells like the rainbow, and pebbles rare,  
They'll emanate the polished strand,  
And the signs of their faithful vigils there  
Will be traced on the silver sand.  
Sadly the sound of their mournful retreat  
In the distance will die away,  
And wildly the sobs of their coming will greet  
The home of the mariner's clay.

They'll haste on the wings of the tempest, to wail,  
Or under the starlight to sigh ;  
They'll throng like an army its chieftain to hail,  
Or meekly creep thither to die.  
Let my slab be inscribed by the radiant wave,  
My shroud be enwove from the surge,  
Let no tears but the spray wet the mariner's grave,  
And the sea sound forever his dirge !

SCIENCE AND SENTIMENT.—The remarkable experiments of Professor Morse with his electric telegraph are already giving an indication of some very whimsical results, which may be expected to exhibit themselves hereafter in a still more curious manner from this new mode of communication. Our last accounts of him, it may be remembered, recorded the fact that he finds himself able to dispense with the electric vein in crossing rivers, the water itself being a sufficient medium of communication—acting upon the suggestion it seems that a young Marylander (whether connected with the party of Prof. Morse we are not informed) placed the necessary apparatus in the hands of a young lady residing on the opposite side of the Chesapeake, opposite to that where these interesting scientific experiments are going forward. An acquaintance, and rival, it is said, learning the motive of the clandestine correspondence that was thus arranged, provided himself likewise with a galvanic battery of greater power and facility, and succeeded in drawing off the telegraphic sign that was intended for the other.

The consequences are said to be of so unpleasant a nature that the friends of all parties are now trying to hush up the matter, and though a duel between the two gentlemen was at first apprehended, it is hoped that their kind offices will be successful.

POSTHUMOUS WIT.—Dr. Jasper Main, who lived in the reign of James I, of England, was celebrated as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent raillery and practical jokes. This was his ruling passion. Just before he expired, he told a servant with a grin, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he bequeathed to him something in an old trunk that *would make him drink*. The servant, as soon as his master was dead, impatiently opened the trunk, expecting of course to find a heap of treasure ; but alas, his disappointment was great at finding nothing in the trunk but a *red herring*.

THE SKIN OF A FAT DOG.—Would ye like to buy a dog skin sir ? If it is a good one I will. Why it was taken off the fattest dog you ever saw, he was dreadful fat—oh, you never did see anything like it—he was as fat—as fat—oh he was *almighty* fat ! But I don't know about fat dog's skins being so very good : I have heard they were tender. Oh—but—*wal*—I don't know as I can say he was so darned thunderation fat after all.

AFFECTING.—Village poets are full and running over with true fire. The way they twist off the sentimental, is positively excruciating. Just hear this specimen :

I kissed the tiny hand I held,  
I pressed the fairy form,  
I vowed I'd shield her from the blast.  
And from the world's cold storm ;  
She raised her melting eyes to mine,  
They were filled with drops of woe ;  
With quivering lips she faintly said :  
" Now, darn ye, let me go ! "

The Prussian Government, in order to avoid, as far as possible, accidents upon the railroads, has founded a school at Berlin for teaching the art of directing and managing locomotives ; and an ordinance has been issued, that from and after the 1st of January, 1846, no persons shall be employed as drivers of locomotives, on the railways of that kingdom, but those who have been taught at this school, and obtain a certificate of their capability.

A WAR STEAMER, constructed of mahogany, and intended to be the largest in the world, is on the stocks, and will probably be launched in April next. She is to be called the Terrible.

A MAN may be very zealous for some appendages of religion, while extremely languid about religion itself.

How short life would be, if hope did not give it extent ?

THE body increases by sleep, the mind accumulates by watching.

Do not shorten the long nights by slumber nor prolong the day by wickedness.

To teach a knave, is to put a dagger into the hands of an assassin.

FORTUNE comes with chains on her feet, but when she retires she breaks them all by the effort of her flight.

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ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND SQUARE

Engraved by J. Smith







# THE ROVER.

## ST. PETER'S CHURCH AT ROME.

WITH A VERY BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVING.

The following description of this most splendid church in the world, is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. Flisk, President of the Wesleyan University in Connecticut.

At the head of the basilica churches we must place St. Peter's, which, in fact, stands at the head of all churches, if not of all structures that now exist, in point of architectural elegance and costliness of finish. In some respects the edifice is unfavorably situated, for it is overlooked on the one side by the towering pile of the Vatican palace, elevated on the rising hill, and on the other side it is flanked by uncouth buildings. But these defects are measurably remedied by the splendid and spacious piazza in front, and especially by the covered galleries that wing out from each side, and the unrivalled semicircular triple porticoes that start from these galleries and sweep round the open piazza in indescribable grandeur. These porticoes are supported by four rows of Doric columns, giving, in each wing, two sides and a central arcade, the latter being wide enough for two carriages abreast, and the three are fifty-six feet in breadth. There are two hundred and eighty-four columns sixty-one Paris feet in height, surmounted with a balustrade, on which stand one hundred and ninety-two colossal statues. In passing up the arcades you enter the cloistered galleries, three hundred and sixty feet in length, and these bring you into the end of the vestibule. If you go up the right portico you have also in front the *Scala Regia*, or royal staircase. This is an enchanting position. In one direction the staircase, in the opposite the gallery and portico, and in another this grand vestibule, four hundred and thirty-nine Paris feet in length, by thirty-seven in breadth and sixty-two in height, with its vaulted gilded ceiling, its doors, niches, statues, and fountains receding in the distant perspective, and terminating in the equestrian statue of Charlemagne. This noble statue is placed as the guardian genius of that end of the vestibule, in the same manner that a similar one of Constantine guards this.

But we must say a few things of the interior of this church, to notice which minutely would take a volume. The lower, or substructure, still remains, with additions and repairs, as it was built by Constantine. He chose this spot, which was formerly the site of the Circus of Nero, because it was said St. Peter was buried here. This ancient church stood until about the middle of the fifteenth century, when it was principally removed, and the present edifice commenced under the pontificate of Nicholas V. The new structure was carried on under different pontiffs and a succession of architects, the principal of whom were Rosellini and Alberti, who commenced it, Bramante, Raphael, Sangallo, and, above all, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, who planned the cupola, boasting that he would elevate the pantheon to the top of the church. This has, in effect, been accomplished. The edifice, with the exception of some of the ornaments and the acroty, was finished in about two hundred and fifty years.

The Basement Chapel, with its ancient ornaments, VOLUME IV.—No. 6.

sepulchres, altars, and shrines, is a most interesting structure, but can only be seen by lamplight, as the light of the day shines not here. The principal apparent entrance is by the *Sacra Confessione*, which is surrounded by a beautiful balustrade just in front of the high altar, and surmounted by a hundred lamps constantly burning. This is descended by a double flight of steps to the tomb of St. Peter, whose mortal remains are said to be entombed here. The marble statue of Pius VI., however, kneeling before the bronze doors that lead into St. Peter's tomb, guards this passage, and spectators descend another way.

The modern church is of gigantic dimensions: the extreme length of the nave is six hundred and fourteen feet; the breadth of the church two hundred and seven. It is in the form of a Latin cross, and the breadth of the cross is seventy-nine feet. The diameter of the cupola is one hundred and thirty-nine feet, and its extreme interior height from the floor of the church three hundred and ninety-three feet. The view as you enter the church is one of the finest, if not the very first, taking all things into the account, that can be obtained in any position within or without. The eye traces the entire length and height at a glance; a glance that kindles in the soul the commingled emotions of sublimity and beauty, heightened by the overwhelming surprise and astonishment that so much of grandeur and beauty could ever be thrown into one perspective by human industry and genius. One of the features of St. Peter's that adds much to its effect is the richness and perfection of its finish: it is incrustated with marbles of various kinds, and beautifully wrought; its pillars are elegant, and seven of them, it is said, are from the temple at Jerusalem.

Another feature is its symmetry and exact proportions. These are so perfect that they deceive the eye as to the dimensions of everything you see. The statue of an ordinary cherub, appearing about the size of a well-grown infant in his mother's arms, is found, on examination, to be gigantic. No one would suppose the pillars to be of one fourth the size they find them to be by actual measurement. Each of the four pillars on which the cupola rests is two hundred and six Paris feet in circumference; rather a large pillar this to come down in the centre of the church, and yet four of these dimensions do not appear to take an undue proportion of room.

Another feature which calls out the admiration of the spectator at every turn is the splendid sepulchral monuments, and the pictures in mosaic. Here are the tombs of the popes, of princes, and illustrious characters. Here are the most splendid mosaic of the most splendid pictures in the world, all gigantic in size, and elegant in design and execution.

Another fine view is in or near the centre, under the cupola. The interior of the dome is incrustated with mosaics; immediately under it is a splendid baldachino, with spiral pillars, supporting a bronze canopy overshadowing the high altar. Beyond this, at the upper end of the tribuna, is the chair of St. Peter; and also, above it, a transparent painting of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. But I must break off abruptly from this description of the edifice, while of its contents or of its services I can say little more than I have

said already in my account of the ceremonies of Holy Week. At the south end of the cross are confessionals, where priests, in all the different languages of Europe, officiate at stated hours, each box having over it the name of the language in which the confession is heard. When the priest is in his place a long rod runs out obliquely, with which he touches the head of any individual who, passing by, chooses to kneel to receive his benediction.

Mr. Lyman, in his work on the political state of Italy, gives a catalogue of seventy-nine sacred relics contained in this church. Most of these are the bones of saints. Here, also, in one of the chapels, is the column against which the Saviour leaned when he was disputing with the doctors. Here are the cradle and hay of the manger where Christ lay, and the veil of the blessed Virgin; the mantle and girdle of Joseph; the holy sweat of our Saviour; and I know not what else. But to describe the relics of Rome would take a large volume: some of the churches have many more than St. Peter's.

You ascend St. Peter's by a gradual ascent to the base of the dome. Here you may go out upon the roof, and then you perceive you have never before had any just conception of its magnitude. The roof of this church seems of itself a little city, covered with towns, cottages, cisterns, plains and hills, slopes and precipices. Returning, you ascend the cupola by a zigzag staircase, which goes up between the two walls of the canopy of the cupola, for it has double walls, to the top. Thence you go up a difficult passage through a narrow throat into the great brass ball above the dome, which from below looks like a small globe; but, when you reach it, you find it will contain sixteen or twenty men. Females can enter this with some difficulty. Mrs. F., anxious to get to the height of St. Peter's, succeeded in entering the ball. The heat, however, is almost suffocating, and, in very hot weather, must be insupportable. We were glad to hasten down. The entire perpendicular height to the top of the cross over the ball is four hundred and forty-eight feet.

#### GIANTS.

NATHAN LAMPMAN, of Coxsackie, N. Y., who is now sixteen years of age, and seven feet one inch in height, bids fair to become a man of *higher standing* in the world than any man now living, having grown nine inches during the past year; and on the usual rules of growth, will probably reach at least one foot more. He weighs 193 lbs. Judging from analogy, in such unnatural cases, by the time he gets his full growth, upward, he will begin to become corpulent, and may obtain the monster bulk of Daniel Lambert, if not surpass it.

Lambert was a native of England, and was buried at Stamford, where two suits of his clothes are preserved for the inspection of the curious. Seven common sized men have stood within the enclosure of his waist-coat without starting a stitch or straining a button. His coffin measured six feet four inches wide, and two feet four inches deep, and contained 112 superficial feet of elm. It was built upon two axle-trees and four clog wheels, upon which his remains were taken to the place of interment. His grave was dug with a gradual sloping for many yards, and upward of twenty men were employed for half an hour in getting the corpse into its last abode. Mr. Lambert's bulk did not increase above the ordinary size until he had reached the age of 21. A pair of stockings made for and

worn by him, measured in circumference, at the ankle, twenty-four inches, and at the calf nearly forty inches. The weight of this mass of mortality was 672 lbs.

#### THE FAITHFUL SON.

"My tale is simple and of humble birth,  
A tribute of respect to real worth."

"You are too parsimonious," said Mr. Dana to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting-house one morning—"give me leave to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store."

Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and a tear trembled on his manly cheek.

"Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provided more genteel habiliments," continued Mr. Dana, "I would increase it."

"My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir," replied Henry, in a voice choked with that proud independence of feeling which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed the agitation, and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. Dana was a man of immense wealth and ample benevolence; he was a widower, and had but one child, a daughter who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel, or as perfect as Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with her to admire and love her. Such was Caroline Dana, when Henry became an inmate of her father's abode.

No wonder, then, that he soon loved her with deep and devoted affection; and reader, had you known him, you would not have wondered that that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial; they were cast in virtue's purest mould—and although their tongues never gave utterance to what they felt, yet the language of their eyes told too plainly to be mistaken. Henry was the soul of honor, and although he perceived that he was not indifferent to Caroline the passion in his bosom was stifled. "I must not endeavor to win her young and artless heart. I am penniless, and cannot expect that her father will ever consent to her union—he has ever treated me with kindness, and I will not be ungrateful." Thus he reasoned, and thus he heroically endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle but decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclinations.

He was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled before he quit the stage of existence. It was long ere he suspected that young Henry was the cause of her indifference to others. The evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush on her cheek whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they took more than common interest in each other's welfare.

Thus satisfied, he forbore making any remarks upon the subject, but was not as displeased at the supposition as the penniless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been about a year in his employ, Mr. Dana knew nothing of his family, but his strict integrity, his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make him esteem him highly. He



was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress, as well as manners, as respectable as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of wardrobe, for although he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Mr. Dana did not think this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject, and if possible, ascertain the real cause—this he did in the manner we have related.

Soon after this conversation took place. Mr. Dana left home on business. As he was returning, and riding through a beautiful village, he alighted at the door of a cottage, and requested a drink. The mistress, with an ease and politeness that convinced him that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to walk in. He accepted her invitation; and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of no more than was so exquisitely clean that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort all around. A venerable looking old man, who had seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. Dana, sat leaning on his staff; his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could have scarcely told which had been the original piece.

"That is your father, I presume?" said Mr. Dana, addressing the lady.

"It is sir."

"He seems to be quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year—he has survived all his children except myself."

"You have once seen better days."

"I have. My husband was wealthy, but false friends have ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount, which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another, until we were reduced to poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children soon followed him."

"Have you any remaining children?"

"I have one, and he is my only support. My health is so feeble I cannot do much, and my father, being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from me the amount of his salary; but I am convinced he sends me nearly all, if not the whole amount of it."

"Then he is not at home with you?"

"No, sir, he is a clerk for a wealthy merchant in Philadelphia."

"Pray what is your son's name?"

"Henry Whitman."

"Henry Whitman?" exclaimed Mr. Dana—"why he is my clerk! I left him at my house not a fortnight since."

Here followed a succession of inquiries which evinced an anxiety and a solicitude that a mother alone can feel—to all of which Mr. Dana replied to her satisfaction.

"You know our Henry?" said the old man raising his head from his staff; "well sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived; God bless him. He will bless him for his goodness to his poor old grandfather," he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"He is a worthy fellow, to be sure," said Mr. D., rising, and placing a well filled purse in the hands of the old man. "He is a worthy young man, and shall not want friends, be assured."

He left the cottage.

"Noble boy," said he mentally, as he was riding

leisurely along, ruminating on his interview; "noble boy, he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness. 'I believe he loves my girl, and if he does, he shall have her, and all my property in the bargain.'"

Filled with this project, and determined, if possible, to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room next morning after his arrival home. Caroline was alone.

"So Henry is about to leave us to go to England and try his fortune," he carelessly observed.

"Henry about to leave us!" said Caroline, dropping the work she held in her hand—"about to leave us and going to England!" she added, in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

"To be sure; but what if he is, my child?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing—only I thought we should be rather lonesome," she replied, turning away to hide the tears she could not suppress.

"Tell me, Caroline," said Mr. Dana, tenderly embracing her, "tell me—do you not love Henry? You know I wish your happiness, my child. I have ever treated you with kindness, and you have never, until now, kept anything hid from your father."

"Neither, will I now," she replied, hiding her face in his bosom. "I do most sincerely esteem him, but dare not for the world tell him so, for he has never said it was returned."

The daughter was left alone.

"Henry," said he, entering the counting-house, "you expect to visit the country shortly, do you—I believe you told me so?"

"Yes, sir, in about four weeks."

"If it would not be too inconvenient," rejoined Mr. Dana, "I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer, at least."

"It will be no inconvenience, sir, and if it would oblige you, I will with pleasure."

"It will most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about six weeks, and I would not miss having you attend the wedding."

"Caroline to be married, sir!" said Henry, starting as if by an electric shock, "Caroline to be married! Is it possible?"

"To be sure it is; but what is there so wonderful about that?"

"Nothing, sir; only it was rather sudden, rather unexpected, that's all."

"It is rather sudden, to be sure, but I am an old man, and wish to see her have a protector—and as the man is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and I am very glad that you can stay to the wedding."

"I cannot stay, sir—indeed I cannot!" replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

"You cannot stay?" replied Mr. Dana; "why you just said you would."

"Yes sir, but business requires my presence in the country, and I must go."

"But you said it would not put you to any inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure."

"Command me in anything else, sir, but in that request I cannot oblige you," said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow, he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was so soon, so irrevocably to become another's, the latent spark burst

forth into an unextinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavor to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness—

"Henry, tell me frankly, do you love my girl?"

"I will be candid with you, sir," replied Henry, unconscious that his agitation had betrayed him. "Had I a fortune such as she merits, and as you sir, have a right to expect, I should esteem myself the happiest of men could I gain her love."

"Then, she is yours," cried the delighted old man; "say not a word about property, my boy—true worth is better than riches. I was only trying you, Henry—and Caroline will never be married to any other but yourself."

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment, Henry remained silent; but his looks spoke volumes. At last he said—

"I scorn to deceive you, sir; I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a feeble mother and grandfather who are—

"I know it—I know it all, Henry," said Mr. Dana, interrupting him. "I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honor you for it—it was that which first put it into my head to give you Caroline—so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both." They separated.

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring; but her father was inexorable. He supposed he would have to own a falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder two; but it was too much—entirely so—and he had told Henry that she was going to be married in six weeks—and he could not forfeit his word.

"But, perhaps," added he, apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, "we shall have to defer it after all, for you have important business in the country about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smiling: "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful, sir, and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed, you could not."

"You have once been young, sir," said Henry.

"I know it—I know it," replied he laughing heartily, "but I am afraid too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding."

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for, and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time, and that, blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

#### NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

THE capture of the United States frigate *President*, by a British squadron, off Long Island, near the close of the last war, was marked by many interesting circumstances, which have been thus narrated by one who was an eye witness.

"It is well known that the *President* sustained considerable injury by striking on the bar beyond Sandy

Hook on the night that she put to sea, which greatly impeded her sailing. This accident and the delay occasioned by it, rendered it very doubtful whether she would be able to elude the enemy's vigilance, who were known to have a force of three frigates and a 64 gun ship cruising along the coast. As the day dawned the apprehensions of Com. Decatur were realized. The whole of the enemy's squadron was in sight at no great distance, and in a brief interval their clouds of canvass were seen raised to the breeze in eager pursuit. The largest of the frigates, the *Endymion*, a ship of equal size and force with the *President*, took the lead in the chase, and it was very apparent that her superior sailing would render all hope of escape from her futile; not that there was any disinclination to try the issue of a brush with her single handed, but, on the contrary, such was the confidence in our naval superiority and in the hero who commanded, that every heart would have exulted at the thought of such an encounter without a fear of the consequences. But Decatur saw that if he commenced an engagement with the *Endymion* it could hardly be decided before the other ships would arrive and determine the result against him. The chase continued fresh and animated until after sunset, when the enemy's ship having arrived within gun shot began to pour in her well directed fire. At this moment Decatur conceived a plan which, with his characteristic decision, he determined to carry, if possible, into execution. It was no less than to run the *President* along side of the *Endymion*, carry her by boarding, escape by her superior sailing, and leave his own crippled vessel a prey to the enemy.

"The conception was worthy of the hero, and was hailed with three enthusiastic cheers when communicated to the crew. Orders were promptly given to wear ship for the purpose, but the enemy took the alarm, steered off, and frustrated the intended manoeuvre.

"No alternative was now left but to fight the *Endymion* at her own distance, and matters soon wore a very terrific aspect. A running fire commenced on both sides, which was fatal to many of the officers of the *President*. Mr. Babbitt, the first lieutenant, was killed early in the action, and lieutenant Hamilton was soon after cut in two by an eighteen pound shot. This amiable officer shook hands and took leave of a friend as he was departing to his station, and in a few minutes after, when that friend was hastening to the quarter deck to make a report to the Commodore, he met his faithful servant, who exclaimed, in a tone of anguish, 'Oh, sir, poor Mr. Hamilton is just killed.'

"Meanwhile the contest, which had raged fiercely more than an hour, began to abate on the part of the enemy, and it was very evident that they were unable to continue it much longer. As their fire ceased, lieutenant Howell observed to a midshipman who was standing by his side, 'well, we have flogged that fellow after all—he can fight no longer.' He had hardly uttered these words when a gun flashed, and he exclaimed, 'No, he is firing yet.' The midshipman moved to look as he spoke, but, hearing a groan at the moment, he turned round and the gallant Howell was lying on the deck in the convulsions of death. That very flash was but the precursor of the fatal shot that struck him while he was speaking. The midshipman found afterwards that he himself had narrowly escaped the same shot, it having carried away a part of the belt of his own dirk, which was hanging by his side.

"By this time the Pomone and Tenedos frigates having come up, had taken their positions to pour in upon the President their murderous broadsides, and further resistance to such unequal odds seemed madness. Painful as the necessity was, it seemed imperative, and Decatur gave orders for the flag to be struck.

"Though it was the latter part of January the sun rose the next morning with a mild and vivifying radiance. The hostile attitude of the parties having been changed by the result into the relation of victors and vanquished, it now only remained to the victors to make the necessary preparations to transport their prize to Bermuda.

"On Commodore Decatur, however, and the survivors, was devolved the sad duty of consigning to their graves the remains of those who had fallen in the bloody contest. The bodies of lieutenants Babbitt, Hamilton, and Howell, wrapped in tarry sheets, were borne to the ship's side, and prepared to be consigned to the depths below. Around stood the silent group, attended by a detachment of British marines, who were deputed to pay them the closing honors of war. The Episcopal burial service was read in an impressive manner, by Decatur, and as he pronounced the words 'We commit these bodies to the deep,' the marines fired their funeral knell, and they were simultaneously launched into the ocean.

"One sudden plunge—the scene was o'er;  
The sea rolled on as it rolled before."

"It is a remarkable circumstance that when the prize crew was sent on board the President from the squadron, inquiry was immediately made by a British officer if lieutenant Babbitt was on board and well. When told of his death he was greatly affected, and observed that he had been a few months before a prisoner of war in the United States, and stationed in the village where the family resided with whom Mr. B. expected to be allied in marriage, and that he had given them a pledge at his departure that if ever the chances of war should place Mr. B. within his reach, he would do all in his power to alleviate the misery of such a servitude.

"Notwithstanding the favorable opportunity afforded by the weather to repair the President, and put her in a condition to reach Bermuda in safety, not a shot-hole was stopped up the next day, and she remained as she was when the last gun was fired. That night the spirit of the storm was visible on the face of the waters, and ere midnight, the winds and waves seemed to vie with each other in an effort to complete the work of destruction. A tempest of the most appalling description sprang up, to which the terrors of the battle were as nothing. The ship rolled and plunged, and every successive plunge was supposed to be the last. The idea that such a shattered vessel, pierced by a hundred balls, and leaking dreadfully, could survive the fury of such a storm, seemed to all incredible. The American officers were placed in the ward room, where they remained the whole night in that state of exciting and fearful suspense which the danger of their situation was likely to produce. The word passed repeatedly from one to another that she was gone, and all immediately prepared themselves to meet their impending fate as soon as possible. But Providence had ordained otherwise, and with the return of morning came new hope. The violence of the gale did not abate, however, until evening, and when it subsided, not one of the other ships was any where to be seen. A plan was therefore formed by the prisoners to rise upon the prize crew and recapture the frigate, which

was defeated only by the premature disclosure of it by a drunken marine. Being ordered below for some insolence, he muttered something that alarmed the British officers, who exercised such vigilance afterwards, that it was found impracticable to carry the scheme into execution with any prospect of success."

A PLEASANT BEDFELLOW.—I was awakened last night by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, and wind and rain. Hard dreaming as I was, I had sense enough to feel something moving in the bed, and by the light of a flash of lightning, to my unspeakable horror I saw, crawling over the mattress, a cobra de capello, the most venomous of serpents. He reared his head when he came to my body, and slowly crawled on to my legs—and as there was nothing over me but a thin cotton sheet, I could distinctly feel the cold, clammy body of the venomous reptile through the sheet.

The heat of my body seemed agreeable to the monster, as he coiled himself up there. I lay dead still. I knew my life depended upon my remaining motionless; for, had I moved a leg or an arm, he would instantly have bitten me, after which I could not have lived many minutes. A cold sweat ran in a stream down my back; I was in an agony of terror. Home and friends, and all that was dear to me, rushed to the memory; my whole life passed in review before me. I saw no way of escape, and I considered my doom sealed; every flash of lightning showed me my bedfellow in all his loathsomeness. Well, there the reptile lay, but how long, heaven knows—to me the time appeared interminable. When I had lain in one position about three hours, my legs became sore and stiff, from having been kept so long motionless; and, at this time, I gave an involuntary shudder, which attracted the notice of the reptile. He raised his head about a foot high, thrust out his forked tongue, and looked around him, as if for some living object to prey upon. I prayed mentally (for I dared not move my lips for fear of attracting notice) for the forgiveness of my sins, when, heaven be praised! the reptile unfolded his coils and crawled slowly away. It has been said that poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows: it might be also added, so does wandering in foreign countries.—*Journal of a Wanderer.*

STEAMBOAT WIT.—A friend, who never made a joke in his life, but enjoyed the article hugely when manufactured by others, condescended to give us the following at second hand:—Traveling lately on the North River he overheard two ladies in an adjoining state-room, who kept incessantly calling upon that indispensable Figaro, the "Steward." "Steward!" called one, in a smothered voice as if of intense suffering, "do come and open this window, or I shall die!" The window was accordingly opened; but directly the other lady exclaimed, "Steward! do come and shut this window or I shall die!" This, too, was obeyed, when the first order was repeated, followed by the other in the same terms—and this continued until things began to grow serious, and the poor steward commenced turning very red and perspiring with vexation. At this moment a gentleman, who had been a quiet observer of the scene, cried out in a loud voice—"Steward, why don't you wait upon the ladies there? Shut the window till one of them is dead, and then open it and finish the other."—*Evening Mirror.*

## Life Pictures.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

[We are always happy to hear from this writer, whether his productions come in the shape of prose or poetry.]

The storm is out upon the air—  
I hear its hollow sound,  
As seated in my elbow-chair  
In silent thought profound,  
I listen to the dropping rain  
That patters on each pane.

Now, shrieking through the stormy night,  
The wind is rushing wild,  
And far above in heaven's height  
The murky clouds are piled;  
And not a single star looks down,  
To smile away the frown.

The signs are creaking in the street,  
The vanes are whirling fast,  
And chillily the driving sleet  
Is borne upon the blast;  
And gusty rain, and icy hail,  
The close-barr'd doors assail!

The watchman shrinketh in his box  
As fast the chill rain falls,  
And with the clanging city-clocks  
His solemn warning calls—  
Or, closer in his mantle wound,  
Reluctant stalks his round.

But, wandering up and down the streets,  
Amid the chilly mist,  
O, many hapless ones he meets  
Upon his round, I wist:  
The child of shame, of want, of wo,  
Who wanders to and fro.

Ah me! how many houseless ones  
Are sinking on the ground—  
The outcast whom the proud one shuns—  
Who pity never found—  
The friendless, and the orphan child,  
Amid the storm so wild.

Creeping away through alleys old  
Before the tempest drear,  
With hunger cramped—benumbed with cold,  
And shivering with fear,  
The sad one bendeth down his form  
Before the midnight storm.

O, there are little children there,  
With lean and shrunken limbs,  
Within whose eyes the tear of care  
The light of childhood dims—  
Pale lips they have, and cheeks so white—  
O, 'tis a fearful sight!

Hear ye the wind that whistles by—  
O pamper'd sons of pride?  
On it was borne their broken sigh  
Who in the streets abide.  
Ye, on your beds of down will sleep—  
They on the stones must weep.

Feel ye the glowing flame that warms  
Your luxury-lapp'd couch?—  
O, could ye mark the wasted forms  
Along the streets that crouch—

Ye might perchance a moment feel  
Your blood, like theirs, congeal!

O that I had what ye in mirth,  
Or worse than mirth, expend—  
I'd buy the noblest name on earth—  
"The wretched outcast's friend!"  
And treasure up the incense pure—  
The blessings of the poor!

Be this the heart-felt prayer—  
That He who rules in Heaven,  
May have within his kindly care  
The wretch to misery driven!  
Though the world scorns the poor man's name  
God knoweth who's to blame!

For the Rover—Philadelphia, Oct., 1844.

## AN INDIAN TRADITION.

Au-do-me-ne, an intelligent Ottawa of Wawgunukizze, in answer to my inquiries concerning their opinion of the sun and moon, related to me the following fable:

"Long ago, an old Ojibbeway chief and his wife who lived on the shore of Lake Huron, had one son, a very beautiful boy. His name was Ono-wut-to-kwut-to, (he that catches clouds) and his totem [family name] after that of his father, a beaver. He would have been a great favorite with them, for he was, in the main, affectionate and dutiful, except that they could never persuade him to fast. Though they gave him charcoal instead of his usual breakfast, he would never blacken his face, and if he could find fish-eggs, or the head of a fish, he would roast them and have something to eat. Once they took from him what he had thus cooked in place of his accustomed breakfast, and threw him some coals instead of it. But this was the last of many attempts to compel him to fast. He took up the coals, blackened his face, went out, and lay down. At night he did not return into the lodge of his parents, but slept without. In his dream he saw a very beautiful woman come down from above, and at his feet. She said, 'Ono-wut-to-kwut-to, I am come for you; see that you step in my tracks.' The lad obeyed without hesitation, and stepping carefully in her steps, he presently found himself ascending above the tops of the trees, through the air and beyond the clouds. His guide at length passed through a small round hole, and he following her found himself standing on a beautiful and extensive prairie.

"They followed the path, which led them to a large and rich looking lodge; entering here, they saw on one side pipes and war clubs, bows, arrows and spears, with the various implements and ornaments of men. At the other end of the lodge were the things belonging to women. Here was the home of the beautiful girl who had been his companion, and she had, on the sticks, a belt she had not finished weaving. She said to him, 'my brother is coming, and I must conceal you.' So putting him in one corner, she spread the belt over him. Ono-wut-to-kwut-to, however, watched what passed without from his concealment, and saw the brother of the young woman come in, most splendidly dressed, and take down a pipe from the wall. After he had smoked, he laid aside the pipe, and the sack containing his pahkoo-se-gun, and said, 'When, my sister, will you cease from these practices? Have you forgotten that the greatest of the Spirits has forbidden you to steal the children from be-



low? You suppose that you have concealed this that you have now brought, but do I not know that he is here in the lodge? If you would not incur my displeasure, you must send him immediately down to his friends.' But she would not. He then said to the boy, when he found his sister was determined not to dismiss him, 'You may as well come out of that place, where you are not concealed from me, and walk about, for you will be lonesome and hungry if you remain there.' He took down a bow and arrow, and a pipe of red stone, richly ornamented, to give him. So the boy came out from under the belt, and amused himself with the bow and pipe the man gave him, and he became the husband of the young woman who had brought him up from the woods near his father's lodge.

"He went abroad in the open prairie, but in all this fair and ample country, he found no inhabitants, except his wife and her brother. The plains were adorned with flowers, and garnished with bright and sparkling streams, but the animals were not like those he had been accustomed to see. Night followed day, as on the earth, but with the first appearance of light, the brother-in-law of Ono-wut-to-kwut-to began to make his lodge. All day and every day he was absent, and returned in the evening; his wife, also, though not so regular in the time of her departure and return, was often absent great part of the night.

"He was curious to know where they spent all the time of their absence, and obtained from his brother-in-law permission to accompany him in one of his daily journeys. They went on a smooth and open path, through prairies, to which they could see no boundary, until Ono-wut-to-kwut-to, becoming hungry, asked his companion if he did not think he should find any game. 'Be patient, my brother,' said he: 'this is my road in which I walk every day, and at no great distance is the place where I constantly eat my dinner. When we arrive there you shall see how I am supplied with food.'

"They came at length to a place where there were many fine mats to sit down upon, and a hole through which to look down upon the earth. Ono-wut-to-kwut-to, at the bidding of his companion, looked down through this hole, and saw far beneath him the great lakes, and the villages, not of the Ojibbeways only, but of all the red-skins. In one place he saw a war party, stealing silently along toward the hunting camp of their enemies, and his companion told him what would be the result of the attack they were about to make. In another place he saw people feasting and dancing; young men were engaged in their sports, and here and there women were laboring in their accustomed avocations.

"The companion of Ono-wut-to-kwut-to called his attention to a group of children playing beside a lodge, 'Do you see,' said he, 'that active beautiful boy?' at the same time throwing a very small stone, which hit the child, who immediately fell to the ground, and presently they saw him carried into the lodge. Then they saw people running about, and heard the she-she-gwun, and the song and prayer of the medicine man, entreating that the child's life might be spared.

"To this request his companion made answer, 'send me up the white dog.' Then they could distinguish the hurry and bustle of preparation for a feast, a white dog killed and singed, and the people who were called assembling at the lodge. While these things were

passing he addressed himself to Ono-wut-to-kwut-to, saying, 'There are among you in the lower world, some whom you call great medicine men, but it is because their ears are open, and they hear my voice, when I have struck any one, that they are able to give any relief to the sick. They direct the people to send me whatever I call for, and when they have sent it, I remove my hand from those I had made sick.' When he said this, the white dog was parcelled out in dishes, for those who were at the feast; when the medicine man, when they were about to begin to eat, said, 'We send thee this, Great Manito,' and immediately they saw the dog, cooked, and ready to be eaten, rising to them through the air. After they had dined, they returned home by another path.

"In this manner they lived for some time, but Ono-wut-to-kwut-to had not forgotten his friends, and the many pleasant things he left in his father's village, and longed to return to the earth. At last his wife consented to his request. 'Since,' said she, 'you are better pleased with the poverty, the cares, and the miseries of the world beneath, than with the peaceful and permanent delight of these prairies, go. I give you permission to depart; not only so, but since I brought you hither, I shall carry you back to the place where I found you, near your father's lodge; but remember, you are still my husband, and that my power over you is in no manner diminished. You may return to your relatives and live to the common age of man, by observing what I say to you. Beware how you venture to take a wife among men. Whenever you do you shall feel my displeasure; and if you marry a second time, it is then you shall be called to return to me.'

"Then Ono-wut-to-kwut-to awoke and found himself on the ground, near the door of his father's lodge. Instead of the bright beings of his vision, he saw about him his aged mother and his relatives who told him he had been absent about a year. For some time he was serious and abstracted, but by degrees the impression of his visit to the other world wore off. He began to doubt of the reality of what he had heard and seen. At length forgetful of the admonitions of his spouse, he married a beautiful young woman of his own tribe. Four days afterward she was a corpse. But even the effect of this fearful admonition was not permanent.

"He again ventured to marry, and soon afterward, going out of his lodge one night to listen to some unusual noise he disappeared, to return no more. It was believed that his wife from the upper world came to recall him according to her threat, and that he still remains in these upper regions and has taken the place of his brother-in-law, in overlooking the affairs of men."—*Tanner's Narrative.*

#### LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THE love of country is one of the strongest passions that can inhabit the human heart. Endowed with strong and exquisite sensibilities, man is bound by the strictest ties to the place of his birth. No matter in what particular spot he is born, whether his eye first opened on the wintry plains of the icy cliffs of the north, or on the blue vales of the south, he is governed by the same ties, and subject to the same affections.

The rude savage who guides his little skiff amid his icebergs, whose eye has never been greeted but by billows flowing over rocks and mountains enveloped in the winter mists, feels the flame of patriotism as vividly in his heart as the luxurious Hindoo, who resides

In bowers of eternal spring, and drinks the waters of the Ganges. In proportion to his love for his country, is his zeal for defending it. For this the warrior rolls his trophied car in triumph—for this the statesman trims the midnight lamp—and for this the philosopher, amid the solitude of his grove "springs the mine of elevating thought."

The exile who is forced from his country, although surrounded by all the beauties of the most delightful clime, still pines for the spot of his youth, for there, his fancy pictures, is a warmer sun and more entrancing beauties. And indeed, how natural it is. There is the spot where his young eye first opened to the light of heaven—where he sported in the innocence of his childhood, and rolled along the golden hours of youth. There are the scenes of many a joy, where he grew beneath the parental eye, like a spring flower, fresh with the dew of affections, and rich with the fragrance of hope. All the ties that bind his heart are there, and the strongest gratitude lights up in his breast the most divine love for his country's welfare and his country's happiness. That flame forever burns upon the altar of his heart; no cloud can dim its brightness, or sully its purity. The sword of persecution may cut asunder the domestic tie; the hand of violence may tear the wife from the arms of her husband, or ravish the shrieking child from the anxious grasp of the fond father, but they cannot rend asunder those bonds that grow from his heart to the bosom of his country, or eradicate that love which has "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." That will flourish and stretch its branches when everything else has passed away, until summoning each scattered affection, it robes with freshness the lonely cavern of a desolated heart.

If we could see the unfortunate exile torn from his home and country, his eyes suffused with tears, and his heart convulsed with agony, stretching out his arms, as if to embrace those objects; and those scenes endeared to him by his youthful recollections, and calling upon them in vain to again rise to his view, we could then measure the depth of the patriot's love. Although separated by distance; although oceans may roll between; yet his thoughts and his wishes still turn to the spot of his nativity. His imagination still pictures to him his little cot, "fast by the wild wood"—the torrent leaping from the cliff, and the trees shading the unruffled fountain. He recalls the time, when he awoke the mountain echoes with the strains of his hunting horn, and unfurled the adventurous sail over the broad bosom of his native lake. He again lives in the remembrance, and not a sport or scene of his childhood, but is replete with golden visions, and romantic dreams.

The wandering Swiss, who has strayed far from the smiling dells, and cloud-capped rocks of his birth, to draw the sword, or point the carbine, in the ranks of a despot, if he by chance should hear that magic melody that always thrills the bosom of every son of Switzerland, all the images of the forsaken country rise before him, he reflects on those days when he, too, chased the chamois over the mountain cliff, or trod the green fields of his native land. Tears swell in his eyes—he deserts the ranks of his foreign lord, and again hastens to that country which he had forsaken.

The love of country is not only the strongest but the noblest of passions. It adds a leaf to the garland of genius: it throws a color over the brightness of vir-

tue, and it surrounds with a halo the warrior's sculptured arch, and the patriot's laurelled grave. The spear of Greece is covered with wreaths which Cimon, Miltiades and Themistocles have trimmed, and the chariot of Rome is decked with trophies which a Scipio and Cæsar have reaped.

What is the conduct of a patriot to his country? We see him in the council, darting the lightnings of his eloquence amid the storm of oppositions; and when his arm is required, we see him in the ranks of battle where the angel of destruction sets upon his sulphury cloud,

"Where death's brief pang is quickest,  
And the battle's wreck lies thickest."

where the sabre flashes amid the eddying smoke, and bayonet, red with gore, gleams along the line; it is there he wields the avenging sword, points the roaring cannon, and swells the war cry, until at last, when the life blood pours red from his heart; it is there he yields his breath, with a prayer for his country on his expiring lips.

#### The Last Good-Bye.

BY ELIZA COOK.

FAREWELL! farewell! is often heard  
From the lips of those who part;  
'Tis a whispering tone; 'tis a gentle word,  
But it comes not from the heart.  
It may serve for a lover's closing lay,  
To be sung 'neath a summer's sky;  
But give to me the lips that say  
The honest words, "Good-bye!"

Adieu! adieu! may greet the ear  
In the guise of courtly speech;  
But when we leave the kind and dear,  
'Tis not what the soul should teach.  
Whene'er we grasp the hands of those  
We would have forever nigh,  
The flame of friendship burns and glows  
In the warm frank words, "Good-bye!"

The mother sending forth her child  
To meet with cares and strife,  
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears,  
For the loved one's future life.  
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives  
Within her choking sigh;  
But the deepest sob of anguish gives  
"God bless thee, boy! Good-bye!"

Go watch the pale and dying one,  
When the glance has lost its beam—  
When the brow is cold as the marble stone,  
And the world a passing dream.  
And the latest pressure of the hand,  
The look of the closing eye,  
Yield what the heart must understand,  
A long and last "Good-bye!"

#### THE END OF ALL THINGS.

*Interesting account of Hogarth's last painting.*—A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of its most distinguished ornament, he proposed to his matchless pencil, the work he has entitled a Tail Piece—the first idea of which is said to have been stated in company while the convivial glass was circulating round his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the

End of all Things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner the work is done the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) that he should not live to complete it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which could denote the End of all Things—a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old firelock—a cracked bell—bow unstrung—crown tumbled in pieces—tower in ruins—the signpost of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains that held it dropping down—Phœbus and his horses being dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time with his hour glass and scythe broken—a tobacco pipe in his mouth, and the whiff of smoke gone out—a play book opened, with *exeat omnes* stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far, so good," cried Hogarth: "nothing remains but this"—taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken; "Finished!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done—all is over." It is a very remarkable and well known fact that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died in about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail-piece.

#### The Fatherless.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.

"COME hither, 'tis thy father boy!  
Recieve him with a kiss."  
"Oh, mother, mother! do not jest  
On such a theme as *this*.  
Though I was but a little child,  
How bitterly I cried,  
And clung to thee in agony,  
When my poor father died."

"Come child, this is no time to weep,  
Partake thy mother's joy,  
The husband of my choice shall prove  
A parent to my boy."  
"Oh, mother, mother! say not so,  
I cast no blame on thee,  
But yon gay stranger cannot feel  
A father's love to me."

"Come, boy, 'tis for thy sake I wed"—  
"No, mother, not for *mine*,  
I do not ask in all the world  
One smile of love save thine;  
O say why is the widow's veil  
So early thrown aside,  
The hateful rumor is not true?  
Thou wilt not be a bride."

Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget  
How hand in hand we crept  
To my *own* honor'd father's bed,  
To watch him as he slept;  
And do you not remember still  
His fond, but feeble kiss?"  
"Alas! such thoughts but little suit  
A day—of joy—like *this*."

"Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,  
This is no home for me,  
I cannot bear to breathe one word  
Of bitterness to thee.  
My father placed my hand in thine,  
And bade me love the well,  
And how I love, these tears of shame  
May eloquently tell."

"Thou say'st yon stranger loves thy child;  
I see he strives to please;  
But mother, do not be his bride,  
I ask it on my knees:  
I used to listen to his voice  
With pleasure I confess!  
But call him husband! and I shrink  
Ashamed of his caress."

"Had I been younger when he died,  
Scarce conscious of his death,  
I might perhaps have smiled to see  
Thy gems and bridal wreath;  
My memory would have lost a tie  
So very lightly link'd,  
Resigning that dear form, which now  
Is vividly distinct."

"Had I been older—more inured  
To this world's cold career,  
I might have sought a festival  
To check a filial tear;  
Gay banners find gay followers—  
But from their station hurl'd,  
The gay forget them, and pursue  
The next that is unful'd."

"But I am of an age to prize  
The being in whom blend  
The love and the solicitude  
Of Monitor and Friend.  
He plan'd my boyish sports, and shar'd  
Each joy and care I felt,  
And taught my infant lips to pray,  
As by his side I knelt."

"Yet deem not this an impious grief;  
No, mother, thou wilt own  
With cheerfulness I spoke of him  
When we have been alone.  
But bring no *other* father here—  
No, mother, we must part;  
The feeling that I'm Fatherless  
Weighs heavy on my heart."

#### FORMATION OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Isaac Orr.

THE following extract was formerly published in Silliman's Journal. Those who are fond of profound thought and the highest stretch of comprehension to which the human mind can reach, will find it full of most interesting material.

"We are accustomed to find a correspondence between the power and the operations of a wise moral agent; and it is certainly no weak argument in favor of an infinite universe, that a finite one would fall infinitely short of the power of the Deity. It would leave his angelic subjects without any practical proof of his complete omnipotence. It seems, also, the most consistent and exalted conception respecting a wise moral agent, that his work is never terminated, and that the

power which he possesses is forever exerted. From reasoning, *a priori*, then, it seems a very natural conclusion, that each act of creative power is expanded through an infinite plane, and that the successive acts form an eternal series. If this idea appears too grand, let it be remembered that it is formed respecting the works of the Deity. Metaphysical reasoning, however, is not the only ground on which our opinions on this subject may be founded. We see the celestial systems arranged into forms which are utterly unaccountable, unless their formation has been progressive. The account which Dr. Herschel has given, is only placing one difficulty on the shoulders of another: for it is not less impracticable to account for the position of those ruling luminaries, which he supposes may have marshalled the starry hosts of smaller magnitude into their present regular arrangement, than to account for that arrangement without such assistance. If the formation into systems has been progressive, we are perfectly at a loss to say where it began, or where it will terminate. By far the most natural supposition is, that it will have no termination, and had no commencement. If the universe is finite, it is obvious that, without a constant miracle, of which we find not the least indication, so far as observation can carry us, it cannot be permanent till the whole is collected together in one vast mass, at the common centre of gravity. In like manner, if the creation of matter from nothing constantly preceded its formation into worlds, a constant miracle would be necessary to prevent them from forever approaching each other, by gravitation, from empty space, toward the boundless ocean of worlds already created. If we suppose that matter has been eternal, and still perfectly dependent on the Deity for its existence and its properties, and that, on one side of the infinite progressive plane of formation, it is in a quiescent aërial state, and on the other side collected into worlds, nature obtains a balance, and unless particular gravitation is absolutely infinite, the ultimate systems must be permanent; and our minds, instead of being lost in a chaos of conjecture, form the same conceptions of order, through the boundless fields of space, that we derive from observation on the portions which are within our view. These opinions will, undoubtedly, be adverse to the belief of many with regard to the meaning of scripture; but whether they are opposed to its real meaning, is a question of quite a different character. The contests and results respecting the Copernican system cannot be forgotten. If such opinions are clearly and decidedly contrary to the meaning of scripture, it would be madness and disgrace, as well as impiety and ruin, to harbor them. The floods of sophisticated arguments by which scripture has been assailed, have successively subsided, without doing anything more than to clear away the little obstructions to the perception of its immobility, and to demonstrate to the world that its destiny is to break, and not to be broken. Though the theory is the solution of the problem for which atheists, from time immemorial, have been seeking, and though it may induce perverse and superficial minds to inquire "where is the promise of his coming? for, since the father's fell asleep, all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation," yet, on the other hand, it carries design through the whole of the univers, and stamps intelligence on all its departments. Should it be asked why comets fly through the system, to threaten ruin on its regular subordinates, and mountains lift

their barren and inclement heads only to frown on surrounding fertility, the answer is ready: they are the impalpable dust on an exquisite piece of watchwork; mere grains of sand in the corners of an immense and majestic edifice. It appears, from the observations of Dr. Herschel, that most, or all, of the stars are collecting into subordinate spherical clusters, and forming what he calls 'the chemical laboratories of the universe.'

"The principles of gravitation will bring the stars in each individual of these clusters to their common centre of gravity in about the same period of time; and their appearance argues that such will be the result in reality. The universe, then, was not intended to be perfect in its present state; but its various constituent parts are adapted and destined to happier and more sublime realities. It is the shoot just springing from the acorn, and pushing its way through the hardy soil to a nobler existence; a soil not particularly adapted to the tenderness of the youthful twig, but to the magnitude and vigor of the princely oak.

"It is an infant struggling in its cradle, whose mighty and majestic manhood no troubles or convulsions shall weaken; over whose immortal perfections death and destruction shall never prevail. The astronomer, as well as the prophet, has declared that its various parts are advancing to the final conflagration, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat; when the heavens shall pass away as a scroll; and a new heaven and a new earth shall arise to a perfect and endless existence."

#### AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

DOCTOR W—, the Bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well-fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise, and the unbroken *garrons* used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his route was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop, being a very humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill, and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had lattered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; and perceiving this, he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of stones, and, accompanying the flourish of a huge club with a demoniac yell, demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping to satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, than, with another whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed—

"And it is with the likes of this I'm after letting you off? a few paltry tinpennies?—It's the Gould I'll have, or I'll spatter your brains. Arrah don't stand shivering and shaking there, like a Quaker in the ague, but lug out your purse immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accent, "My good fellow,



there it is, don't ill-use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart.

"Fair and softly if you please; as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I hav'nt done with you yet. I must search for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up: a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait a while, or maybe I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the Divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much for its being of considerable value, but because it had been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch and I'll forgive you all that you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you old varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but, without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all that's holy——"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and grasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece and with a heavy sigh, handed it to his despoiler, who rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it, and giving himself a shake to ascertain that it had found by its own gravity a place of safety, he said—

"And now be off with you, and thank the blessed saints that you leave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry he set off at what equestrians term "a hand canter." Scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him. He endeavored to redouble his speed. Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly tempered steel.

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber—"stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand-still. The fellow approached, and his face instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said—"And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you'll be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single breasted coat—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full buttoned wig—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, and acted as if this last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in over-taking his carriage; the servants could not express their laughter at seeing their master in such a strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidences of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learnt by a few brief words the danger he had undergone.

"My dear W——!" exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for Heaven's sake take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window, you may put my warm cloak over your shoulder till we reach the next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch, or anything else just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

"Take it off, dear papa," observed the daughter, "but don't throw it away; it may lead to the detection of the robber."

The obnoxious garment was removed, the young lady was about to place it in the seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party had retired to rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat, and covering his shaggy carrotty locks with the well powdered and orthodox peruke of the Right Reverend the Bishop of Cashel.—*Illuminated Magazine.*

THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.—It is well known that Campbell's own favorite poem, of all his compositions, was his "Gertrude." I once heard him say, "I never like to see my name before 'The Pleasures of Hope.' Why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that when young, I was always greeted among my friends as Mr. Campbell, author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.' Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.' When I got married I was married as the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope;' and when I became a father my son was the son of the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'" A kind of grim smile, ill-subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when standing by the poet's grave, we read the inscription on his coffin:—"Thomas Campbell, LL.D., Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.' Died June 15, 1844. Aged 67." The poet's dislike occurred to our memory—there was no getting the better of the thought.—[*Fraser's Magazine.*]

Gordon of Brackley.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

Down Dee side came Inveraye,  
Whistling and playing,  
And called loud at Brackley gate  
Ere the day dawning,  
"Come Gordon of Brackley,  
Proud Gordon, come down ;  
There's a sword at your threshold  
Mair sharp than your own."

"Arise, now, gay Gordon,"  
His lady 'gan cry,  
"Look here's bold Inveraye  
Driving your kye."  
"How can I go, lady,  
And win them agen ?  
I have but ae sword,  
And rude Inveraye ten."

"Arise up, my maidens,  
With roke and with fan ;  
How bless'd would I been  
Had I married a man !  
Arise up my maidens,  
Take spear and take sword—  
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,  
And I shall be lord."

The Gordon sprung up  
With his helm on his head,  
Laid his hand on his sword,  
And his thigh on his steed ;  
And he stoop'd low and said  
As he kissed his young dame,  
"There's a Gordon rides out  
That will never ride hame."

There rode with fierce Inveraye  
Thirty and three ;  
But wi' Brackley were none,  
Save his brother and he ;  
Two gallanter Gordons  
Did never blade draw,  
Against swords four and thirty,  
Woe is me what is twa ?

Wi' swords and wi' daggers  
They rush'd on him rude ;  
The twa bonnie Gordons  
Lie bathed in their blude.  
Frae the source of the Dee,  
To the mouth of the Spey,  
The Gordons mourn for him,  
And curse Inveraye.

O! were ye to Brackley ?  
And what saw ye there ?  
Was his young widow weeping  
And tearing her hair ?  
I looked in at Brackley,  
I looked in, and O !  
There was mirth, there was feasting,  
But nothing of woe.

As a rose bloom'd the lady,  
And blythe as a bride ;  
As a bridegroom, bold Inveraye  
Smiled by her side ;

O! she feasted him there  
As she ne'er feasted lord,  
While the blood of her husband  
Was red on his sword.

In her chamber she kept him  
Till morning grew gray.  
Through the dark woods of Brackley  
She show'd him the way :  
"Yon wild hill," she said,  
"Where the sun's shining on,  
Is the hill of Glentannar,  
Now kiss and begone."

There is grief in the cottage,  
There's mirth in the ha',  
For the good gallant Gordon  
That's dead and awa ;  
To the bush comes the bud,  
And the flower to the plain,  
But the good and the brave  
They come never again.

#### THE MEN OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY REV. J. C. SMITH.

The men of '76 were indeed mighty men, men of renown, men whom God in his providence raised up for that particular exigency. The like of whom have not been found on the theatre since, perhaps, because the same or a like exigency has never arisen. The spirit and intelligence of our fore-fathers cannot be very well over-rated. To render what is due to them, it is necessary to inquire *who* they were and *what*, and *whence* they came. On the north there were the Puritans with all their strength of religious principle, men of decision and energy, of industry and patience—men however slow they were to *avenge evil*, or forbearing under aggravations, were not deficient in all that courage that made them formidable when their consciences decided the path of duty. On the south were the CAVALIERS, men from European court circles, full of chivalric spirit, men whose pride was to defend their personal honor, entertaining a very nice sense of right, and maintaining the punctilios of life. Generous, frank, open-hearted ; terrible to their foes. "Sic semper tyrannis" is no idle motto of the south.

The first permanent colony planted by the English in America was Virginia, in 1607. Massachusetts was settled next in the order of time, and owed its rise to more than one original colony. The first planted within the province was that of New Plymouth, founded in 1620, and within twenty years from the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, the foundation of all the New England States was laid. Meanwhile Maryland was colonized, the absolute proprietorship of the whole of which was bestowed upon Sir Charles Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore. This was the only colony founded by Roman Catholics. Sir Charles was a Roman Catholic, and we love to speak it to the praise of his memory that his colony was founded on principles of the fullest toleration. He soon died, but his son Cecil, who succeeded to the titles and estates, sent out a colony, most of whom were Roman Catholics, and many of them gentlemen. The Roman Catholics at first formed the decided majority, but in the end the Protestants became by far the most numerous body. The first colony in the State of New York was planted by the Dutch about the year 1614. In 1664 the English took possession of all the Dutch colonies in

North America. New Jersey was likewise granted to the Duke of York, who in that year handed it over to Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret, both proprietors of Carolina. Pennsylvania was founded by the distinguished philanthropist William Penn, who was, as is well known, a Quaker. Delaware at length became a separate province; then came the two Carolinas, and the last of all the original thirteen provinces in the order of time, comes Georgia, which was settled as late as 1732.

In these statements it will be seen, 125 years elapsed between the founding of the first and last of these provinces. With the exception of New York and Delaware, which received the European inhabitants from Holland and Sweden, they were *originally* all English. The Dutch and Swedish were eventually included in English patents, and merged among them.

Georgia had not been settled many years before difficulties of a very grave and serious character began to manifest themselves. The colonies were very weak in themselves while the entire estimated population of the whole thirteen in 1775 was only 3,500,000.

#### NAPOLEON—WASHINGTON.

BY WILLIAM WARREN.

Fifty years have not yet passed away, since two men, the most distinguished of modern times, ceased from among the living. They came forth alike from the midst of a Republic. Each, for a time, held in his hands the destinies of a nation. Toward each was directed the admiring gaze of a whole continent. Each held an absolute sway over those by whom his superiority was acknowledged.

Never, perhaps, in the history of the human race, has a man risen from comparative obscurity, to the loftiest heights of military glory, so rapidly and triumphantly, as Napoleon. Nature, in mingling the elements of his character, seemed bent on mischief.—From his childhood he was distinguished for a firmness, which not unfrequently degenerated into unreasonable obstinacy. In early youth, choosing arms for his profession, and possessed of an ambition which no disappointment could destroy, and which no success could satiate, it needed no prophetic inspiration to predict his course in after life. His opinions, once formed, however hastily, whether right or wrong, were rarely changed. His plans, which astonish by their apparent rashness, none but Napoleon would have devised—none but Napoleon could have accomplished.—He never calculated the chances of a failure. Though any of his undertakings required the sacrifice of many thousand lives, yet was his course marked by no hesitation. At one time we behold him traversing the streets of Paris, with all the honors of a triumph. At another, he is surrounded by a rebellious mob, whose rage the sword and the bayonet are scarcely able to restrain. To-day, from the ice-crowned summits of the Alps, he falls with the avalanche upon his astonished foes. To-morrow, he seeks in vain for peace at the hands of his conquerors. Now we hear the voice of the populace, as with a wild enthusiasm, they hail him Emperor of France, and anon, the lonely island of the ocean has become his resting place—the dashing billows as they break mournfully upon the rocky shores of St. Helena, chant his funeral dirge—and the worm of the charnel makes a luscious feast on what was once Napoleon.

How unlike this was the less dazzling, but far more

glorious career of our own revered Washington. Engaging early in the contest of the colonies for independence, he exhibited talents, which showed that he was destined not to follow, but to lead. Soon he is placed in command of the whole American forces, and ever shows, by his wisdom, his prudence, and his firmness, that he is by no means unfitted for his station.—The motives which urged him onward, were pure and honorable. Looking into the deep recesses of his heart, we find there no traces of an unholy ambition. The God he worshipped was the King of kings—the end he aimed at, the deliverance of his country. Never do we find him within the walls of the capitol, enforcing his authority by violence and arms; but the breezes of midnight pause and listen, as they sweep by him in some lonely solitude, uttering the homage of his soul in prayer, or seeking counsel of the God of battles. He accomplished his object. The shackles of oppression were broken. His country was free. He might have reigned as a monarch; but “he preferred the retirement of a domestic life to the adoration of a land, he might almost be said to have created.” He passed his days in honored repose, and dying, shed a deep, yet hallowed gloom, over a whole continent.

Napoleon, like the motherless Minerva, seemed to spring into existence, clad in complete panoply. For a time he hurried on, with all the fury and desperation of a fiend incarnate, from conquest to conquest. He hangs for a brief period on the lofty summits of the Alps—stays a moment in his course to apply the torch to kindling Moscow—and rushes on madly to his defeat on the plains of Waterloo. Thus robbed of his imperial power, and deprived of all the insignia of royalty, the feeble glimmering of his faded glory sheds but a twilight radiance over the lonely island of St. Helena. Well may his countrymen erect over his rescued bones the stately mausoleum, and grave the history of his glorious deeds upon the monumental marble. Perhaps such mementoes are needed, to call up the recollection of the bloody scenes which were acted for the gratification of his mad—his unrestrained ambition.

For Washington we ask no such memorials. The towering monument, or the time-defying marble, are unnecessary to perpetuate his fame. His name is graven deeply upon the hearts of his countrymen—his virtues are inscribed in living characters on tablets of memory. We are unworthy to speak his praise. Let Hamlet be his eulogist. “How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!”—Let Mark Antony give his epitaph:

“His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN!”  
*Hartford Columbian.*

#### ANECDOTE OF A MUSICAL GENIUS.

Mn. Guzickow was a Polish Jew; a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was forever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forests stood around him like a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted at-

tention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favorite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice; for music to him was life.—His old familiarity with trees of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across this he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood, of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end and some at the other; in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God. They who have heard it describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The Emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some of the large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg.

The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive.—He covered his head, according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in color from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy, natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds.—From head to foot all was black as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual and poetic beauty of his appearance; and ringlets *à la Guzikow* were the order of the day.

Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear warbling, like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all, swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid and strong, like a sky lark piercing the heavens! They who heard it listened in delightful wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.—*Mrs. Child.*

#### A ROBBER'S STRATAGEM.

A freebooter taking an evening walk on a highway in Scotland, overtook and robbed a wealthy merchant traveller. His purpose was not achieved without a severe struggle, in which the thief lost his bonnet and was obliged to escape, leaving it on the road. A respectable farmer happened to be the next passer, and seeing the bonnet, alighted, took it up, and rather imprudently put it on his own head. At this instance the robbed man came up with some assistance, and recognizing the bonnet, charged the former with having robbed him, and took him into custody. There

being some likeness between the two parties, the merchant persisted in the charge, and though the respectability of the farmer was admitted, he was indicted and placed at the bar of a Superior Court for trial. The government witness, the merchant, swore positively as to the identity of the bonnet, and deposed likewise to the identity of the farmer. The case was made out by this and other evidence, apparently against the prisoner. But there was a man in court who well knew both who did and who did not commit the crime.

This was the real robber, who suddenly advanced from the crowd, and seizing the fatal bonnet, which laid on a table before the witness, placed it on his own head, and looking him full in the face, said to him in a voice of thunder, "Look at me, sir, and tell me on the oath you have sworn, am I not the man who robbed you on the highway?" The merchant replied in very great astonishment—"By heaven! you are the very man." "You see," said the robber, "what sort of memory the gentleman has—he swears to the bonnet, whatever features are under it. If the Hon. Judge were to put it on his own head, I dare say he would testify that he robbed him." The innocent prisoner was on this evidence at once acquitted, because no reliance could be placed on such testimony; and yet it was positive evidence. Thus the robber had the merit of saving the guiltless, and himself escaping detection.

#### REPUBLICAN LOVE OF ROYALTY.

We, the good people of the United States, profess to hold royalty in utter abhorrence and contempt. We see their last farthing wrung from the down-trodden subjects of Europe to support in luxury and idleness the worthless and debauched members of their reigning families. Yet, with all the horror which our republican countrymen profess to feel for royalty, there is, perhaps, no people on earth that really show it so much respect. Let a prince but come to the United States, though only one of the German princes that reign over a dominion hardly large enough for a good sized Louisiana potato patch, and what sickening homage is paid to him! Some fifteen years ago, a most ludicrous scene arose from this propensity to honor kings and noblemen. When the reigning Duke of one of the German States visited the United States and traversed the country, he was expected, on a certain day, in a western village. Unknown to him, great preparations had been made, in the American style, to feast him with a public dinner. The Duke, for some reason, concluded to stay where he was till the next day, but sent forward his hostler to wait his arrival. The hostler was dressed in livery, and was mistaken for the Prince himself. The uniform company of the village met him and fired a salute, after which they conducted the astonished servant to the quarters provided for him. Not being able to speak English, the mistake was not explained. By means of a French interpreter, a glowing address was made to him in that language, and he sat down to a sumptuous dinner. At night, the hostler "led off" the belles of the village in the dance! Next morning appeared in the newspaper of that place, a glowing account of the whole affair. We recollect distinctly the description, for it was shown to us not a year ago, by a friend who kept a file of that paper. It commenced as follows: "We have no reverence for royalty, but when, as in the case of Prince —, it is combined with every manly and generous feeling, we may be allowed to admire the man, even if we regard not the title." After this beginning, much



was said of the condescending manners of the Prince, and of his warm approbation of republicanism, but it forgot to state one little item, and this was, that the supposed Prince was put to bed about eleven o'clock, drunk as a cobbler. Next day the Prince himself, with several servants, arrived. The people discovered their mistake, and were so mortified that they paid the real "Simon Pure" but little attention.

How can we account for the fact, that the moment a foreigner of distinction comes to the United States, our countrymen play the sycophant to him, till human nature is sick of their folly! There was Dickens, and fifty others, who received their fawnings and paid them with kicks, as their contemptible meanness deserved.

Look into the most respectable of our newspapers, and you will find a detailed account of every motion made by Queen Victoria, and her dress described in the minutest manner.

But this is not the worst symptom. Even children at school are taught to admire the trappings of royalty. On the first day of May last, the scholars in the public schools of New Orleans, under the direction of their teachers, chose a Queen. She was placed on a throne, a crown put on her head, and a sceptre in her hand. Maids of honor were appointed to attend upon her, and all the other scholars paid their homage to her, besides much other mummery.

True, this was mere holiday pastime, but is royalty an appropriate game for republican children to play at? No one who remembers the power of early impressions can believe that these children will ever forget the scenes of that day.

It is truly sickening to witness the increasing love of foreign fooleries which prevail among a portion of the American people.—*Felician Whig.*

**RAILROAD ON BROADWAY.**—There are serious efforts making to have a railroad through Broadway, from Bowling Green to Union Square, to unite at that place with the Harlem. One of the petitions headed a list of 448 owners of property on Broadway, and another list had 417 signers, both laid before the Board of Aldermen. The plan, we take it, is to lay rails on the eastern part of the street for cars to run up Broadway, and another line of rails on the western side for cars coming down, leaving ample room in the centre for carriages, omnibuses, &c., the rails being as near the curb stone as can be conveniently done. We see no objections to this request; on the contrary see much to approve in the project. The tracks, we suppose, would be each five feet in width, which would leave an unobstructed centre of about fifty feet, fully as wide as Fulton street, and all that would be necessary for private carriages and carts. Omnibuses, as a matter of course, would cease travelling in Broadway: those accommodating Bleecker street, Amity street, 6th and 8th avenues, would find other channels, such as Church street, West Broadway, Laurens, &c., &c.—We can imagine nothing more comfortable and accommodating, from seven in the morning to midnight, than trains of large and comfortable cars, each accommodating fifty persons and starting regularly every five minutes, stopping to take in and let out passengers at any moment when required—and it is moreover stated, that passengers can be carried from Bowling Green to Union Square for three cents. Carriages and carts coming up the cross streets into Broadway will find no obstruction in crossing the rails—at pre-

sent they are blocked up by a crowd of omnibuses—under the new system one car alone would go up and come down every five minutes. It may be urged that it would be inconvenient for carts having goods to deliver, in backing up to the curb across the rails; but Broadway is not much of a street of delivery, excepting for light packages, and then each cart would have five minutes to unload, from the passage of one car to the arrival of another. We really think it will be a saving of time and money, and a great diminution of noise and various obstructions, and the experiment ought to be authorized. It can only be done, however, by an incorporated company. The Corporation can give permission to lay down the rails, but capitalists must build the road, and there are many who are ready to commence it. There is no danger nor inconvenience in these railroads in cities where horse power is used. In Baltimore and Philadelphia they are used in several principal streets. It is a moderate estimate to say that the omnibuses collectively take up \$750 per day

**ACHIEVEMENTS OF YOUNG MEN.**—Don John, of Austria, won Lepanto at twenty-five, the greatest battle of modern times; had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritani. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plains of Ravenna.—Every one remembers Conde, and Roeroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains; that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was a little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson Clive,—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not. I worship the Lord of hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III, the greatest of popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven; John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and Guicciardina tells us, baffled with his state craft Frederick of Arragon himself. He was Pope, as Leo X, at thirty-seven; Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains.—Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven! Ah! that fatal thirty-seven, which reminds me of Byron, greater even as a man than a writer. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died, too, at thirty-seven. Richelieu was secretary of state at thirty-one. Well, then, there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America before he was thirty-seven. But it is heedless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.

THE militia force of the several States, by the last returns, armed and equipped for service, amounts to one million, seven hundred and forty-nine thousand and eighty-two!

## THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

THE MOURNER'S CHAPLET: An offering of sympathy for bereaved friends, selected from American Poets, by John Keese. Boston, Gould, Kendal & Lincoln.

The title of this tasteful volume tells its own story, and will at once be a passport to "those who mourn." Though grief and bereavement are universal, and their utterance everywhere akin, as are the affections of the human heart, yet we are glad to see American collections of the kind made up from the expression of our own poets, and Mr. Keese has made one that must find its way into public favor.

We select the following:

"Where Would I Rest,"

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Under old boughs, where moist the livelong summer  
The moss is green and springy to your tread,  
When you, my friend, will be an often comer  
To pierce the thicket, seeking for my bed.

For thickets heavy all around should screen it  
From careless gazer that might wander near,  
Nor even to him who by some chance had seen it,  
Would I have aught to catch his eye appear.

One lonely stem, a trunk those old boughs lifting,  
Should mark the spot; and, haply, no thrift owe  
To that which upward through its sap was drifting  
From what lay mouldering round its roots below.

Here my freed spirit with the dawn's first gleaming  
Would come to revel round the dancing spray;  
There would it linger with the day's last beaming,  
To watch thy footsteps thither track their way.

The quivering leaf should whisper in that hour  
Things that for thee alone would have a sound,  
And parting boughs my spirit-glances shower  
In gleams of light upon the mossy ground.

There, when long years and all thy journeyings over,  
Loosed from this world thyself to join the free,  
Thou too would'st come to rest beside thy lover  
In that sweet cell beneath our Trysting Tree.

Traveling by Morse's Telegraph.

A few days since a pretty little girl tripped into the office of the Washington City termination, and after a great deal of hesitation and blushing, asked how long it would take "to send to Baltimore?" The interesting appearance of the little questioner attracted Mr. Morse's attention, and he very blandly replied, "*one second.*"

"Oh! how delightful, how delightful," ejaculated the little beauty, her eyes glistening with delight, "one second, only—here, send this even *quicker* if you can." And Mr. Morse found in his hand a neatly folded gilt-edged note, the very perfume and shape of which told a volume of love.

"I cannot send this note," said Mr. Morse, with some feeling, "it is impossible."

"Oh! do, do," ejaculated the distracted beauty; "William and I have had a quarrel, and I shall die if he don't know that I forgive him in a second—I know I shall."

"Mr. Morse still objected to sending the note, when the fair one brightening up, said, "You will then send me on, won't you?"

"Perhaps," said one of the clerks, "it would take away your breath to travel forty miles in a second."

"Oh! no it won't—no it won't, if it carries me to

William. The cars in the morning go so slow I can't wait for them."

Mr. Morse now understood the mistake under which the petitioner was laboring, and undertook to explain the process of conveying important information along the wires. The letter writer listened a few moments with impatience, and then rolled her burning epistle into a ball, in the excitement under which she labored, and thrust it into her bosom.

"It's too slow," she finally exclaimed, "it's too slow, and my heart will break before William knows I forgive him; and you are a cruel man, Mr. Morse," said the fair creature, the tears coming into her eyes, "that you won't let me travel by the Telegraph to see William," and full of emotion she left the office, illustrating the truth of the poet's wish,

"Annihilate but space and time,  
And make two lovers happy."

CHURCHES IN NEW-YORK.—The number of churches in this city is as follows:

African	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8
Baptist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	22
Congregational	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5
Dutch Reformed	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	19
Friends, or Quakers	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
Jewish Synagogues	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	6
Lutheran	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
Methodist Episcopal	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	22
Associated Methodist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Presbyterian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	27
Reformed Presbyterian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Protestant Episcopal	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
Roman Catholic	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
Unitarian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Universalist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4
Welsh Presbyterian and Methodist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
American Primitive Methodist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Bethel Particular Baptist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Suffolk-Street Christian Church	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
German Rationalist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
German Universal Christian	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Mariners'	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Methodist Society	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Mormon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
New Jerusalem	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2
Primitive Christian Church of the Disciples	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
United Brethren	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Wesleyan Methodist	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1
Second Advent	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	3
Christian Union (Transcendental)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1

Whole number of societies or churches, 190

IRRECONCILABLE ENMITY.—The hatred between the late kings of Prussia and England began by the quarrel they had when boys, and was carried on with the greatest inveteracy on both sides, to the day of their deaths. George called Frederick, "My brother the sergeant," and Frederick, George, "My brother the dancing-master."

When the king of Prussia was on his death-bed and was surrounded by his queen, his sons, &c., he asked the priest, "Must I, to go to Paradise, forgive all my enemies?" On receiving for answer that without it it was impossible, he turned round to his queen and said, "Well, then, Dorothy, write and tell your brother I forgive him for all the injury he has done me. Yes, tell him I forgive him, but wait till I am dead."

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J. Postock.

A. L. Dick

*Beauty!*







# THE ROVER.

## LINES TO A BEAUTY.

BY HENRY HALLAM, AUTHOR OF "THE MIDDLE AGES."

[With an Engraving.]

Bright be thy path in Beauty's gay career,  
And fair the Spring of life's just opening year;  
Enjoy the hour while Youth and Hope are warm—  
While gleams with rainbow-hues thy fairy form;  
And oh! may Time but shift the changeful scene  
For sweeter cares and pleasures more serene,  
And these enchanting moments leave behind,  
The tranquil bosom, and the cultured mind.

## The Pebble and the Acorn.

BY H. F. GOULD.

"I AM a Pebble, and yield to none,"  
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone,  
"Nor change nor season can alter me;  
I am abiding while ages flee.  
The pelting hail and drizzling rain  
Have tried to soften me long in vain;  
And the tender dew has sought to melt,  
Or to touch my heart, but it was not felt.  
None can tell of the Pebble's birth;  
For I am as old as the solid earth.  
The children of man arise and pass  
Out of the world like blades of grass.  
And many a foot on me has trod  
That's gone from sight, and under the sod!  
I am a Pebble! but who art thou,  
Rattling along from the restless bough?"

The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,  
And lay for a moment abashed and mute;  
She never before had been so near  
This gravelly ball, the mundane sphere;  
And she felt for a while perplexed to know  
How to answer a thing so low.  
But to give reproof of a nobler sort  
Than the angry look, or the keen retort,  
At length she said, in a gentle tone—  
"Since it has happened that I am thrown  
From the lighter element, where I grew,  
Down to another so hard and new,  
And beside a personage so august,  
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,  
And quickly retire from the sight of one  
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,  
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding wheel,  
Has ever subdued, or made to feel."  
And soon in the earth he sunk away.  
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke  
By the peering head of an infant oak;  
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,  
The Pebble looked up, and wondering, said—  
"A modest Acorn! never to tell  
What was enclosed in her simple shell—  
That the pride of the forest was then shut up  
Within the space of her little cup!  
And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,  
To prove that nothing could hide her worth.  
VOLUME IV.—No. 7.

And, oh! how many will tread on me,  
To come and admire that beautiful tree,  
Whose head is towering toward the sky,  
Above such a worthless thing as I.  
Useless and vain, a cumberer here,  
I have been idling from year to year;  
But never from this shall a vaunting word  
From the humbled Pebble again be heard,  
Till something without me, or within,  
Can show the purpose for which I've been!"  
The Pebble could not its vow forget,  
And it lies there, wrapped in silence yet.

## THE PROUD LADYE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

AUTHOR OF SINLESS CHILD.

### CHAPTER I.

Leave, if thou would'st be lonely,  
Leave nature for the crowd;  
There seek for one, one only,  
With kindred mind endowed.—HOFFMAN.

THE world is coming to an end. Of this there can be no doubt. A close observer of life and human events cannot fail to arrive at such a conclusion. Let him not go to the prophecies of Daniel, nor attempt to lift the veil of the dread Apocalypse in confirmation of this faith, a stronger is before him, even like unto the hand-writing upon the wall at the feast of Belshazzar. Men have been weighed in the balance, and love has been found wanting. Love has ceased to be.

Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Love becomes a puny weakling in the midst of luxury and sloth, and the bantling dies outright, when consigned to the hands of the pains-taking. He is a robust child, nourished by mountain airs, and strong in the wild haunts of wood and water. What is there now to foster his growth? He is rocked in whirlwind, vigorous in peril, dauntless where peals the shrill clarion of battle, and unshrinking amid pestilence and death. How shall we seek now the test of his faith, the proof of his constancy? Where is the knight to put spear in rest for "Ladye love,"—where the "Ladye" to keep her "troth plight" "seven twelvemonths and a day?"

Such things must have existed—there is the argument of tradition in their favor; and yet they seem like creations of the fancy. Times have changed. The love of the olden time, the tried and the true, has ceased to be. Women divide their affections now between pleasure, fashion and dress, and love comes in the shape of a fine establishment, with a retinue of dangling coxcombs, and artificial commonplaceisms. Men pull a love letter and a price current at the same moment from their pockets, and read each with equal interest, and one serves as well as the other to light a cigar, there being no difference in their combustibility.

The god who gave inspiration to the poet, who nerved the soldier, and folded his wings in lady's bower, whispering of faith and valor, and thus willing the long, long day of exile, has ceased to be—and what have we in his stead? What is the divinity of modern times? Alas for the little burly Imp, with twinkling eyes and tinselled wings, wings too small to be of any

earthly service either for approach or escape, and alas for the votaries of such a divinity! Cupid and the divine Psyche, love wedded to the soul, seek in vain for a human shrine. They have taken their departure. Woe is us; for the end of all things must be at hand. Love is the bond that holds the very universe in harmony. It binds the material together, atom by atom, and to the spiritual it is the spark snatched from the altar of the Eternal—it is the one principle of conservation—it is the light in the midst of darkness—it is the ark upon the deluge of life. Woe to the heart from whence it hath taken its departure.

It is the separation of holy writ. It is the being consigned from the right to the left hand in judgment. It is the removal of the seeming good, leaving the blackness of despair. It is to put out the candle of the Lord in his own temple of the human soul.

Let us, while the memory of Love's existence is yet spared us, recall a legend of the old times—those times of robust and manly attachment, of earnest constancy and knightly faith—those days of womanly tenderness, of womanly devotion, and proud womanly self-respect, when falsehood was dishonor, and fickleness a crime.

It was a marvel to the gallants of the time that Lady Blanch, with wealth, beauty, and sole mistress both of her fortune and herself, should adhere to a life of entire maidenly seclusion. Rarely was she seen either at tilt or tournament, though when there, no maiden won more admiring eyes than Blanch of Instetten. She was an orphan, her mother having died at the moment that made her such, and from that time the little Blanch became the one sole object of attachment to the bereaved father.

She became his pet, his companion, the motive for existence. He directed her studies, shared her sports, and himself inducted her into the accomplishments of hawk and hound, careful always to infuse a noble reserve, that made the fair girl receive knightly service, from himself only. Thence it was that the Lady Blanch was early called the "proud lady;" and when it was rumored that the inheritor of broad lands and ancestral beauty disdained the gentle passion, many were the admirers who sought to awaken the latent tenderness believed to be lurking in her heart.

Blanch received them with proud courtesy, and it may be that her lively wit, her goodness of heart, her gentle yet noble bearing, deepened the very passion she cared not to inspire. Many were the lances broken in her honor, and many the gallant knight who coveted death, but found renown upon the battle field, in his vain efforts to forget the haughty smile of Blanch of Instetten.

If Lady Blanch's was a proud, hers was by no means a cold nature. Her voice breathed the very soul of tenderness, and there were times when her dark eye became liquid with its concealed wealth of womanly sensibility. She was ever alive to all gentle appeals, and her soul dwelt amid all that was pure and beautiful.

It may be that she received admiration as a right, homage as her due, and thus failed to perceive the obligation—but then one smile from Blanch was worth a thousand of those lightly bestowed, and one gentle word of sympathy from one so full of truth and earnestness was a thing never to be forgotten.

Blanch was not too proud for love, but then she had

never loved. The gallant and the gay knelt at her shrine, but their offerings were calmly rejected, not because they were unworthy, but because she had never felt the want of an oblation. She sat in her maidenly bower, perhaps the only one content with its seclusion; for, sooth to say, her maidens yawned and wished their lady less of a saint that they might join in other devotions.

At length the Baron of Instetten was gathered to his fathers, leaving Blanch sole inheritor of his title and estates; and leaving her also with no protector save her own innocence and womanly discretion. Blanch wept long and fervently the loss of her only friend, and her hitherto haughty bearing became touched with a grace of gentle tenderness, a half appealing softness blending with her pride, that made her beauty far more dangerous than in the days of her untouched gladness of heart. It may be that new yearnings were born of this, her first grief, a new perception of the worth of the affections, and a new and strange loneliness pressed heavily upon her heart.

Her palfrey neighed in his stall, her hounds crouched listlessly at her feet, and the keen eye of the falcon grew tame as he pecked the silken jesses that held him from the blue sky; yet Blanch hummed an idle lay, touched her harp with careless fingers, or looked sadly from the battlements where her broad lands lay beneath her, solitary, and with no stirring signs of life.

How she wished she had a brother, who might share and direct her amusements. Never was maiden so isolated and forlorn. Her very freedom became an annoyance, fettered as it was by a pride that admitted of no compromise. Then the prosy and puzzling accounts of the old steward—satisfactory to the last degree, for he would have periled life sooner than his fair mistress should be defrauded of her patrimony; these and other details of her estate became exceedingly irksome to her.

Another maiden might have bethought herself of a lover, but Blanch thought of a secretary. Lovers were to be had in abundance, the more now that the Baron of Instetten could no longer usurp knightly privileges; but on this subject Blanch was proud as ever, scarcely deigning to allow her admirers the privilege of holding her stirrup while she mounted, or even to fasten the jesses of her hawk on her slender wrist. Sooth to say, the decorum of the castle was severe to the last degree. The old priest had holyday in shiving, for never were maidens with less upon their consciences, and never was lady better content so to be.

No sooner did Lady Blanch think of a secretary than she wondered she had not sooner conceived of the same thing. She wondered she could so long have lived without one. She accordingly wrote a letter to Sir Ralph, an old friend of her father's explaining her views, and craving his assistance.

In a marvellously short space of time, the messenger returned, bearing an epistle from the worthy knight, in which he fully approved her plan, and most fortunately it was in his power immediately to second her. The son of his game-keeper, having been an invalid in early life had imbibed a fondness for books, and other gentle accomplishments unsuited to his condition. This he had heretofore been led to regret, but now that he could be of service to so estimable a lady, he rejoiced in the circumstance. On the morrow he would appear ready for all honorable service.



## CHAPTER II.

Far better one unpurchased heart,  
Than glory's proudest name.—TUCKERMAN.

Lady Blanch, with a woman's ready fancy, completed the picture slightly sketched by Sir Ralph. She imagined a pale, slender youth, timid and distrustful, shrinking from observation, and nervously alive to even the slightest appearance of neglect or ridicule. He was of course a little awkward, but then he was quiet and respectful, and she thought how sad, how miserable it must be, to live on with a soul and a body at odds, a mind adapted to loftiest aims, and a condition debased to the meanest.

Blanch's sympathies were all enlisted. She even read a homily to the ladies of her household, in which she cautioned them to observe the greatest courtesy with regard to the young secretary; to treat him as far as possible as one of gentle blood, for nobility was after all but the external symbol of an inward grace, and woman, of all others, should be ready to recognize the sentiment.

Blanch was seated in the midst of her maidens; a favorite hound, Solway, crouched at her feet, and her fingers were playing amid the cords of her harp, when the secretary was announced. She did not raise her eyes till he had advanced nearly to the centre of the room, when she arose courteously to greet him.

One glance, however, revealed what sad antics the fancy will play, and how unlike were her illusions to the reality. Blanch hesitated—colored slightly at first, and then more deeply as her proud eye detected the smile lurking about the lips of her maidens—and then the homily flashed upon her recollection, yet she received him with gentle breeding, and motioned him to a seat.

Instead of the pale, abashed youth she had anticipated, she beheld a tall, almost athletic stranger, of quiet but assured bearing, his short curly hair and abundant moustache looking more suited to the knightly beaver than the light, graceful cap of velvet which he now held in his hand, together with a roll of parchment as the insignia of his profession. The closely fitting garments revealed limbs little in accordance with those of an invalid, and the small horn of ink, with its silver chain and mountings, looked half incongruous upon the broad chest that seemed better adapted to shield and cuirass.

Notwithstanding the wave of Blanch, the stranger preserved his standing attitude, firm and manly, with his eyes bent upon the floor, and not till a slight movement of the lady's, revealing that she had finished reading a letter he had brought from his patron, did he alter his position, and then as he met her smile of approval, he knelt gracefully upon one knee, saying he was most happy to be in the service of so fair a lady.

Blanch was abashed, her fair color rose to her cheek, and yet the subdued fire of those strange eyes, the respectful manner, and more than all, the rich, manly voice, had in them nought to offend.

"Sir Secretary," said the lady, willing to relieve the embarrassment, "a string has just snapped from my harp, let me beg of you to replace it."

"I will, lady, and then if it please thee, will sing thee a song, an humble one of mine own making."

Blanch smiled assent; the stranger sunk upon one knee, and adjusted the harp, and then sang the following song, in a voice of thrilling melody:

## SONG.

Distrust me not, mine own,  
My sighs are all for thee—  
On thee I think alone,  
Whate'er my fate may be.

Then smile, beloved smile,  
Dispel these maiden fears,  
I would not thus beguile  
Thy tenderness to tears.

If others be as fair,  
What are their charms to me,  
I neither know nor care,  
For thou art all to me!

The words were exceedingly simple, yet their import did not the least promote the interest of the secretary in the eyes of the fair auditors. They seemed to imply that his troth was plighted, and that he was most chivalrously faithful to his fair ladye.

Now though either maiden would have spurned the imputation of being willing to appropriate the stranger, yet when he came among them, and thus early announced his preference elsewhere, a decided prejudice grew up against him; a determination to be chary of smiles and courtesies so little likely to be appreciated: for every woman knows, that although she may be entirely indifferent to a man herself, yet her vanity is always slightly piqued when she finds another is about to win him from her. A broad avowal of a preference she regards all but equivalent to an insult—as half cautioning her to beware the hazards of his own seductiveness, and a hint that it is all over so far as she is concerned.

Had the stranger been a knight of birth or renown, the whole artillery of female coquetry and rivalry might have been brought to bear against him; but a poor secretary, the son of a gamekeeper, and he presume to be in love, and to be constant too—the idea was preposterous. How they would like to see this Dulcinea—see her "winnowing grain," a rank country wench, no doubt, and then came the pretty toss of the head and curling of the lip, and the bridling air which women only use.

Even Blanch scrutinized the stranger with new interest, not displeased certainly, at the probable state of his affections, yet she could not help canvassing his claims to so much fidelity and so much devotion. Her sympathy was undoubtedly lessened by the circumstance; but then she half blushed that she should have given the subject a thought, and then she raised her eyes, and encountered those of the secretary fixed earnestly but respectfully upon her face. They were instantly withdrawn, but not till she felt the blood rush tumultuously to her temples.

Never was secretary more assiduous in his duties, and never was one more versatile in his accomplishments. Hawking or hunting, feats of arms or trials of strength, in all he was equally at home, and never did gentle minstrel sing sweeter madrigals in lady's bower, or beneath her casement pour forth more impassioned love-notes than did Roland the secretary, to the ears of the fair Lady Blanch. Yet they were not for her; his allusions were to one away, who possessed the very soul of tenderness, and who was worthy the devotion of a tried and true heart. If passion dwelt upon his lips, or spoke in the flashes of his eye, it was

for the absent, the beloved. If his voice sank to the low tones of earnest and soul-breathing tenderness, it was still for the fond heart from which his fate had exiled him.

Blanch listened and sighed, and smiled her approval of his constancy. She even forgot her pride, and heard him describe charms such as exist only in the fancy of a lover. Always thoughtful and high-toned in her feelings, she became grave. She wondered at the strange fascination that now grew about that simple word, *love*, hitherto disregarded by her. She wondered at the crowd of pleasant fancies that now gathered around it, and the sweet tender images it suggested, and then she glanced at the handsome secretary, and thought that had she been lowly born, Roland were indeed a being to be loved. She would beg the history of his love, she would take the fair girl into her own service, and be a gentle sister to her.

She hinted her plan to Roland. A strange light beamed from his eyes, and he knelt to kiss the fair hand she had extended toward him. Blanch trembled and withdrew it, but then his eyes met hers, and surely they expressed but grateful homage, and she half repented her coldness.

"The lady of his love was proud, even as herself. He was doomed to perpetual banishment."

"His voice was low, and the color forsook his cheek."

"But she loves thee."

"It may be, lady, but she has exiled me, and for ever; she would not debase her ancestry by wedding the base born."

Blanch drew herself up, as at the conscious blood of her own veins. Roland beheld the movement, and one slight shade of sadness crossed his brow; and then his manner was cold even proud, notwithstanding his gentle courtesy.

Blanch's eyes were fixed upon the green lawn that sloped beneath them, and the secretary slightly apart, looked down upon her clear brow, and the ringlets that swept her neck and bosom, and read thoughts that even pride may not repress.

"Shall I sing a madrigal, lady, one to which gentle ears have before deigned to listen?"

"An it please thee, but I hope it may prove grave and thoughtful, for meseems thy songs are wont to dwell too much upon the vain conceits of lovers."

After a few preluding notes upon the harp he sung the song of

#### THE LOVE OF LADY ANN.

In her bower the lady Ann

Wept her love apart,

"Why so much of pride, ladye,

With a loving heart!

Broad and fertile are thy lands,

Stately is thy hall,

But a faithful heart, ladye,

Far outweighs them all.

Thou may'st choose thy gilded bower,

Nursing grief within,

And thy lover will forget

Love he failed to win.

Thou may'st sit in gilded bower,

I the free woods roam;

Never should a lingering bride

Share with me a home.

Truth of heart and strength of arm,  
These I bring to thee;  
But thy pride hath spurned the gift—  
Fare-thee-well, ladye."

On the latchet is his glaive,  
Scarce he deigns a sigh;  
But the maiden's gushing tears  
Tremble in her eye.

In the stirrup is his foot—  
Thus do lovers part—  
He to bear his pride alone,  
She a breaking heart.

Trembling, doubtful, Lady Ann,  
Half in fear arose  
Then with beating heart she sped,  
And her arms she throws,

Clasping him with wild embrace,  
Pride and home forgot,  
She hath left her stately towers  
For a lowly lot.

Blanch listened with a slight curl of the lip, and spite of herself the color went and came upon her cheek, as thought after thought crossed through her mind.

"I fear my poor song hath failed to please thee," murmured the secretary in a low voice.

"I will commend the manner most willingly, sir secretary, but as to the matter, it is that of a bold and reckless damsel, with a taste ill befitting her gentle breeding."

"The accident of birth either in hall or hovel, lady, cannot affect the soul—that may be noble, though the muscles and sinews be base born."

"It may be so, but it is unseemly for a maiden to debase her gentle birth by an alliance therewith."

A sharp expression of pain crossed the face of Roland—he went on—

"Love, lady, levelleth all distinctions. There is neither base nor noble there—the strong arm, the true heart; ay, lady, the heart ennobled by one pure passion, is more truly gentle than that which beats beneath the proudest blazonry, and is yet incapable of the sentiment."

The eye of Blanch fell, she turned aside, and then her proud heart kindling at its own consciousness, she bent her head slightly and withdrew.

Reaching the library, she gave one look around the large quaint room with its rude ornaments and strange devices; the light streaming through the stained glass fell in softened shadows upon the tassellated floor, mellowing all things to a soft and tender melancholy. A sense of loneliness, a wild and undefined yearning grew upon the heart of the proud girl, and she threw herself into a chair, and leaning her head upon both hands, and these upon the table, she wept abundantly.

Raising her eyes, she perceived the glove of the secretary lying upon the table beside her; scarcely conscious of what she did, she pressed it to her lips.

"Blanch," exclaimed the secretary, and he was at her feet.

One moment he showered kisses upon her unresisting hand, she even murmured his name in one low whisper, then she drew herself up, and motioned him to rise.

"Nay, Blanch, you love me. I have long felt it and you, you are the object of my idolatry."

"You have the secret of a weak maiden's heart, sir secretary, but little will it avail you," she added almost bitterly, as her native pride returned.

"I can bear your scorn, lady," said the secretary, rising respectfully to his feet, "but wherever I may go, the memory of this one moment of bliss will be more than a reward for years of exile, years of suffering. The base born secretary hath won the heart of the proud Lady Blanch."

She would have recalled him, she would have uttered one word of kindness, but it was too late—he was gone.

#### CHAPTER III.

No one is so accursed by fate.

No one so wholly desolate.

But some heart, though unknown,

Responds unto his own.—LONGFELLOW.

Two years were past. The haughty Blanch had become the gentle, sympathizing, meek-hearted woman. A touching sadness lingered about her air, almost halving her singular beauty. The duties of her high-born station were duly performed, and she shared the amusements of the time with a quiet grace that told neither hope nor fear were at variance in her heart. No troublous and discordant emotion disturbed her serene composure.

At first she shrank to confess even to herself the love she bore the noble-minded secretary. But as time wore on, and all the many proofs of his magnanimity, his gentleness and manliness of character came home to her memory, she grew even proud of her love; proud that she had that within herself to perceive and appreciate such qualities in whatsoever station, and then she grew proudly grateful even for the love of the poor secretary, she who had hitherto slighted that of knight and baron bold.

Love, in whatsoever shape, is allied to religion. Most fervently did she kneel at the shrine of the Virgin, and bless her for these beautiful emotions that carried her out of self, and gave an elevation and freedom to her existence. The consciousness of having awakened the holiest emotions in one high and manly heart, from henceforth invested her with a new and almost religious dignity. A beautiful enthusiasm mingled with the sentiment. She would devote herself to this one ideal. She would hazard no other attachment, but in maidenly seclusion live upon the images the tenderness of this presented. Indeed her proud heart recoiled from all other associations.

The love of a gentle and confiding woman, with its perpetual appeals to tenderness and protection, must be dear, very dear to a manly heart; but then it too often lacketh that exclusive and earnest devotion which imparts a last touch of value; its sympathies are too readily excited, and the images of others, faint and shadowy it may be, yet still images, too often sit side by side with the beloved.

But the love of a proud woman with its depths of untold tenderness, rarely stirred, yet when once awakened, welling up a perpetual fountain of freshness and beauty, its concentrated and earnest faith, its unmingled sympathies, its pure shrine raised to the beloved, burning no incense upon strange altars, and admitting no strange oblations, the love of such an one

should invest mankind with tenfold dignity—should make him feel as a priest in the very presence of the divinity.

Blanch had no one to whom she might appeal either for counsel or aid in her solitary life. Sir Ralph was engaged in the wars of that unsettled period, and his pertinacious silence in regard to Roland annoyed and surprised her. His communications were brief, and she felt with pain that an air of coldness pervaded them. He had been her father's friend, and though bluff and somewhat stern, he was brave as a lion, and upright even to romance.

Occasionally he spoke of a nephew of his, who shared with him the perils of war, and touched upon his gentle qualities with a sad and yet earnest interest. In reply to an epistle from Blanch, in which she gently hinted the pain she felt at his estrangement, the baron replied in a strain of half playful severity:

"I am an old soldier, Blanch. I never knew what fear or dishonor meant. In battle or in principle there is but one way with Ralph, and that is, advance, but when it comes to a woman, by all the saints in the calendar, I never know what is the way. Here is the proud daughter of my best beloved friend, never deigning a smile upon the gallants of the age, and yet deprecating the coldness of an old man like me. Blanch, Blanch, I am no carpet knight, or I might have wild dreams. But I know better. My noble, my generous, my brave nephew, you must see him, Blanch, and yet no, he shall never endure the scorn of any woman. I would have him shun the cold, haughty Blanch, as he would the evil eye.

"I give thee my blessing, child of my friend, and only regret that when beauty was given thee, a heart was withholden. I shall visit thee shortly; and Roland, thy whilom secretary, will be with me, unless his shyness should prevent it, in which case my nephew claims the gentle privilege of seeing thee."

The last paragraph drove the blood from the face of Blanch. A thousand thoughts rushed upon her brain. She would see him only once—she could control her emotions—he would feel that the illusion was over—he might not come—she would forbid him her presence. Then came the wild thrill of pleasure at the thought she should once more hear the tones of his voice, meet the glance of those dark love-lit eyes. Her reverie closed by a flood of tears.

Not many days after, the warden announced the approach of Sir Ralph and his train. Blanch and her maidens descended to the great hall to welcome her old and faithful friend. One glance amid his retainers showed that the secretary had refrained his visit, and she moved onward with a sense of relief.

The greeting of the baron was as cordial as his age and long friendship would seem to justify, and then he begged her courtesy in behalf of his nephew. The stranger raised his visor, and Blanch suppressed a cry of surprise. But the cold self-possession of the quondam secretary called into action her maidenly pride, and spite of her varying color she ushered the way to the audience room with her ordinary composed grace.

Sir Ralph was puzzled—he was convinced that each was absorbed in the love of the other, and he could not understand so much of stately punctilio.

After the first ceremony of reception was over, Blanch stepped upon the terrace that she might find relief from her almost suffocating emotions. Roland

approached her, but she did not lift her eyes, or betray tokens of consciousness.

"Blanch, I have had dreams, wild and romantic dreams of womanly tenderness and devotion, such as I may never hope to realize. A mere boy I put spear in rest for you, and was rewarded by your coldness and scorn. I loved you still wildly, passionately. As a base-born dependant I won the love, ay, Blanch, it is true, I won the love of thy proud heart, and yet was an exile. And now," he had taken her passive hand in his, "I come not again to encounter scorn for I feel that I am dear to thee."

Blanch bent her head, and the tears gushed to her eyes—she would have retired, but he gently detained her.

"Blanch, I may have been wrong. It may be that thy high-born pride, that spurned a base alliance, was worthy thy high-souled taste. It may be that I exacted too much for love, and would have debased thee in thine own eyes by my selfish romance. It may."

Blanch buried her face in his bosom.

\* \* \* \* \*

But why detail more. He who had won the proud maiden's love as an humble secretary could not fail to retain it as a brave knight and true. And the legend saith Sir Ralph retracted his reproach that the fates that gave Blanch beauty denied her a heart.

#### The Infant Corpse.

O do not put the babe away,  
Dear mother, in that box, I pray,  
And set him by the window there,  
This cold and rainy day;  
Just see how curls his pretty hair,  
How very still his features are!  
You used to warm his little feet,  
And hug him up with kisses sweet,  
When he looked pale and cold;  
But now in that small linen sheet,  
So still he lies beneath its fold,  
Dear brother must indeed be cold.  
When will he lift the sleepy lid,  
By which his bright blue eyes are hid?  
I long to see him wake again  
As yesterday he did,  
And then the blush his cheek will stain,  
And his bright eyes look blue again.  
Thy brother *will* awake, my love,  
He'll wake again in heaven above,  
And brightly beam his gentle eye,  
Where happy spirits move;  
In that bright world beyond the sky  
Thy brother ne'er again shall die.

E.

#### THE BOILED MAN.

About half past five o'clock, on the evening of the 5th of February last, I took my place in the stage, (as the matter cannot be immediately brought before a jury, my lawyer has advised me to avoid using names,) dressed in a thick great coat, as the weather seemed doubtful, and I had been suffering under a low fever for some days before. I had a hundred dollar note and some loose cash, in my pocket, and an excellent gold repeater, with rather showy seals, in my fob. But what I was chiefly anxious about was a traveling case, containing drafts to the amount of five thousand dol-

lars, with which I had been entrusted by the house of P. S. & Co.

When I first entered the stage, I observed that there was a stout man wrapped in a rough horseman's cloak, sitting in one corner of it, who proved to be the only passenger beside myself. Nothing particular occurred until we had started, unless it be worth while to mention, that in getting in, the stranger would not move his leg, although much in my way. He might have been asleep, but it looked rude. So far, however, there was nothing that would have raised suspicion in the most apprehensive mind, and I am far from considering myself as belonging to that class. On this night, in particular, I perfectly remember the firm tone of my nerves, and the careless indifference with which I started a common-place subject, that I might discover whether my *compagnon de voyage* was as polished in his conversation as in his manners; for the affair of the leg had nettled me. The topic which happened to be uppermost in my thoughts was the recent elopement of Perryman, the clerk in the English Navy Pay Office. Having commented on the great number of defaulters which we have seen of late, I remarked to my unknown friend in the cloak, the singular confidence which mercantile men placed in those who are unknown to them; "and yet," answered he, dryly, "you ride in a stage with people you do not know, and trust yourself to a driver you do not know." The answer made me fairly start; but as I never form my opinions hastily, I turned the conversation, and endeavored to examine the complexion of my muffled friend's mind a little further.

"It is very cold, sir," said I.

"You will find it a d—d deal colder on — heights!" was the answer.

A chill ran through me at the idea, and I considered the ominous nature of his replies. "You venture in a stage, sir, with people you do not know." "You will be a d—d deal colder on — heights!" They might be casual observations, but the first sounded very like—Sir, I have you in a room six feet by four, and the latter I thought no bad hint at murder. But having as much courage as my neighbors, I cannot say that I felt any sensation beyond a slight distrust. My wish, however, for conversation was at an end, and sinking back in the corner of the stage, I amused myself with taking a more minute survey of my companion as the passing light of the street lamps flashed full on his face, and showed his enormous shadow upon the other side of the coach. His black eyebrows seemed to stand from his brow in masses—his eyes deeply sunk under their dark cover, shot back the light of the lamps, and the upper part of his face, for the lower was wholly hidden in his cloak, appeared in the lurid glare as red as mahogany, and as rough as a ploughed field. My time for observation was not long.

The stage, little encumbered by baggage, dashed, rattled, and bumped over the rough pavements, and in a few minutes was gliding as smoothly over the road as if it had been lined with velvet. The suddenness of such a transition has always an agreeable effect upon my feelings, and, at present, it served to banish the little excitement which had been produced by the foreboding aspect in the cloak. That aspect, with all its terrors, was now lost in shade, and as there was no probability that any further light would be thrown either upon the face or the possessor of it, for some hours, I carefully settled my thoughts towards a more



attracting subject, and began first to call to mind all the bon mots and ludicrous jokes which had been started at the last meeting of the society to which I belonged; and at the reminiscence of each, encouraged as far as possible to laugh. When this subject was exhausted, which was rather sooner than I expected, I plunged myself into a deep calculation of the expenses of a mill which I had some idea of erecting. I had got clear through the carpenter's bill, when I was a little disturbed by a man on a white horse, riding alongside the stage. He said nothing, and went away immediately; and I, as promptly resuming my calculating, was a long way in the price of damming, and bandings, when the man on the horse came for a moment along side again. This time I observed that he too wore a cloak—and I then took to the dam again. I completed it—had cut a canal nearly a mile long, when the man and horse came boldly to the window. Hitherto my friend in the cloak had seemed asleep; but at this third apparition he aroused himself, gave a nod of recognition and said, "How do you do, Tom?" "Is that you?" was the reply which this observation elicited; and the man in the cloak having assented that in was he, the stranger disappeared.

Here was fresh matter for conjecture. If the intentions of the horseman were good, why had he not inquired at once for his friend? Why should he have given himself the trouble of overtaking us three times? Why should he make assurance doubly sure, by asking, is that indeed you? or, as I interpreted it, are you ready at your post? The oddness of these circumstances gave rise to some unpleasant ideas in my mind; but with Macbeth I was soon "weariest of conjecture," and added, with manly resolution, if there is any mystery in these things, it will be solved at — heights. And with this conclusion I discarded all further speculation upon my journey, and set myself resolutely to thinking again; but the process was by no means an easy one—it was up-hill work. My memory seemed out of joint. I attributed it to the stage, which about this period began to jolt exceedingly. By this time I was ready to "jump at a conclusion." I had forgotten the premises, and when they were recovered, the conclusion was again to be sought. I remember being exceedingly astonished at the sum which I calculated the shaft of my mill wheel would cost, and had seriously considered the possibility of constructing a wheel without any shaft at all, when I recollected that my calculation supposed the length of the shaft to be 1160 yards—a number previously deduced for the length of my canal—but a jolt of the coach had mixed the calculations.

A good hour was passed in this perplexed arithmetic, before I fairly abandoned it, and took to whistling—which I concluded would be easier than mathematics, and better adapted to the road. It had, too, the merit which induced Bottom to become musical, when in danger, and alone. It served to show that I was not afraid, and to make the most of this merit, I chose none but warlike and manly songs, such as "Scots wha hae," or Jackson's March, or the Hunters of Kentucky, and found my courage to increase under their influence. My own fears were quickly mastered, and passing from one extreme to the other, I felt inclined to be merry at the peril in which I stood, and should have given my sullen companion a sly hint at his probable fate, had not every song that occurred to my mind, descriptive of a rogue coming to the gallows,

said a little too much about his desperate courage before he got thither.

While I was deliberating upon the matter, the driver blew his horn with a startling suddenness, and in a few minutes we stopped to change horses. The light glared again upon my companion's face, which was not improved by the addition of a red night-cap. He seemed, too, to return my glare with a fierce scowl; whereas before, he had averted his eyes when I looked at him. These bad omens within doors made me look abroad for comfort, which I had some hopes of discovering in the driver, whom I trusted to find a jolly fat man with mirth in his face, with a sprig of evergreen or a monthly rose in his bosom. My hopes were not realized. The fellow dammed his horses; cut one of them over the ears with as much ill-temper as ever a lash expressed; beat his foot upon the foot board with vehement impatience; (it was snowing) and, lumbering down, appeared before, a stumpy, thick-set man, with a round, pock-marked face, small gray eyes, no eyebrows, and a turned up nose. In my opinion, villain is never written more plainly than in those faces which have no features. I sunk into unpleasant meditation, when I was again aroused by the horse and his rider. I started instinctively at his features, but they were completely hidden. A dread-naught great coat, buttoned to the neck; a slouched hat, white with snow, and a silk handkerchief about the throat, bade defiance to my scrutiny. "Tom," said he in the coach, "you'll push on?" The other's voice was harsh and cold: "Ay, when I've warmed my blood." How horrid that word sounds at times! "Hallo!" to those in the house, "a glass of iced water and a tooth-pick." The fellow's common place jarred on my irritated feelings. In a few moments an unshod and tattered negro girl brought him a rummer of smoking whiskey and water, which he drank at a draught. "Tom," was again repeated, "you'll get all ready?" "Ay, d—n me if I don't," was the answer, and off went Tom at a gallop. 'This was too much: the house was poor and mean; but it was better than my next night's lodgings promised to be, should I continue my journey, and I resolved to stay there. I pushed open the door, jumped out, and was in the passage of the miserable inn in a moment.

In a little back room I saw the driver talking to a man who appeared to be the tavern keeper. He was a thin, miserable figure, with his breeches' knees unbuttoned, and a greasy cap on his head; his starved face was bloated by drink, and his eyes seemed started out of their sockets. He was without a cravat, and at the time when I saw him, his head was thrown back, and he was pointing to his throat with his long skinny finger. "No, it won't do, Jim," I heard the driver say, "I've found c'racter useful, and what will they say when the stage don't come in." "As you like, Joe, but p'raps you may wish you had, on — heights." The driver turned to go out, and stared as he met me in the passage. I made some shuffling excuse about wanting to warm myself at the fire, and rapidly revolving in my mind the circumstances in which I stood to be murdered upon — heights rather than in that house. The maudlin leering figure which would have stood over me to see my throat cut, with as much indifference as he would that of a pig, had himself expressed some doubt of an escape in the latter case, and drowning men catch at straws, so I hurried back to my hearse—it looked darker than any coach I

ever saw—with desperate resolution, and heard the door close upon me much as a malefactor of old must have heard the jar of a gate which sent him into the den of a tiger. One paw of the human tiger with whom I was enclosed, was now visible, it was a coarse brown mass, as big as a loaf, with lumpy knuckles and short, stunted nails. A Jackson\* fist, that would have written its owner's name upon a wall, with a hundred weight hanging from each finger. But the very strength of my suspicion had given me courage. Blood and thunder! said I to myself—size is not courage, was it not yesterday that I saw a three week's old possum whip a bear?—and cannot I fasten upon this man, as that animal clung to the bear's nose? I drew back into the corner for a spring, and fumbled in my pocket for a penknife.

The stage dragged heavily through the snow, and before an hour was elapsed I had fallen into a disturbed slumber. Strange dreams came upon me, I thought I was a mouse watched by a rattle snake. I received a new sense. I knew what fascination was. Even now the glaring eye of the serpent terrifies me—I wished to run into its jaws that it might terrify me no longer. A change came to my dream: I was myself again—the snake was a black snake, curled round my throat and tightening its horrid folds until I gasped for breath, its fiery eyes were staring me in the face; dark eye brows grew over them—choked and trembling with horror I awoke. The aspect of the snake settled rapidly into the visage of the villain clad in the cloak; the moon had risen, and shone full upon it. His gigantic hand was round my throat and grasped like a collar of iron. I had no power of utterance, hardly of action, but with a desperate effort I drove my penknife at his heart. Twice! thrice, I repeated the blow! I felt the villain loosen his hold; he fumbled in his cloak; a dirk flashed across the window, and in another moment:—I know no further, there was a noise—a crash as if the world was going to wreck—a piercing pain. Was this death? I did not know: I was senseless. In one moment, my fears, my agonies, my struggles were over. I felt no more than a log, which the axe hews for the fire. Neither do I know how long this lasted, but imperceptibly, that dreadful feeling of returning life which Byron has so forcibly described in Mazeppa grew upon me. I drew a long, low quivering breath—the blood rushed in gushes to my heart. I felt cold, sick, and heavy, my eyes slowly opened, and when the objects before me ceased to reel, I found myself stretched in the snow.

I had been dragged apparently from the coach, which was upset beside me. A group of men at a little distance, among whom I plainly distinguished the man with the eyebrows, his friend Tom, and the round faced, pock-marked driver, were busily engaged in examining my travelling case. The five thousand was plainly their prey, and my life was doubtless to be taken as the security: but before I could reflect upon this horrid transaction Tom said something which I did not hear, and the group approached: they tumbled me over as if I had been a sack, and placed me before a fellow, on a horse, we started off at a smart trot which lasted about five minutes, when we stopped at a mean low cottage, for I ventured to open one eye to examine it. A light was brought to the door and I shut my eyes again as if they were already sealed forever. In

a moment I was taken down from the horse and carried into the house, where they appeared to place me on a sort of bench, leave me there, and go out of the room: the man of the house observing that I should never move again, and Tom answering, in his harsh quick manner—"till we take him to his grave, my friend."

Recovered to life only to be told that the grave was yawning for me, and what a grave! I had seen enough to guess that I should be huddled into some dark corner, my limbs probably broken whilst the breath of life was yet in my body, to make it large enough. Why to God, I thought, did you not finish your bloody work at once, and stab as butchers who know how to kill. Must I be dragged again into life only to be deprived of it? I sickened at the idea, and fainted.

On recovering my senses, I saw that the room in which I lay was a wash-house attached to the cottage: in one corner stood a large cauldron, that a woman was filling with water, and in another a heap of dirty clothes. The woman had apparently finished her preparations for the night, and passed to go out. Wretch, thought I, can you thus calmly pursue your avocations with the mangled body of your associates' victim before you! I closed my eyes as she passed me, but I heard her stop and say with a tone of deep compassion: "poor creature!" O how sweetly did those two words sound to my ear! They awakened at once a thousand hopes of life, when all hope seemed extinguished. I was on the point of throwing myself at her feet, and entreating her assistance to rescue me from a bloody grave; but the deep voice of the man with the eyebrows struck upon my ear like the angel of death—"Tom, is all ready?" "No, Bill has gone for the knife." "Come, then, let's carry him out." Heavens! there was no time to be lost! I opened my eyes: the woman was gone; there was no one in the room with me, but I could see the dark shadows of the men on the wall of that adjoining, and through that room, or through a window over my head, was the only way of leaving the house.

What was to done? to alarm them by opening the window, and then to crawl through that high and narrow aperture? It was certain death!—a thought occurred to me. I sprang up; undid the hasp of the window, lifted the cauldron without noise, flung a log at the window, that sent it flying open with a clatter which must have been heard all over the house, and jumping into the cauldron, had the lid over my head in a moment. The scheme succeeded. Half a dozen men entered into the room with oaths and exclamations. They d—d my b—d for having so much strength left me—and all but Tom rushed out of the house to follow my supposed flight in the garden. I could hear this cool, shrewd villain calculating the feat I seemed to have performed; and my heart beat thick as I heard him admit that "it was possible."—At this moment the woman returned—her exclamations were boundless. She was certain I was dead!—It must have been my ghost that fetched my body away! She was glad I was gone, dead or alive—she did not like such murderous doings, and would have helped me herself, if she could have done it. I thanked her from the bottom of my soul.

But Tom was in no hurry to depart. "It was just day," he said, "the snow on the ground, and not a bush upon the heights—that he will be taken and sawed

\* The Field Marshal—not the General. Vide Don Juan for the character of this illustrious man. j

out is a done thing." The kind hearted woman trusted I should be delivered out of their hands, and at the same time I heard her rummaging among the wood below the cauldron where I lay. Poor creature! she little knew what she was about; but fear has quick ears, and I soon began to comprehend by the murmur below me, that she had lighted the fire. Confined as I was in a large copper vessel directly over the furnace, the reverberation was prodigious; and magnified by the increased acuteness of my senses. The flame seemed perfectly to roar and bellow before me. Still the effect at first was not unpleasant. I had the greatest hopes that Tom would go in a few minutes, and a mass of cold water, which had nearly chilled me to death, could not in that time become warmer than an ordinary warm bath. But as my evil genius would have it—(I almost cured the whole sex)—notwithstanding this villain's infamous character, and the proofs he had given of deserving it, the woman was in love with him! and there she held him to whimper and complain about some handkerchief he had given another girl, whilst I was boiling with apprehension and the heat of the water. The first sensation of pain was in my left foot.—I had lost the shoe of this foot, in being conveyed to the house; and the hot copper was intolerable to my toes; I crossed the left leg over the right, and for a minute or two, all was well. "Tom," said the girl, "you are a villain!" I agreed with her, but my back touched the cauldron, and the heat began to be unbearable. I could hear no more of her complaints. I had enough to attend to at home. I shrunk up into half my natural dimensions, and stood on the right toe, with my fingers over the edge; the lid removed a little. "What the devil noise was that?" said Tom. "Only the steam lifting the cover. You will hear anything but what I say," replied the girl, and added, "will nothing warn you?" O God, thought I, I wish he was in the kettle! But now my feelings became past bearing. The steam stifled me; the burning copper pierced me to the soul. The hot bubbles were rising even with my clothes, one moment more and Tom's knife would be a mercy! Yes! one minute and no longer could I submit to this agony. That one minute seemed an hour.

The fire roared as if afraid I should escape from it.—The boiling steam eddied around my head, and penetrated in my ears, my mouth, my nose—causing me inconceivable agony. The eye-lids I found are extremely sensible, and the very humors of my eyes seemed boiling beneath them. "Good night," I could have heard no other word! "Good night." Merciful heaven! but one moment more—"he's gone!" No! it is the creaking of the door! or was it this d—d simmering? At last! at last! the water ceased to burn me. My feelings were too much excited to feel it.—When, as I lifted the lid I heard the door open—and, "O Sukey, I forgot"—I heard no more. I sunk back into my boiling kettle; and the horrid villain, who had perceived the lifting of the lid, jumped instantly upon the top of it, and struck his heels with pleasure against the furnace as he comprehended my fate.

Further, Messrs. Editors, I can scarcely inform you. I recollect something of being dragged out of the kettle, but my first perceptions found me in the bed where I now am, bandaged from head to foot, and with a surgeon feeling my pulse. He is very particular with respect to persons speaking to me, and says I have yet some fever, though I shall probably do well.

P. S. 12 o'clock. I have opened my letter to say that in conversing with my attendants just now, they would willingly persuade me that I received a blow on the head when the stage upset, and have had the brain fever ever since. The scuffle in the stage they say I must have dreamt; and even that leering rascal at the Inn, they assert, was merely asking the driver to take another glass of liquor. You see they are evidently afraid to acknowledge the horrid facts that occurred, for fear of alarming me.

Four o'clock in the morning. As my money and watch are safe, I think I *must* have dreamed of the scuffle, but of the boiling I am certain, though fifteen days have elapsed since that strange disaster. P.S.

#### Religion's Name.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Too oft in pure Religion's name  
Hath human blood been spilt;  
And pride hath claimed a patriot's fame,  
To crown a deed of guilt!  
Oh! look not on the field of blood—  
Religion is not *there*:  
Her battle field is solitude—  
Her only watch-word Prayer!

The sable cowl Ambition wears  
To hide his laurel wreath;  
The spotless sword that virtue bears,  
Will slumber in its sheath;  
The truly brave fight not far fame,  
Though fearless they go forth;  
They war not in Religion's name—  
They pray for peace on earth!

By them that fear is never felt  
Which weakly clings to life,  
If shrines, by which their Fathers' knelt,  
Be perilled in the strife;  
Not theirs the heart, that spiritless  
From threatened wrong withdraws;  
Not theirs the vaunted holiness  
That veils an earthly cause.

#### THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.

THERE was in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, during the time that his father lived and had ruled over them, a young Indian female, whose name was Winona, which signifies "the first born." She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter, who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to to an union, in which all their hopes centred; but, on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied, and his claims superseded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a general favorite with the nation; he had acquired a name by the services which he had rendered to his village when attached to the Chippewas; yet, notwithstanding all the ardor with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parent and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favor of the warrior, she replied, that she had made choice of a man, who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence; while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial

exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents, having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use such harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into an union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favorite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used treats to compel her into obedience.

"Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not, I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden, but you would not. You say you love me, that you are my father, my brothers, my relations: yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough: you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false professions of affection."

As she uttered these words she withdrew and her parents, heedless of her complaints, resolved that very day Winona should be united to the warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill. When she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover.

"You," said she, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen: you endeavored, by deceitful words, to make me faithless to him; but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not, if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs."

She then commenced to sing her dirge; the light wind which blew at the time wafted the words toward the spot where her friends were; they immediately rushed toward the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to

desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and, as she concluded the words of her songs, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell a lifeless corpse near her distressed friends. Thus, has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it without involuntary casting his eye toward the giddy height, to contemplate the place whence this unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents.

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THE following beautiful and affecting lines were written by the Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of "the Burial of Sir John Moore." The poet has long slumbered in the grave, like the gentle being whose loss he here deplores:

Stanzas.

If I had thought thou couldst have died  
I might not weep for thee;  
But I forgot, when by thy side,  
That thou couldst mortal be;  
It never through my mind had past,  
The time would e'er be o'er,  
And I on thee should look my last,  
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,  
And think 'twill smile again,  
And still the thought I will not brook,  
That I must look in vain!  
But when I speak, thou dost not say,  
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;  
And now I feel as well I may,  
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,  
All cold and all serene,  
I still might press thy silent heart,  
And where thy smiles have been!  
While e'en thy chill pale corse I have,  
Thou seemest still mine own;  
But there I lay thee in thy grave—  
And I am all alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,  
Thou hast forgotten me;  
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,  
In thinking too of thee:  
Yet there was round thee such a dawn  
Of light ne'er seen before,  
As fancy never could have drawn,  
And never can restore!

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FORTUNATE INCIDENTS.

EVELYN was walking one day in a field near Say's Court; he stopped for a moment to look in at the window of a poor solitary thatched house, and beheld a young man carving a cartoon of Tintoret, of which he had bought a copy at Venice. Evelyn requested permission to enter, and soon recommended the youthful artist to the patronage of Charles the Second. Such, says the editor of *Fraser's* (London) Magazine, was the commencement of the fame of Gibbons. But for that walk, and that listening of Evelyn, he might still have pursued his solitary toil, unfriended and unknown: it was a light circumstance, a mere shadow



upon the stream, but it was full of promise for his future fortunes. Tickell owed all his political prosperity to a little poem suggested by the opera of *Rosamond*. The late William Gifford was rescued from the penury and hardships of a coasting trader by the report and the sympathy of the fish-women, who saw him playing ragged and neglected upon the beach of Brixham. And what is particularly deserving of notice is, that the very circumstances which seem to portend our injury or our ruin, often promote, to an extraordinary extent, our prosperity and happiness. This apparent contradiction may be exemplified from the life of the present amiable and learned Professor Lee, whose early struggles to acquire knowledge, amid the poverty and depression of daily labor, must be well known to many of our readers.

He was by trade a carpenter, and had no means of extending his knowledge of language except by exchanging the grammar of one for that of another. But no difficulties or privations could chill the fire of his enthusiasm; his only time of study was after the conclusion of his work in the evening; still he persevered. At length he married; and the expenses of his new manner of life not only obliged him to undertake severer toil, but seemed also to call for the abandonment of his literary pursuits; his evening as well as morning hours were to be devoted to the hammer and saw. At this critical juncture, the chest of tools upon which he depended for subsistence, was consumed by fire, and destitution and ruin stared him in the face. His calamity proved his greatest blessing; his loss became known, attracted attention to his character, and friends were not long wanting to assist the patient and struggling scholar. But for the burning of that chest of tools, the Cambridge Professor of Hebrew might at this instant have been mending a window-frame at Bristol, instead of occupying a stall in its cathedral.

#### BREATHING APPARATUS OF ANIMALS.

THE following interesting observations on the breathing apparatus of several classes of animals, are gathered from a lecture by *Dr. J. V. C. Smith*, at the Boston Athenæum:

Let us examine the families of insects. They are so organized, that in proportion to their bulk, they require a prodigious supply of air. The heart is the only preceptible organ in flies and worms; how their breathing organs are constructed we are totally ignorant.

But pertaining to that apparatus, the existence of which cannot be questioned, is an immense number of ducts, denominated air tubes, coursing over and through every part of them, distinguishable with the naked eye, resembling white lines. It is necessary that these be always distended. They open generally, with open mouths on the side of the body, and wherever there is a ring or line, it marks the place of air-hole. In worms, it also appears necessary that the air-holes be perfectly free and open. The moment a little varnish or other glutinous fluid is applied, ever so delicately, to the two last holes, that portion towards the tail is paralyzed. By closing the next two, another ring is palsied; if all but the two last towards the head are closed, it still lives though it cannot move; but when the last of the series are closed, it dies immediately. Experiments on the common caterpillar, within every one's reach, will fully substantiate this relation.

Before insects arrive to their perfect state of exis-

tence, they are destined to undergo several interesting changes. First they are worms, ordinarily of a loathsome and disgusting appearance; and, lastly, beautiful winged insects, the objects of peculiar admiration. While the caterpillar crawls on his twenty or fifty feet—under its coarse, hairy skin, it has six legs, imitatively folded next the body; two pair of wings, that only require the sun's rays to astonish with the beauty of their coloring; and a proboscis nicely packed away, to sip the honey, which will be its future food, it seeks a quiet, safe and warm retreat. The old covering becomes dry and dark; the fluids cease to circulate in it, and gradually, as the legs and wings gain freedom within, they push it entirely off, thus disentangled, it flits away on its untied wings, from flower to flower.—Whilst the slough or skin was dying, the worm breathed, as it did before, through the old skin. Insects, it is supposed, never breathe by the mouth.

Fishes are without lungs, and yet they require a constant supply of air, though in a lesser quantity than animals with a double heart. Such is their peculiarity of structure, that they breathe a mixture of air and water together. The gills enable them to perform this process. Deprive water of its air, and the fish dies as soon as it would out of water. Close its mouth with twine, and the gills no longer perform their office. The free exposure of gills to the water is not sufficient: it is necessary to propel the water through them forcibly. If the feathery gills of a small perch could be unfolded and spread, it is not improbable that they would cover a square yard. This will not appear so extraordinary, when it is recollected that the nerve in a dog's nose is spread into so thin a web, that it is computed to be four yards square. Observe the wonderful economy of nature: this web is so rolled up, like a roll of parchment, that it could be packed in a lady's thimble. Nearly one third of all the blood is exposed to the action of the air, in the gills, at the same time. The fish draws in a mouthful of water, and with a quick motion of closing the jaws, drives it through the gills. Let the jaws be propped asunder, so that no force can be exerted, and death speedily ensues.

No class of animals is more wonderful on the other hand than amphibians. They live alternately in two elements—hear and see with equal facility in both. It is not true, as too generally believed, that they alternately respire air and water, or a mixture of both. They are cold-blooded animals, with a single heart—as for example, the frog and the aquatic lizard, &c. The water seems to be their peculiar element, but, after all, they breathe the air exclusively. They have lungs, but they have a faint resemblance to those of warm blood, with a double heart. These lungs are mere membranous bags or cylinders, which in their dry prepared state, for exhibition, appear like a bubble of froth. The next extraordinary circumstance is this, that breathing is an act, depending on their will—that is, they can breathe regularly, at short intervals, for days together, or they can stop the machinery for hours, or perhaps days, and continue equally vigorous. The mouth acts precisely like a bellows. The jaws are grooved above and below, that they may be air tight, and a slit acting like a valve, is placed at the root of the tongue, over the pipe, leading to the lungs. The air is drawn in through very small nostrils, which in the frog and newt, are not larger than a cambric nee-

die. The amphibious animal now slowly draws his mouth full of air, and when sufficiently distended, forces it through the valve, by the lower jaw. The abdominal muscles reach and slowly press it out again.

If a frog's mouth be propped open with a stick it will inevitably die, as there is no power by which it can inhale air, short of the bellows of its jaws.

Newts, lizards, and the camerio's lungs, are cylinders running down the sides of their bodies, the whole length. When irritated or in fear, they blow up their bodies to frightful dimensions.

The different colors with which the camelion so readily dresses itself, depend upon this peculiarity of its lungs. The skin is covered with an exquisitely fine villi, like velvet. If the lungs be filled to a certain extent, the swelling of the body erects the fleece, so that the refraction and reflection of light on it, makes it appear green or white; another blast into the lungs, gives another inclination to the fleece, and he is grey or blue. When, by irritation, his body is blown up to its greatest dimensions, the villi are perfectly erect, and the creature is perfectly white.

#### The Orphan Girl.

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER.

I HAVE no mother!—for she died

When I was very young;

But her memory still around my heart,

Like morning mist, has hung.

They tell me of an angel form,

That watched me when I slept,

And of a soft and tender hand,

That wiped the tears I wept;

And that same hand that held my own

When I began to walk,

And the joy that sparkled in her eyes

When first I tried to talk.

For they say a mother's heart is pleased

When infant charms expand—

I wonder if she thinks of me,

In that bright happy land?

For I know she is in heaven now—

That holy place of rest—

For she was always good to me,

And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,

She kiss'd my burning brow,

And the tear that fell upon my cheek—

I think I feel it now.

And I have some little books

She taught me how to spell;

And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,

I still remember well.

And then she used to kneel with me,

And teach me how to pray,

And raise my little hands to heaven,

And tell me what to say.

O, mother! mother! in my heart

Thy image still shall be,

And I will hope in heaven at last

That I may meet with thee.

#### THE LOVER'S LAST VISIT.

The window of the lonely cottage of Hilltop, was beaming far above the highest birch wood, seeming to travelers at a distance in the long valley below, who knew it not, to be a star in the sky. A bright fire was in the kitchen of that small tenement; the floor was washed, swept and sanded, and not a footstep had marred its perfect neatness; a small table was covered, near the ingle, with a snow white cloth, on which was placed a frugal evening meal; and in a happy but pensive mood sat there all alone the wood-cutter's daughter, a comely and gentle creature if not beautiful; such an one as diffuses pleasure round her in the hay field, and serenity over the seat in which she sits attentively on the Sabbath, listening to the word of God, or joining with mellow voice in his praise and worship. On this night she expected a visit from her lover, that they might fix their marriage day; and her parents satisfied and happy that their child was to be married to a respectable shepherd, had gone to pay a visit to their nearest neighbor in the glen.

A feeble and hesitating knock was heard at the door, not like the glad and joyful touch of a lover's hand; and cautiously opening it, Mary Robinson beheld a female figure wrapped up in a cloak with her face concealed in a black bonnet. The stranger whoever she might be seemed weary and worn out, and her feet bore witness to a long day's travel across the marshy mountains. Although she could scarcely help considering her an unwelcome visitor at such an hour, yet Mary had too much sweetness of disposition—too much humanity, not to request her to step forward into the hut; for it seemed as if the wearied woman had lost her way, and had come right toward their shining window to be put right upon her journey to the low country.

The stranger took off her bonnet on reaching the fire; and Mary Robinson beheld the face of one whom in youth she had tenderly loved; although for some years past the distance at which they lived from each other had kept them from meeting, and only a letter written in their simple way, had given them a few notices of each other's existence. And now Mary had opportunity, in the first speechless gaze of recognition, to mark the altered face of her friend,—and her heart was touched with no ignorant compassion.

"For mercy's sake! sit down Sarah! and tell me what evil has befallen you; for you are as white as a ghost. Fear not to confide anything to my bosom; we have herded sheep together on the lonely braes—we have stripped bark together in the more lonely woods; we have played, laughed, sung and danced together—we have talked merrily and gaily, but innocently enough surely, of our sweethearts together; and Sarah, graver thoughts have we shared, for when your poor brother died away like a frosted flower, I wept as if I had been his sister; nor can I ever be so happy in this world as to forget him. Tell me my friend, why are you here? and why your sweet face is so ghastly?"

The heart of this unexpected visitor died within her at these kind and affectionate inquiries. For she had come on an errand that was likely to dash the joy from that happy countenance. Her heart upbraided her for the meanness of the purpose for which she paid the visit; but this was only a passing thought; for was she, innocent and free from sin, to submit not only to desertion but to disgrace, and not to trust herself and her wrongs, and her hope of redress, to her whom she

loved as a sister, and whose generous nature she well knew, not even love, the changer of so many things, could utterly though indeed, it might render it colder than of old to the anguish of a female friend?

"Oh! Mary, I must speak—yet my words make me grieve, far less for me than for yourself. Wretch that I am—I bring evil tidings into the dwelling of my dearest friend! These ribbands, they are worn for his sake—they become well, as he thinks, the auburn of your bonny brown hair; that blue gown is worn to-night because he likes it; but, Mary, will you curse me to my face when I declare before the God that made us, that man is pledged unto me by all that is sacred between mortal creatures; and that I have here in my bosom written promises and oaths of love from him, who I was this morning told in a few days is to be thy husband. Turn me out of the hut now if you choose, and let me die of hunger and fatigue in the woods, where we have so often walked together; for such a death would be a mercy to me in comparison to desertion by him who is mine, forever, if there be a God who heeds an oath of his creatures he has made."

Mary Robinson had led a happy life, but a life of quiet thoughts, tranquil hopes, and meek desires—Tenderly and truly did she love the man to whom she was betrothed; but it was because she had thought him gentle, manly, upright, sincere, and one that feared God. His character was unimpeached, to her his behavior had always been fond, affectionate, and respectful; that he was a fine-looking man, and could show himself among the best in the country around at church, and market, and fair day, she saw with pleasure and with pride. But in the heart of this poor, humble, contented and pious girl, love was not a violent passion, but an affection sweet and profound.—She looked forward to her marriage with a joyful sedateness, knowing that she would have to toil for her family if blessed with children; but happy in the thought of keeping her husband's house clean—of preparing his frugal meals, and welcoming him when wearied at night, to her faithful, affectionate and grateful bosom.

At first, perhaps, a slight flush of anger toward Sarah tinged her cheek; then followed in succession, or all blended together in one sickening pang, fear, disappointment, the sense of wrong, and the cruel pain of disesteeming and despising one on whom her heart had rested with all its best and purest affections. But though there was a keen struggle between many feelings of her heart, her resolution was formed during that very conflict; and she said within herself:—"If it be even so, neither will I be so unjust as to deprive poor Sarah of the man who ought to marry her, nor be so mean and low spirited, poor as I am, and dear as he has been unto me, as to become his wife."

While these thoughts were calmly passing the soul of this magnanimous girl, still her former affection for Sarah revived; and as she sighed for herself, she wept alone for her friend.

"Be quiet, be quiet, Sarah, and sob not so as if your heart was breaking. It need not be thus with you.—Oh! sob not so sair! You surely have not walked in this one day from the heart of the parish of Montrath?"

"I have indeed done so, and I am as weak as the wreathed snow. God knows, little matter if I should die away; for, after all, I fear he will never think of me for his wife, and you, Mary, will lose a husband with

whom you would have been happy. I feel, after all, that I must appear a mean wretch in your eyes."

There was a silence between them, and Mary Robinson, looking at the clock, saw that it wanted only about a quarter of an hour from the time of tryst.

"Give me the oaths and promises you mentioned out of your bosom, Sarah, that I may show them to Gabriel when he comes. And once more I promise, by all the sunny and snowy days we have sat together in the same plaid on the hillside, or on the lonesome charcoal plots and nests o' green in the woods, that if my Gabriel—did I say my Gabriel—has forsaken you and deceived me thus, never shall his lips touch mine again,—never shall this head lie in his bosom—no, never, never; notwithstanding all the happy, too happy hours I have been with him, near or at a distance—on the corn-rig, among the meadow hay—in the singing-school—at harvest home—in this room, and in God's own house. So help me God, but I will keep this vow!"

Poor Sarah told in a few hurried words, the story of her love and desertion,—how Gabriel whose business as a shepherd often took him into Montrath parish, had wooed her, and fixed every thing about their marriage, nearly a year ago. But that he had become causelessly jealous of a young man whom she scarcely knew; had accused her of want of virtue, and for many months had never once come to see her. "This morning for the first time, I heard for a certainty, from one who knew Gabriel well, and all his concerns, that the banns had been proclaimed in the church between him and you; and that, in a day or two, you were to be married. And though I felt drowning I determined to make a struggle for life,—for, Oh! Mary, Mary, my heart is not like your heart; it wants your wisdom, your meekness, your piety; and if I am to lose Gabriel I will destroy my miserable life, and face the wrath of God slitting in judgment upon sinners."

At this burst of passion Sarah hid her face with her hands, as if sensible that she had committed blasphemy. Mary seeing her wearied, hungry, thirsty and feverish, spoke to her in the most soothing manner; led her into the little parlor called the Spence, then removed into it the table, with the oaten cakes, butter and milk; and telling her to take some refreshment, and then lie down in the bed, but on no account to leave the room till called for, gave her a sisterly kiss, and left her. In a few minutes the door opened and Gabriel entered.

The lover said, "How is my sweet Mary?" with a beaming countenance; and gently drawing her to his bosom, he kissed her cheek. Mary did not—could not—wished not—at once to release herself from his enfolded arms. Gabriel had always treated her as the woman who was to be his wife; and though at this time her heart knew its own bitterness, yet she repelled not endearments that were lately delightful, and suffered him to take her almost in his arms to their accustomed seat. He held her hand in his, and began to speak in his usual kind and affectionate language. Kind and affectionate it was, for though he ought not to have done so, he loved her, as he thought, better than his life. Her heart could not in one small, short hour forget a whole year of bliss. She could not yet tingling away with her own hand what, only a few moments before, seemed to her the hope of paradise.

Her soul sickened within her, and she wished that she were dead, or never had been born.

"O Gabriel! Gabriel! well indeed have I loved you; nor will I say, after all that has passed between us, that you are not deserving, after all, of a better love than mine. Vain were it to deny my love either to you or my own soul. But look me in the face—be not wrathful—think not to hide the truth either from yourself or me, for that now is impossible—but tell me solemnly, as you shall answer to God at the judgment day, if you know any reason why I must not be your wedded wife!"

She kept her moist eyes fixed upon him; but he hung down his head, and uttered not a word, for he was guilty before her, before his own soul, and before God.

"Gabriel, never could we have been happy; for you often told me that all the secrets of your heart were known unto me, yet never did you tell me this. How could you desert the poor innocent creature that loved you; and how could you use me so, who loved you perhaps as well as she, but whose heart God will teach not to forget you, for that I may never do, but to think on you with that friendship and affection which innocently I can bestow upon you, when you are Sarah's husband. For, Gabriel, I have this night sworn, not in anger or passion; no, no, but in sorrow and in pity for another's wrongs; in sorrow also—deny it I will not—for my own, to look on you from this hour as one whose life is to be led apart from my life, and whose love must never meet with my love. Speak not unto me, look not unto me with beseeching eyes. Duty and religion forbid us to be man and wife. But you know there is one beside me, whom you loved before you loved me, and therefore it may be better too; and that she loves you and is faithful, as if God had made you one, I say without fear, I who have known her since she was a child, although fatally for the peace of us both, we have long lived apart. Sarah is in the house and I will bring her unto you in tears, but not tears of penitence, for she is as innocent of that sin as I am who now speak."

Mary went into the little parlor, and led Sarah forward in her hand. Despairing as she had been, but when she heard from poor Mary's voice, speaking so fervently, that Gabriel had come, and that her friend was interceding in her behalf—the poor girl had arranged her hair in a small looking-glass, tied it up with a ribbon which Gabriel had given her, and put into the breast of her gown a little gilt brooch that contained locks of their blended hair—pale but beautiful—for Sarah Pringle was the fairest girl in all the country—she advanced with a flush, on that paleness of reviving hope, injured pride, and love that was ready to forgive all and forget all, so that once again she could be restored to the place in his heart that she had lost.

"What have I done, Gabriel," she said, "that you have flung me from you? May my soul never live by the atonement of my Saviour, if I am not innocent of that sin which you, even you, have in your hard-heartedness charged me! Look me in the face, Gabriel, and think of all that I have been unto you, and if you say that, before God and your own soul, you believe me guilty, then will I go away out into the dark night, and long before morning my troubles will be at an end."

Truth was not only in her features and simple

words, but in the tone of her voice, the color of her face, and the light of her eyes. Gabriel had long shut up his heart against her. At first, he doubted her virtue, and that doubt gradually weakened his affection. At last he tried to believe her guilty, or to forget her altogether, when his heart turned to Mary Robinson, and he thought of making her his wife. His injustice, his wickedness, his baseness, which he had so long concealed in some measure from himself, by a dim feeling of wrong done him, and afterward by the pleasure of a new love, now appeared to him as they were and without disguise. Mary took Sarah's hand and placed it within that of her contrite lover; for, had the tumult of conflicting passion allowed him to know his own soul, such at that moment he surely was; saying with a voice composed as the eyes with which she looked upon them:

"I restore you to each other; and I already feel the comfort of being able to do my duty, I will be bride's maid—and I now implore the blessing of God upon your marriage. Gabriel, your betrothed will sleep this night in my bosom. We will think of you better, perhaps, than you deserve. It is not for me to tell you what you have to repent of. Let us all three pray for each other this night, and evermore when we are on our knees before our Maker. The old people will soon be home. Good night, Gabriel."

He kissed Sarah—and giving Mary a look of shame, humility, and reverence, he went home to meditation and repentance.

It was now midsummer; and before the harvest had been gathered in throughout the higher valleys, or the sheep brought from the mountain fold, Gabriel and Sarah were man and wife. Time passed on, and a blooming family cheered their board and fireside. Nor did Mary Robinson, the Flower of the Forest, (for so the wood-cutter's daughter was often called) pass her life in single blessedness. She, too, became a wife and mother; and the two families, who lived at last on adjacent farms, were remarkable for mutual affection throughout all the parish, and more than one intermarriage took place between them, at a time when the worthy parents had almost forgotten the trying incidents of their youth.—*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.*

**NUTRITIVE PROPERTIES OF FOODS COMPARED.**—The following is from a report on this subject presented to the French minister of the interior, by Messrs Percy and Vaupellin, two members of the institute. In bread every 100 lbs. weight are found to contain 80 lbs. of nutritious matter; butcher's meat, averaging the various sorts, contains only 35 lbs. in 100; French beans (in the grain) 92 in 100; broad beans, 89; peas 93; lentiles, (a kind of half-pea, but little known in England,) 94 lbs. in 100; greens and turnips, which are the most aqueous of all vegetables used for domestic purposes, furnish only 8 lbs. of solid nutritious substance in 100; carrots, 14 lbs.; and what is very remarkable as being in opposition to the hitherto acknowledged theory, 100 lbs. of potatoes only yield 25 lbs. of substance valuable as nutrition. One pound of good bread is equal to two or two pounds and a half or 3 lbs. of the best potatoes; 1 lb. of potatoes is equal to 4 lbs. of cabbage, and three of turnips; 1 lb. of rice, broad beans, or French beans (in grain) is equal to 3 lbs. of potatoes. This calculation is considered perfectly correct, and may be valuable in families where



the best mode of supporting nature should be adopted at the least expense.

#### Benefits of Matrimony.

I WENT to one neighbor and solicited a donation for a public object; he replied, "I approve of your object and would assist you, but you know I have a family, and charity begins at home."

I called on a second; he replied that such as were able ought to be liberal, and that he had every disposition to aid me; but he added, "I have stronger claims on me, which I am bound to regard—those of my children."

A public charity demanded that a messenger should be sent from the city to a remote country. A person was selected whose talents were well adapted to the mission. He replied, "that nothing would give him more pleasure, but it was absolutely impossible on account of his family. He was excused."

Two merchants, partners in business, failed. At a meeting of the creditors, it was resolved that one should be forthwith released; but the other, because he was a bachelor, might yet, as it was his duty, go to work and pay a small dividend.

An insurance office was about to appoint a secretary. There were, as usual, twenty applicants. In the discussion of the board of directors, the talents of many were set forth—when a member rose and said that the one which he should propose was a man of moderate capacity, but that he was a poor man with a family. He succeeded, and holds the office still.

A mercantile friend wished me to procure a person to fill a responsible station. A gentleman came who seemed well fitted for the office. I asked him how much salary he expected. He replied, smilingly, "I am a married man," which I understood to be fifteen hundred dollars per annum. He has the place. No bachelor would have had over a thousand.

Two criminals were tried for forgery at the Old Bailey, and were condemned to death. The king pardoned the one who was married, on account of his wife and children. The other paid the forfeit of his life, because he was a bachelor.

In short, would you avoid trouble of many kinds, excite sympathy, procure office, or escape punishment, you have only to get married.

#### MY FIRST VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD,

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE evening passed away delightfully in this quaint looking apartment, half study, half drawing-room. Scott read several passages from the old romance of Arthur, with a fine, deep, sonorous voice, and a gravity of tone that seemed to suit the antiquated, black-letter volume. It was a rich treat, to hear such a work, read by such a person, and in such a place, and his appearance as he sat reading, in a large arm chair, with his favorite hound Morda at his feet, and surrounded by books, and relics, and border trophies, would have formed an admirable and most characteristic picture.

While Scott was reading, the sage grimalkin already mentioned, had taken his seat in a chair beside the fire, and remained with fixed eye and grave demeanor, as if listening to the reader. I observed to Scott that his cat seemed to have a black-letter taste in literature.

"Ah," said he, "these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk. There is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of. It comes, no doubt, from their being so familiar with witches and warlocks."

He went on to tell a little story about a gude man who was returning to his cottage one night, when in a lonely out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy man, astonished and half frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home and told what he had seen to his wife and children. Scarce had he finished, when a great black cat that sat beside the fire, raised himself up and exclaimed, "Then am I king of the cats," and vanished up the chimney. The funeral seen by that gude man was one of the cat dynasty.

"Our grimalkin, here," added Scott, "sometimes reminds me of the story, by the airs of sovereignty he assumes; and I am apt to treat him with respect, from the idea that he may be a great prince incog., and may some time or other come to the throne."

In this way Scott would make the habits and peculiarities of even the dumb animals about him subjects for numerous remark or whimsical story.

Our evening was enlivened also by an occasional song from Sophia Scott, at the request of her father. She never wanted to be asked twice, but complied frankly and cheerfully. Her songs were all Scotch, sung without any accompaniment, in a simple manner, but with great spirit and expression, and in their native dialect, which gave them an additional charm. It was delightful to hear her carol off in sprightly style, and with an animated air, some of those generous spirited old Jacobite songs, once current among the adherents of the Pretender in Scotland, in which he is designated by the appellation of "the Young Chevalier."

These songs were much relished by Scott, notwithstanding his loyalty; for the unfortunate Chevalier has always been a hero of romance with him, as he has with many other staunch adherents of the House of Hanover, now that the Stuart line has lost all its terrors. In speaking on the subject, Scott mentioned as a curious fact, that among the papers of the Chevalier, which had been submitted by Government to his inspection, he had found a memorial to Charles from some adherents in America, dated 1778, proposing to set up his standard in the back settlements. I regret, that at the time, I did not make more particular inquiries on the subject; the document in question, however, in all probability still exists among the Pretender's papers which are in possession of the British government.

In the course of the evening, Scott related the story of the whimsical picture hanging in the room, which had been drawn for him by a lady of his acquaintance. It represented the doleful perplexity of a wealthy and handsome young English knight of the olden time, who in the course of a border foray, had been captured and carried off to the castle of a hard-hearted and high-handed old baron. The unfortunate youth was cast into a dungeon, and a tall gallows erected before the castle gate, for his execution. When all was ready, he was brought into the castle hall where the grim baron was seated in state, with his warriors armed to the teeth around him, and was given his choice, either to swing on the gibbet or to marry the baron's daughter. The last may be thought an easy alternative, but un-

fortunately, the baron's young lady was hideously ugly, with a mouth from ear to ear, so that not a suitor was to be had for love nor money, and she was known throughout the border country by the name of Muckle mouthed Mag!

The picture in question represented the unhappy dilemma of the handsome youth. Before him sat the grim baron, with a face worthy of the father of such a daughter, and looking daggers and rat's bane. On one side of him was Muckle-mouthed Mag, with an amorous smile across the whole breadth of her countenance, and a leer enough to turn a man to stone; on the other side was the father confessor, a sleek friar, jogging the youth's elbow, and pointing to the gallows, seen in the perspective through the open portal.

The story goes, that after long laboring in mind, between the altar and the halter, the love of life prevailed, and the youth resigned himself to the charms of Muckle-mouthed Mag. Contrary to all the probabilities of romance, the match proved a happy one. The baron's daughter if not beautiful, was a most exemplary wife; her husband was never troubled with any of those doubts and jealousies which sometimes mar the happiness of connubial life, and was made the father of a fair and undoubtedly legitimate line, that still flourishes on the border.

I give but a faint outline of the story from vague recollection; it may, perchance, be more richly related elsewhere by some one who may retain something of the delightful humor with which Scott recounted it.

When I retired for the night I found it almost impossible to sleep; the idea of being under the roof of Scott; of being on the borders of the Tweed, in the very centre of that region which had for some time been the favorite scene of romantic fiction; and above all, the recollections of the ramble I had taken, the company in which I had taken it, and the conversation which had passed, all fermented in my mind, and nearly drove sleep from my pillow.

#### MEANS OF PREVENTING CONSUMPTION.

**PROPER VENTILATION.**—One thing which we believe to be a fruitful source of consumption, has been alluded to, under the head Pure Air, though not with so much distinctness as its importance demands. We must be permitted to recur to it, under another head, and urge the importance of ventilation.

The common statement, that we spoil a gallon of air, by breathing, every minute, does not express the whole truth. He who is confined to the use of a gallon of air a whole minute, or what is the same thing, he who is confined to sixty gallons, sixty minutes, or to twelve hogsheds of it twelve hours, is indeed injured to the full extent which has unusually been supposed.

But as we have already said, this is not all. We are beginning to be injured long before we have spent a full minute on our gallon of air. There is quite too much carbonic acid gas contained in a gallon of air, ere we have lived upon it half a minute. Nay more; it is not certain that we remain uninjured if we breathe over the second time, any portion of air which has the previous instant issued from a pair of lungs, whether ours or somebody else. Our opinion is, that no air which has just issued from the cavity of the lungs, should be inhaled again; and that by neglect of this rule, though it be in ignorance, thousands and tens of thousands are slowly injuring themselves, and implant-

ing the seeds of disease in various forms, especially consumption.

To prevent this, great pains should be taken to have a free circulation of air in all our rooms, especially, as we have already said, in our parlors, sleeping rooms, school rooms, churches, &c. Unwearied pains should be taken to avoid the necessity—particularly in feeble people or children—in taking in breath which has just issued from the lungs of another; whether it be a fellow being or a favorite domestic animal—a horse, a dog, or a cat. Fires also, of every kind, lamps, candles, &c.—In short, *combustion of every sort*—as well as respiration, produce the results of which we have been speaking; and call equally loud on us for careful ventilation.—*Dr. Atcott.*

Why does not Mary E. Hewett write more? She has artistic skill, language, harmony and energy of expression, exceeded by very few of our lady writers. Take the following specimen from the Southern Literary Messenger, which is by no means one of her best, good as it is.

God Bless the Mariner.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

God's blessing on the Mariner!

A venturesome life leads he—  
What reck the landsmen of their toil  
Who dwell upon the sea?

He hath piped the loud "ay! ay sir!"  
O'er the voices of the main,  
'Till his deep tones have the hoarseness  
Of the rising hurricane.

But pleasant as the sound of waves  
Upon the sunlit strand,  
Are its ever glad responses  
To the greetings of the land.

God bless the hardy mariner!  
A homely garb wears he,  
And he goeth with a rolling gait,  
Like a ship upon the sea.

His seamed and honest visage  
The sun and wind have tanned,  
And hard as iron gauntlet  
Is his broad and sinewy hand.

But oh! a spirit looketh  
From out his clear, blue eye,  
With a truthful, childlike earnestness,  
Like an angel from the sky.

A venturesome life the sailor leads  
Between the sky, and sea—  
But when the hour of dread is past,  
A merrier who, than he?

On the burning broad equator  
He hath wooed the cooling gale,  
And amid the polar ice-fields  
He hath spread the frozen sail.

And where the mad waves onward,  
Like a leaguered army swept:  
Undimmed though all, his compass lamp  
Its flame hath brightly kept.

He knew that by the rudder bands  
Stood one well skilled to save;  
For a strong hand is the STEERMAN'S  
That hath brought him o'er the wave.

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*The Sisters.*







# THE ROVER.

The Voice of Nature.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL

A voice is heard in the winds and waves,  
In the sound of the ever-rolling sea;  
'Tis whispered amid the gloom of graves,  
And it speaks from the hill-top loud and free;  
'Tis murmuring in every breath of air,  
And pauses not when the leaves are still;  
Where the waters are falling, prattles there,  
And it whistles along the heathery hill.

Up on the brown and briary steep,  
When the bramble stirs with the nestling bird—  
Down in the green and glassy deep,  
When the coral rustles, that voice is heard:  
Far it is borne on the summer breeze,  
O'er sunny meadow and flowery plain;  
Then it steals to the glancing trees,  
And is lost in their shadowy gloom again.

Hark! its wandering echoes wake—  
They are now in the heart of the rifted rock:  
Now they lie on the slumbering lake;  
Now are at play with the bounding flock.  
Not a withering leaf by the wind is stirred,  
Not a murmur moves through the bending corn.  
But far that summoning voice is heard,  
Like the loud, clear notes of the winding-horn.

Oh! 'tis a voice that comes from heaven,  
Borne like a spirit in light along,  
Now like the rush of a tempest driven,  
Murmuring now in the charm of song.  
Hear ye the voice—then come away  
Far from the haunts of ruder men—  
Come, where the leaves and fountains play—  
You may love and be happy then.

## THE SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLIND ALICE."

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

"Come Ellen, we have two hours to ourselves, let us once more take our favorite walk."

The speaker Grace Wilmot had seen but seventeen summers, yet already her heart had strayed from the home in which her infancy was cradled, and this day, she was to go forth from its quiet scenes into her world, with him whom she had chosen for her guide. Though the May sun was scarce an hour high she was already attired for her bridal, and may be seen in the frontispiece, as she appeared on this, the most eventful morning of her life.

Over a full skirt of muslin, she wears a bodice of satin with stomacher and falling frills of lace. The veil which floats around her form is confined to her head by a wreath of orange flowers, beneath which her hair falls upon her neck in its own natural ringlets. Beside her kneeling form stands her sister Ellen over whose classic features time has thrown a deeper shadow. Ten years older than Grace, Ellen had, at her age, indulged the same bright hopes which now gladdened her, but they had been suddenly and forever darkened. The grave had closed over the form which was associated with all her imaginings of life, and Ellen awoke from the first stupefaction of grief to feel that thenceforth she lived, not for herself or for the present, but for the friends whom her abandonment to

VOLUME IV.—No. 8.

sorrow would afflict and for the blissful hereafter promised to those who "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." Gradually the rose had returned to her cheek, and the smile to her lip, but the one had never bloomed so vividly, nor the other been so joyous as in days of yore. She was rarely, if ever, seen in the assemblies of the young and gay, but her presence was the sun-light of her father's home, and it was no uncommon observation with his visitors that "it would be a pleasure to go to the parsonage, if it were only to see Ellen Wilmot's sweet face and to receive her cheerful, kindly greeting."

Grace had but a dim, shadowy remembrance of her mother's step and voice, for they had vanished from her home when she was scarce five years old. Ellen had never assumed over her younger sister a mother's authority, but she had watched with a mother's interest the unfolding of her mind, and heart, and shielded her with maternal care from the very touch of sorrow.

Mr. Wilmot's feelings toward this youngest darling, who had lost, so early, a mother's love, which nothing can replace were peculiarly tender. In Ellen, he confided; she was his loved companion as well as his child, but "little Grace" as she had continued to be called, when almost as tall as her sister, was a pet-lamb, to be fondled and cherished, to be sheltered in his very heart, and preserved if possible, in her childish innocence, and lovingness from a chilling and corrupting world. Grace repaid with the warmest affection, the tenderness of her father and sisters.

Mr. Wilmot was a clergyman and the reverence for his sacred office which mingled somewhat of awe with the love of his children, checked even in the heedless Grace, the complete outpouring of her thoughts and feelings; but from her sister Ellen nothing was withheld, and long before the artless girl suspected aught in her own feelings to Philip Ellerslie which she might have hesitated to reveal, Ellen had recognized in them the love whose disappointment had clouded her life. To Mr. Wilmot it had been a painful surprise when he was asked to sanction his daughter's engagement, but a child, as she seemed to him, he saw that her heart had been already bestowed on him who now sought her hand, and whose character and prospects in life, left him no just reason for disapproval.

Philip Ellerslie was a young lawyer whose talents and application had already gained him high encomiums, and whose generous support of his widowed mother and sisters—parishoners of Mr. Wilmot—spoke volumes of his moral excellence. He had commenced the practice of his profession in a distant city, and thither must Grace remove with him on her marriage, from the home which had been that of her whole life—for Mr. Wilmot possessing an independent fortune, and true christian humanity, had neither been impelled by his necessities nor tempted by his ambition from the simple flock to whom he had first broken the bread of life, and who so loved him, that to them truth came welcome from his lips. The country around the parsonage, for it was in the country, was beautifully picturesque and one of Mr. Wilmot's recreations had been to bestow on its grounds those adornments which his taste suggested and his health permitted. Walks had been opened

to points of peculiar beauty. Some of these walks were graveled and kept by the gardener as carefully as those which seemed his more immediate charge. To one of these it was that Grace now invited her sister. Taking a basket on her arm Ellen said "we will gather some flowers as we go for your bouquet." Linked arm in arm the sisters proceeded through the garden, and passing through a gate in its rear, entered a grove in which nature had been left uncontrolled,—the walk winding hither and thither, where ever it could find unobstructed space. The trees were just opening their leafy buds to the balmy breath of May. Some scarce venturing to peep forth from their covering of russet brown, and others wearing their first delicate tinge of green. From this grove the walk soon emerged into the clear sun-light. In this open space, the sisters had bordered it with their favorite flowers. Here were the bright Crocus, the modest Snowdrop and the Lilly, of the valley, emblem of purity—with every slender petal gemmed with the dews of morning.

Ellen stopped to fill her basket—Grace to cast a look of lingering love at a scene linked with many a dear remembrance of her happy childhood, and her youth. Beside her, from a green knoll toward a lofty oak beneath whose shadow she had sported with companions as joyous as herself, through many a summer evening. Before her lay the small lake or pond at which the walk terminated. Never had it looked lovelier, than now, as its waters lay sparkling in the sun-beams, except at its eastern shore, where the verdant hills which almost encircled it cast their darkening shadow on its clear tide.

From these most distant objects Grace turned to the flowers at her feet, and stooped to search among them for a treasure—a violet, she scarcely hoped to find. It was Ellen's favorite flower and from her childhood Grace had watched the opening of the first violet, that she might bear it to her sister—an offering of love. And this year, too, that pleasure shall be hers—for see she holds the little purple flower which has just begun to unfold its petals and blinding its delicate stem to a cluster of lillies of the valley, she offers it to Ellen, exclaiming, "See, dear Ellen; your own flower? is it not an omen of good that I should have found it this morning—does it not tell us that we cannot be wholly parted while we have the memory of the past, and even a simple flower can awake so many thoughts of love? Wear this to-day, dear Ellen, and then put it carefully by, and promise me to look at it once every day, and think that I am with you, though you do not see me."

"Nay, my own Grace, dwelling in the home of our childhood, where every object is associated with you and talk of you—will season every meal. I need no such memento—but in the new home to which you go who will speak to you of Ellen? what tree or flower which we have loved and nursed together shall awaken tender memories of her in your heart? Do you take those flowers, my beloved Grace—fitting emblems are they of the simple and pure affections of your early home; look at them often, and oh! my treasured sister, may the memories with which they are linked preserve you from the influence of the false, the heartless and the vain."—*Christian Family Magazine*.

A CAPTAIN of a ship said to a sailor who fell overboard one morning—"you have had but an indifferent breakfast." "No so bad," replied the tar, "for I had a good duck."

## ALPINE SCENES.

PASS OF THE COL DE BALME, CHAMOUNI, MONT BLANC.

BY J. TYLER HEADLEY.

AT Martigny we took mules for Chamouni. The same road leads for a while toward St. Bernard and Chamouni, when a mule path strikes off to the right up the Forclar, toward the latter place. As we slowly wound up the steep ascent, I often turned back to look on the valley of the Rhone, that stretched on, far as the eye could reach, presenting one of the most picturesque views in all Switzerland. Here, I first had occasion to test the world-renowned qualities of the mule on the difficult Alpine passes; and instead of the one I rode being so very trust-worthy, he came very near recommending his sure footedness to all future travelers by breaking my neck as I was passing along the brink of a precipice. I thought he went unnecessarily near the edge, but concluding he knew his own business best, I let him take his own course—suddenly his hinder foot slipped over—he fell back—struggled to recover his balance, while a cry of alarm burst from my companions behind—rallied again—secured his footing, and passed as demurely and quietly on as if nothing in the world had happened to disturb his equanimity. For a few moments it was a question of considerable doubt whether I was to have a roll with my mule some hundred feet into the torrent below, with the fair prospect of a broken neck and a mangled carcase—or to cross the Forclar. I learned one lesson by it, however; never to surrender my own judgment again, not even to a mule.

We at length descended to Trient—a very small hamlet—composed simply of a few sheds—where we refreshed ourselves in truly primitive fashion. Calling our guide, I told him I must cross the Col de Balme. He replied that it was impossible.

"No one," said he, "has crossed it this year, except the hunter and mountaineer. The path by which those who make the passage always go, is now utterly impassable. The recent snow and rains have so affected it, that not even a chamois hunter could follow it, and I cannot attempt it."

This was a damper, for I had thought more of making this pass than any other in the Alps. All the guides and hangers-on at Martigny had told me the same thing, but I considered it mere talk. But the earnestness of the fellow, backed as it was by the inhabitants of the valley, who said no one, not even the mountaineers had crossed it for a long time, somewhat staggered me. I did not wish to be reckless and foolhardy, but I had fully made up my mind to cross the Col de Balme, and so, coolly replied, "Well if you cannot accompany me, I shall go alone."

The fellow stared at me as if I were out of my senses. To have an ignorant traveler say he would go alone, where an experienced guide dare not go himself, was a piece of impertinence he had never before witnessed. Just then, turning to my guide book, I saw that a young German had perished on the same hill by disobeying his guide. This was anything but encouraging—but the same book stated that from the top was one of the finest views "in the whole world." This restored the balance again. I then went out to one of the inhabitants of the hamlet and inquired if there was no one among the peasantry who would undertake to pilot me over the Col de Balme. He said he would see. Money will fetch any amount of daring from a Swiss, and one soon offered himself. He said that



the ordinary pass could not be made by any one, but the summit might be reached by a gorge, now half filled, from top to bottom, with the wrecks of avalanches. Said he, "It will be a difficult task, but we can try, and if we fail we can return."

Oh, how I like that word *try*. I returned to my friends, who had from the first been averse to the undertaking, and told them I was going to attempt the pass—that I was convinced it would be one of exhausting effort, and perhaps of peril—that I would not advise them to accompany me, for if any accident should happen I did not wish to take the responsibility. The guide, I added, said it could not be made; while the peasant I had engaged, spoke of it as a matter of doubt. I then went to our guide, and told him to take the mules around by the Tete Noire, and wait for me at Argentiere. He looked at me a moment, and replied with an ominous shake of the head: "*Je vous conseille de ne pas aller. Je vous conseille de ne pas aller.*" "I advise you not to go. I advise you not to go." I replied I must, and turned away. My friends finally concluded to accompany me, and furnishing ourselves with long poles, we started off.

A hot July sun was burning down in the valley, and following the example of our guide, I stripped off my coat, and unbuttoned my vest to ease myself for the tramp. With a flask of brandy in one pocket and a bottle of wine in the other, our square built, swarthy guide tramped on. Immediately on leaving the valley we entered upon a bed of snow, formed by avalanches, that had accumulated there during the long winter months. This field of snow, stretched on, and up, like the roof of a house, as far as the eye could reach. Walking, I saw was out of the question, and it had got to be *climbing*, hour after hour. We had hardly commenced, before my two six-foot-high companions gave out, and were compelled to cling each to an arm of the guide. I, on the contrary, though possessing but half their muscular strength, became exhilarated, the higher I mounted. The rare, cold atmosphere acted like a stimulant on my diseased nerves. As long as I was in sight, the guide was continually hallooing to me, to keep more in the centre of the ravine, so that I could run either one side or the other, should an avalanche descend.

Pressing on, I at length lost sight of him altogether, and could only now and then catch the sound of his faint halloo far, far below me. *I was alone in the Alps* The beetling cliffs and lofty snow-peaks rose in awful solitude over me, while not a sound broke the stillness, save now and then the rattling of falling stones and earth, on the sides of the mountain, threatening the descent of a heavier mass. I was a mere speck upon the broad field of snow, and my overtaxed powers began at length to fail. But thinking I was near the top, I rallied and pressed on; when, lo, instead of having attained the summit, I found that what I had hitherto surmounted was mere child's play to the task before me. I had hitherto been treading on the hard debris of avalanches; but now arose, right before me, a pure, white snow peak—a *vé* the region of falling avalanches, nay, itself the *her* of them. Not a track was visible on the white surface, and the fearful drifts reposed in ominous silence along its cold bosom.

At the base of this almost perpendicular ascent, I paused in doubt. I was at a loss on which side to attack it; indeed, I did not feel like attacking it at all, and confess that my spirits for the first time drooped. I sat

down in the snow, now glittering in the light of the declining sun, and awaited the approach of my guide. At length I caught his dark figure against the white back-ground below, and shouting out, motioned to know whether I should go to the right or left. He telegraphed to the right, and I pushed on. Backward and forwards I walked on the sides of my feet—leaning against the breast of the hill and sinking every step mid-leg deep in the soft fresh snow. This was too much; I toiled on, till I could feel my heart thump like a hammer against my breast, and panting and exhausted, I laid my hot cheek on the cold snow in perfect despair. The chill that followed, drove me up, and on, till finally my eye caught, on the distant snow-plain, a black speck, which gradually grew into a house of refuge, now desolate and filled with drafts. The summit was reached, and the unobstructed breeze, that blowed along the heavens, from the sea of Alpine peaks, fell upon me. Mont Blanc towered on my vision, and the "Vale of Chamouni" lay smiling at its feet. The Aiguilles of La Tour, L' Argentiere Veite de Deu Charmor, and many others, stood like guardsmen, on each side of Mont Blanc divided from it and each other, by vast glaciers that went streaming into the valley, clothing the steep mountains with ice, in their passage.

Mont Blanc had been the dream of my boyhood, and now I gazed upon it "rising from its sea of pines" over the sweet vale of Chamouni. Those sharp *A'g es* (needles) were spearing the sky in every direction, while the enormous glaciers were rolled into confusion at their feet. It was an indescribable sight;—those splintered pinnacles—those mighty glaciers—the awful form of Mont Blanc rearing haughtily over all—and the sweet valley that slept in the sunshine below, all combined to overwhelm the soul with awe and wonder and delight. I gazed and gazed, till at length a rain-cloud, drifting on its high path, caught against the top of Mont Blanc and enveloped it in mist.

Plucking some flowers that had pushed themselves up through the snow, we began our descent. But as I went leaping down the hill, I suddenly found myself hanging by the arms on the snow crust, while my feet were swept by a torrent, of whose existence I was first made conscious by this unexpected plunge. The bed of snow above it had effectually smothered its voice and concealed its passage, until I thus unceremoniously introduced it to the upper world. The meek, crest-fallen manner with which I withdrew my nether limbs and slowly dragged myself away from that unpleasant neighborhood along the thin upper crust, caused a shout of laughter, from my friends, till old Col de Balme rung again. Giving them a few peltings with snow-balls, to repay their impertinence, I rallied my spirits, and again commencing my rapid descent, soon left them far behind. Pausing on a cliff to look on the scene that changed at every step, my ear caught a rumbling, crackling sound, that proceeded from a distant glacier. My eye roamed over the immense ice-field, till it caught a column of mist, slowly rising into the air. The next moment, a precipice of ice rolled over, and breaking into a thousand fragments as it fell, poured itself into the valley. Its voice of thunder rose and swelled on the air, then died away in sullen echoes among the hills. The mass from which it broke showed clear and blue on the face of the mountain. It was the first avalanche I had seen, or heard; and its sullen thunder, amid those vast solitudes, was indescribably awful and solemn.

Reaching the valley, we passed on to Argentiere, where our mules were waiting for us, and mounting them trotted off for Chamouni. I had abandoned the hope of seeing a clear sunset on Mont Blanc, from the moment I saw the rain cloud wrap it from the top of Col de Balme. But I could not keep my eye from its majestic form, and while I was looking on the veil that covered its head, the mist began slowly to part, and dissolve away, till the entire mountain stood clear and distinct like a model in the sky. Its smooth round top looked more like a spiritual, than a material creation, in the rare atmosphere of that far up region. I clapped my hands in delight, but a far more glorious scene awaited me. The sun had long since left the valley and mountains around, but Mont Blanc still looked down on him, as he sank over the western world, and while I was looking, a light rose color began to spread over this king of hills, till the snow assumed a transparency like the cheek of beauty. All his guardsmen put on the same bright coloring, that deepened every moment till the vast mountain stood, a pyramid of pink, against a cloudless heaven. Soft, and mild, spiritually beautiful, it seemed ready to dissolve in the warm embrace of the sunlight. Unlike any thing I had ever seen or dreamed of, it held me as by a wizard spell. Slowly the bright coloring faded away, shifting as it disappeared, leaving the snow valleys between the vast swells of the mountain, first in shadow, then retiring to the summit on which the sun lingered a moment as if for a last interview, when all was again white and cold as before. Weary and exhausted, we at length reached Chamouni. Selecting a room in the inn that looked full on Mont Blanc, so that I could sleep in his presence, I sought the warm fire and began to think, as I watched the steaming tea-kettle, of something more substantial than pink colors and poetic visions. While tea was preparing, I looked over the register of names, and the odd and grave comments scattered through the pages. Here was a bitter pasquinade against Chamouni and its everlasting rains—here a touching allusion to the death of travelers, who had fallen over a snow-covered precipice, and their dead bodies brought back to the inn, they had left in the morning full of hope. There was also poetry in abundance, among which the following description of the ascent of Mont Blanc amused me much.

"They talk of Helvellyn, Ben Lomond:—all stuff!  
Mont Blanc is the daisy for me sure enough,  
For next to the Rerk, in the county Mayo,  
It bates all the mountains and hills that I know.  
Who'd see Mont Blanc fairly, must make the ascent,  
Although owld ——— to look up was content.  
I can tell owld T—— that as I mounted higher,  
For one aigle he saw, I found three Lammergeyrs.  
I was up on the top, where (I tell you no lie)  
I could count every raster that howlds up the sky.  
I wish to tell truth, and no more, though no less,  
And its terrible height to correctly express:  
I should say, if I had but a common baloon,  
I could get in one hour with all aise to the moon.  
If ever you wish on that trip to set out,  
You start from the top of Mont Blanc without doubt:  
You'd find the way sure, and the cheapest to boot,  
Since you'd make such a dale of the journey on foot;  
Yet with one good or two middling spy glasses,  
You could see from Mont Blanc every action that passes.  
I persaved the last quartet quite plain through a fog  
Growing out of the first, like a great moving bog:  
In a country so subject to change, I'll be baid  
Some hints could be got of a fair silding scale;  
That Peel then should go to inquire, I advise,

For I heartily wish him a flight to the skies.  
But again to my subject—I say, and *repete it*,  
Mont Blanc bates all things that was ever created:  
As I was determined new wonders to seek,  
I went by a route that was somewhat unique,  
By the great sea of ice, where I saw the big hole,  
Where captain Ross wintered, not far from the pole:  
The Tropic of Cancer, first lay on one side,  
Like a terrible crevice, some forty feet wide;  
Farther on I saw Greenland, as green as owld Dan,  
But 'Jardin' the guides called it, all to a man.  
I didn't dispute, so we kept under weigh,  
Till we came to the end of the great icy say.  
We saw the great mules that 'congealed in a pop,'  
When Saussure and Balmat would ride to the top;  
Now nothing remains but the petrified bones,  
Which mostly resemble a pair of big stones.  
I brought my barometer made by one Kayting,  
For fear the weather would want regulating,  
But the weight of the air at the top so increased,  
That the mercury sunk fourteen inches at *laste*.  
Thin the *could* was so hot—though we didn't perspire—  
That we made water boil without any fire.  
We fired off a gun, but the sound was so small,  
That we doubted if truly it sounded at all,  
Which smallness was caused (as I *tould* my friend Harrison)  
Alone by the size of Mont Blanc in comparison;  
But to describe all the sights would require  
Not powers like mine, but genius far higher.  
Not Byron in verse, nor Scott in his prose,  
Could give the *laste* notion of Blanc and his snows;  
Indeed none should try it but one of the 'Lakers,'  
Who, if not great wits, are yet great undertakers;  
And then, of all these, none could do it so well,  
As the wonderful author of great Peter Bell;  
For he to the summit could easily float  
Without walking a step—'in his good little boat.'  
Next to him, the great Southey, whose magical power  
Paints the fight of the cat in the awful mice tower,  
Whose description in words of sublimity set,  
Says, 'the summer and autumn had been so wet.'  
'Tis spirits like these who are fit to attempt  
The labor from which such as I am exempt."

PAT. MCSWEENEY.

After tea, I leaned out of the window, and listened to the turbid Arneron, just borne from the glacier above, brawling through the valley, and gazed on Mont Blanc, still uncovered, and wearing on his head a coronet of stars. The heavens seemed to rest on it. I was completely walled in by peaks piercing the heavens in every direction, yet Mont Blanc stood unrivaled in their midst.

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains,  
They crowned him long ago,  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow."

I retired to my bed, but the toils of the day had been too much for me. The excitement of the magnificent scenery amid which I had stood and moved during the day, made me unconscious of effort, but now it having subsided away, the very life of life seemed taken from me. Feverish and hot, with my brain throbbing like an overwheeled pulse, I courted in vain wearied repose. Precipices of ice rose in my dreams, along whose slippery sides I was passing—inaccessible peaks mocked my efforts to scale them, or gloomy gulfs opened in my path. Wakened by a fanciful fall, I rose and threw open the window. There stood Mont Blanc, white as a spirit's robe, with the moon hanging her crescent over his silver top, and not a cloud in sight. An avalanche had fallen far up amid its awful solitudes. Nothing can fill the soul with such strange mysterious feelings as the sound of avalanches, falling at midnight, and

alone amid the Alps. They seem half conscious beings, meeting their destiny when the world is asleep, and fulfilling a mission, known only to themselves and their Creator. I turned to my pillow again, and was awakened at early twilight by a strain I had often dreamed of, but never heard. At first, I could hardly believe I was awake, but the strain rang on, till it flashed on me as I was in the Alps, and that was the Alpine horn waking the echoes of early morn with its melody. How it rang in the clear morning air through that deep valley. I rose and looked out of my window, and close beneath me, a shepherd was driving his goats to their mountain pastures, and all was quiet as a Sabbath morning. Mont Blanc had robbed his forehead in mist, and days, perhaps weeks, would pass, before he would stand uncovered again. Breakfast was soon despatched, and all was bustle and preparation for the ascent of Montaubert to the "*Mer de Glace*."

## KNICKERBOCKER HALL.

OR THE ORIGIN OF THE BAKER'S DOZEN.

LITTLE BROM Boomptie, or Boss Boomptie, as he was commonly called by his apprentices and neighbors, was the first man that ever baked new-year cakes in the good city of New Amsterdam. It is generally supposed that he was the inventor of those excellent and respectable articles. However this may be, he lived and prospered in the little Dutch house in William street, called, time out of mind, Knickerbocker Hall, just at the outskirts of the good town of New Amsterdam.

Boomptie was a fat comfortable creature, with a capital pair of old-fashioned legs; a full, round, good-natured face; and a corporation like unto one of his plump loaves: and as much honesty as a Turkish baker, who lives in the fear of having his ears nailed to his own door for retailing bad bread. He wore a low-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver; a gray bearskin cloth coat, waistcoat and breeches, and gray woollen stockings, summer and winter all the year round. The only language he spoke, understood, or had the least respect for, was Dutch—and the only books he ever read or owned were a Dutch Bible with silver clasps and hinges, and a Dutch history of the Duke of Alva's bloody wars in the low countries. But Boomptie was a pious man, of simple habits and simple character; a believer in "demonology and witchcraft," and as much afraid of *spooks* as the mother that bred him. It ran in the family to be bewitched, and for three generations the Boompties had been very much pestered with supernatural visitations. But for all this they continued to prosper in the world, inasmuch that Boss Boomptie daily added a piece of wampum or two to his strong box. He was blessed with a good wife, who saved the very parings of her nails, and three plump boys, after whom he modeled his gingerbread babies, and who were every Sunday zealously instructed never to pass a pin without picking it up and bringing it home to their mother.

It was new-year's eve, in the year 1655, and the good city of New Amsterdam, then under the special patronage of the blessed St. Nicholas, was as jovial and wanton as hot spiced rum, and long abstinence from fun and frolic, could make it. It is worth while to live soberly and mind our business all the rest of the year, if it be only to enjoy the holidays at the end with a true zest. St. Nicholas—thrice blessed soul! was

riding up one chimney and down another, like a locomotive engine, in his little one-horse wagon, distributing cakes to the good boys, and whips to the bad ones: and the laugh of the good city, which had been pent up all the year, now burst forth with an explosion that echoed even unto Breucklen and Communipaw.

Boss Boomptie, who never forgot the main chance, and knew from experience that new-year's eve was a shrewd time for selling cakes, joined profit and pleasure on this occasion. He was one minute in his shop, dealing out cakes to his customers, and the next laughing, and tipping, and jiggling, and frisking it with his wife and children in the little back room, the door of which had a pane of glass that commanded a free view of the shop. Nobody, that is, no genuine disciple of jolly St. Nicholas, ever went to bed on new-year's eve. The Dutch are eminently a sober discreet folk; but somehow or other, no people frolic so like the very dickens when they are once let loose as your very sober and discreet bodies.

By twelve o'clock the splay beverage, sacred to holidays at that time, began to mount up into Boss Boomptie's head, and he was vociferating a Dutch ditty in praise of St. Nicholas with marvelous discordance, when just as the old clock in one corner of the room, struck the hour that ushers in the new year, a loud knock was heard at the counter, which roused the dormant spirit of trade within his bosom. He went into the shop where he found a little ugly old thing of a woman, with a sharp chin, resting on a crooked black stick, which had been burnt in the fire and then polished; two high sharp cheek-bones; two sharp black eyes; skinny lips, and a most diabolical pair of leather spectacles on a nose ten times sharper than her chin.

"I want a dozen new year cookies," screamed she, in a voice sharper than her nose.

"Vel, den, you needn't speak so loud," replied Boss Boomptie, whose ear being just then attuned to the melody of his own song, was somewhat outraged by this shrill salutation.

"I want a dozen new year cookies," screamed she again, ten times louder and shriller than ever.

"Duyvel, I ant teaf den," grumbled the worthy man, as he proceeded to count out the cakes, which the other very deliberately counted after him.

"I want a dozen," screamed the little woman; "here is only twelve."

"Vel den, and what the duyvel is twelf but a dozen?" said Boomptie.

"I tell you I want one more," screamed she in a voice that roused Mrs. Boomptie in the back room, who came and peeped through the pane of glass, as she often did when she heard the boss talking to the ladies.

Boss Boomptie waxed wroth, for he had a reasonable quantity of hot spiced rum in his noddle, which pre-disposed a man to valor.

"Vel den," said he, "you may co to de duyvel and get anoder, for you wont get it here."

Boomptie was not a stingy man; on the contrary, he was very generous to the pretty young damsels who came to buy cakes, and often gave two or three extra for a smack, which made Mrs. Boomptie peevish sometimes, and caused her to watch at the little pane of glass when she ought to have been minding her business like an honest woman.

But this old hag was as ugly as sin, and the little baker never in his whole life could find it in his heart to be generous to an ugly woman, old or young.

"In my country they always give thirteen to the dozen," screamed the little old woman in the leather spectacles.

"And where de duyvel is your gountry?" asked Boomptie.

"It is nobody's business," screeched the old woman. "But will you give me another cake, once for all?"

"Not if it would save me and all my chineration from being pewitched and pedemonologized time out of mind," cried he in a great passion.

What put it into his head to talk in this way I don't know; but he might better have held his tongue. The old woman gave him three stivers for his cakes, and went away, grumbling something about "living to repent it," which Boss Boomptie didn't understand or care a fig about. He was chock full of Dutch courage, and defied all the ugly old women in christendom. He put his three stivers in the till and shut up his shop, determined to enjoy the rest of the night without further interruption.

While he was sitting smoking his pipe, and now and then sipping his beverage, all at once he heard a terrible jingling of money in his shop, whereupon he thought some local catiff was busy with his little till. Accordingly, priming himself with another reinforcement of Dutch courage, he took a pine knot, for he was too economical to burn candles at that late hour, and proceeded to investigate. His money was all safe, and the till appeared not to have been disturbed.

"Duyvel," quoth the little baker man, "I pelieve mine *vrouw* and I have bote cot a zinging in our heads."

He had hardly turned his back when the same jingling began again, so much to the surprise of Boss Boomptie that had it not been for his invincible Dutch courage, he would, as it were, have been a little frightened. But he was not in the least; and again went and unlocked the till, when what was his astonishment to see the three diabolical stivers, received from the old woman, dancing and kicking up a dust among the coppers and wampum, with wonderful agility!

"Haggias Van Swoschagin!" exclaimed he, sorely perplexed, "de old duyvel has cot into dat old sinner's stivers, I tink." He had a great mind to throw them away, but he thought it a pity to waste so much money; so he kept them locked up all night, enjoining them to good behaviour, with a design to spend them next day in another jollification. But the next day they were gone, and so was the broomstick with which it was the custom to sweep out the shop every morning. Some of the neighbors coming home late the night before, on being informed of the "abduction" of the broomstick, deposed and said, that they had seen an old woman, riding through the air upon just such another, right over the top of the bake-house; whereat Boss Boomptie putting these odds and ends together did tremble in his heart, and wished to himself that he had given the ugly old woman thirteen to the dozen.

Nothing particular came to pass the next day, except that now and then the little Boompties complained of having pins stuck in their backs, and that their cookies were snatched away by some one unknown. On examination it was found that no marks of the

pins were to be seen; and as to the cookies, the old black woman of the kitchen declared she saw an invisible hand, just as one of the children lost his commodity.

"Den I am pewitched, sure enough!" cried Boomptie, in despair, for he had too much "demonology and witchcraft" in the family not to know when he saw them, just as well as he did his own face in the Col-lect.

On the second day of the year, the 'prentice boys all returned to their business, and Boomptie once more solaced himself with the baking of the staff of life. The reader must know that it is the custom of bakers to knead a great batch at a time, in a mighty bread-tray into which they throw two or three little apprentice boys to paddle about like ducks in a mill-pond, whereby it was duly amalgamated and set to rising in due time. When the little catiffs began their gambols in this matter, they one and all stuck fast in the dough, as though it had been so much pitch, and to the utter dismay of honest Boomptie, behold the whole batch rose up in a mighty mass, and the boys sticking fast on the top of it!"

"Der dapperheed updragon!" exclaimed little Boomptie, as he witnessed this catastrophe; "de duyvel ish in de yeast dis time, I tink."

The bread continued to rise till it lifted the roof off the bake-house, with the little 'prentice boys on the top of the bread-tray following after. Boss Boomptie and his wife watched this wonderful rising of the bread in dismay, and in proof of the poor woman being bewitched, it was afterward recollected that she uttered not a single word on this extraordinary occasion. The bread rose and rose, until finally it disappeared, boys and all, behind the Jersey hills. If such things had been known at that time, it would have been taken for a balloon: as it was the people of Bergen and Communipaw thought it was a waterspout.

Little Boss Boomptie was quite disconsolate at the loss of his bread and his 'prentice-boys, whom he expected never to see again. However, he was a stirring body, and set himself to work to prepare another batch, seeing his customers must be supplied in spite of "witchcraft or demonology." To guard against such another rebellious rising, he determined to go through the process down in the cellar, and turn his bread-tray upside down. The bread, instead of rising, began to sink into the earth so fast, that Boss Boomptie had just time to jump off before it entirely disappeared in the ground, which opened and shut just like a snuff box.

"Myt de stamme van dam?" exclaimed he, out of breath, "my pread rises downward dis time, I tink. My customers must go without to-day."

By and by his customers came for hot rolls and muffins; but some of them had gone up, and some down, as little Boss Boomptie related after the manner just described. What is very remarkable, nobody believed him; and doubtless if there had been any rival baker in New Amsterdam, the boss would have lost all his customers. Among those that called on this occasion, was the ugly old woman with the sharp eyes, nose, chin, voice, and leather spectacles.

"I want a dozen new-year cookies!" screamed she as before.

"De geude Schiyber Torgouldigit beast!" muttered he, as he counted out the twelve cakes.

"I want one more!" screamed she.



"Den you may eo to de duyvel and kit it, I say, for not anoder shall you have here, I tell you."

So the old woman took her twelve cakes, and went out, grumbling as before. All the time she staid, Boomptie's old dog, who followed him wherever he went, growled and whined, as it were to himself, and seemed mightily relieved when she went away. That very night, as the little baker was going to see one of his old neighbors at the *Maiden's Valley*, then a little way out of town, walking, as he always did, with his hands behind him, every now and then he felt something as cold as death against them, which he could never account for, seeing that there was not a soul with him but his old dog. Moreover Mrs. Boomptie, having bought half a pound of tea at a grocery-store, and put it into her pocket, did feel a twitching and jerking of the paper of tea in her pocket every step she went. The faster she ran, the quicker and stronger was the twitching and jerking, so that when the good woman got home she was nigh fainting away. On her recovery she took courage, and pulled the tea out of her pocket, and laid it on the table, when, behold, it began to move by fits and starts, jumped off the table, hopped out of doors, all alone by itself, and jiggled away to the place from whence it came. The grocer brought it back again, but Madame Boomptie looked upon the whole as a judgment for her extravagance, in laying out so much money for tea, and refused to receive it again. The grocer assured her that the strange capers of the bundle were owing to his having forgot to cut the twine with which he had tied it; but the good woman looked upon this as an ingenious subterfuge, and would take nothing but her money. When the husband and wife came to compare notes, they both agreed they were certainly bewitched. Had there been any doubt of the matter, subsequent events would soon have put it to rest.

That very night Mrs. Boomptie was taken after a strange way. Sometimes she would laugh about nothing, and then she would cry about nothing; then she would set to work and talk about nothing for a whole hour without stopping, in a language that nobody could understand; and then all at once her tongue would cleave to the roof of her mouth so that it was impossible to force it away. When this fit was over, she would get up and dance double-trouble, till she tired herself out, when she fell asleep, and waked up quite rational. It was particularly noticed, that when she talked fastest and loudest, her lips remained perfectly closed, and without motion, or her mouth wide open, so that the words seemed to come from down her throat. Her principal talk was railing against Dominie Laidlie the good pastor of Garden-street church, whence every body concluded she was possessed by a devil. Sometimes she got hold of a pen, and though she had never learned to write, would scratch and scrawl certain mysterious and diabolical figures, that nobody could understand, and everybody said must mean something.

As for little Boss Boomptie he was worse off than his wife. He was haunted by an invisible hand, which played him all sorts of scurvy tricks. Standing one morning at his counter, talking to one of the neighbors he received a great box on the ear, whereat being exceedingly wroth, he returned it with such interest on the cheek of his neighbor, that he laid him flat on the floor. His friend hereupon took the law of him, and proved to the satisfaction of the court that he had

both hands in his breeches pocket at the time Boss Boomptie said he gave him the box on the ear. The magistrate not being able to come at the truth of the matter, fined them each twenty five guilders for the use of the dominie.

A dried codfish was one day thrown at his head, and the next minute his walking-stick fell to beating him, though nobody seemed to have hold of it. A chair danced about the room, and at last lighted on the dinner-table, and began to eat with such good appetite, that had not the children snatched some of the dinner away, there would have been none left. The old cow one night jumped over the moon, and a pewter dish ran fairly off with a horn spoon, which seized a cat by the tail, and away they all went together, as merry as crickets. Sometimes, when Boss Boomptie had money, or cakes, or perhaps a loaf of bread in his hand, instead of putting them in their proper places, he would throw them into the fire, in spite of his teeth, and then the invisible hand would beat him with a bag of flour, till he was as white as a miller. As for keeping his accounts, that was out of the question; whenever he sat himself down to write, his ink-horn was snatched away by the invisible hand, and by and by it would come tumbling down the chimney. Sometimes an old dish-cloth would be pinned to the skirt of his coat, and then a great diabolical laugh heard under the floor. At night he had a pretty time of it. His night-cap was torn off his head, his hair pulled out by handfuls, his face scratched and his ears pinched as with red hot pinchers. If he went out in the yard at night, he was pelted with brick-bats, sticks, stones, and all sorts of filthy missives; and if he staid at home, the ashes were blown upon his supper; and old shoes, instead of plates, were seen on the table. One of the frying-pans rang every night of itself for a whole hour, and a three-pronged fork stuck itself voluntarily into Boss Boomptie's back, without hurting him in the least. But what astonished the neighbors more than all, the little man, all at once, took to speaking in a barbarous and unknown jargon, which was afterwards found out to be English.

These matters frightened some of the neighbors, and scandalized others, until at length poor Boomptie's shop was almost deserted. People were jealous of eating his bread, for fear of being bewitched. Nay, more than one little urchin complained grievously of horrible out-of-the-way pains in the stomach, after eating two or three dozen of his new year cookies.

Things went on this way until Christmas-eve come round again, when Boss Boomptie was sitting behind his counter, which was wont to be thronged with customers on this occasion, but was now quite deserted. While thinking on his present miserable state and future prospects, all of a sudden the little ugly old woman, with a sharp nose, sharp chin, sharp eyes, sharp voice, and leather spectacles, again stood before him, leaning on her crooked black cane.

"De Phillistyer Onweetende!" exclaimed Boss Boomptie, "what too you want now?"

"I want a dozen new-year cookies!" screamed the old creature.

The little man counted out twelve as before.

"I want one more!" screamed she louder than ever.

"Opgeblazen tyn-Ichldknop!" exclaimed the Boss, in a rage; "den want will pe your master."

She offered him three silvers, which he indignantly rejected, saying,

"I want none of your duyvel's stivers—begone, Verschvikt Huysvrouw!"

The old woman went away mumbling and grumbling as usual.

"By Saint Johannes de Dooper," quoth, Boss Boomptie, "but she's a beauty!"

That night, and all the week after, the brickbats flew about Knickerbocker Hall like hail, insomuch that Boss Boomptie marveled where they all came from, until one morning, after a terrible shower of brickbats, he found, to his great grief and dismay, that his oven had disappeared; next went the top of his chimney; and when that was gone, these diabolical sinners began at the extreme point of the gable-end, and so went on picking at the two edges downward, until they looked just like the teeth of a saw, as may be still seen by people curious enough to look at the building.

"Gesprengkelde! Gesprengkelde! on Gepleekteeve!" cried Boss Boomptie, "put it's too bad to have my prains beat out with my own brickbats."

About the same time a sober respectable cat, that for years had done nothing but sit purring in the chimney-corner, all at once got the duyvel in her, and after scratching the poor man half to death, jumped out of the chimney and disappeared. A Whitehall boatman afterward saw her in Butter-milk channel, with nothing but the tail left, swimming against the tide as easy as kiss your hand. Poor Mr. Boomptie had no peace of her life, what with pinching, stickings of needles, and talking without opening her mouth. But the climax of the malice of the demon which beset her was in at last tying up her tongue, so that she could not speak at all, but did nothing but sit crying and wringing her hands in the chimney-corner.

These carryings on brought round new-year's eve again, when Boss Boomptie thought he would have a frolic, "in spite of the duyvel," as he said, which saying was, somehow or other, afterward applied to the creek at Kingsbridge. So he commanded his wife to prepare him a swingeing mug of hot spiced rum, to keep up his courage against the assaults of brickbats. But what was the dismay of the little man when he found that every time he put the beverage to his lips he received a great box on the ear, the mug was snatched away by the invisible hand, and every single drop drunk out of it before it came to Boss Boomptie's turn. Then, as if it was an excellent joke, he heard a most diabolical laugh down in the cellar.

"Saint Nicholas and Saint Johannes de Dooper!" exclaimed the little man in despair. This was attacking him in the very entrenchments of his heart. It was worse than the brickbats.

"Saint Nicholas! Saint Nicholas! what will be come of me—what sal-ich doon, mynheer?"

Scarcely had he uttered this pathetic appeal, when there was a sound of horses' hoofs in the chimney, and presently a little wagon drawn by a little, fat, gray 'Sopos poney, came trundling into the room, loaded with all sorts of knick-knacks. It was driven by a jolly, fat, little rogue of a fellow, with a round sparkling eye, and a mouth which would certainly have been laughing had it not been for a glorious Meer-schaum pipe, which would have chanced to fall out in that case. The little rascal had on a three-cornered cocked hat, decked with gold lace; a blue Dutch sort of a short pea-jacket, red waistcoat breeks of the same color, yellow stockings, and honest thick-soled shoes, ornamented with a pair of skates. Altogether he was

a queer figure—but there was something so irresistibly jolly and good-natured in his face, that Boss Boomptie knew him for the good Saint Nicholas as soon as he saw him.

"Orange Boven!" cried the good saint, pulling off his cocked hat, and making a low bow to Mrs. Boomptie, who sat tongue tied in the chimney-corner.

"Wonderdadige Geboote!" said Boss Boomptie, speaking for his wife, which made the good woman very angry, that he should take the words out of her mouth.

"You called on St. Nicholas. Here am I," quoth the jolly little saint. "In one word—for I am a saint of a few words, and have my hands full of business to-night—in one word tell me what you want."

"I am pewitched," quoth Boss Boomptie. "The duyvel is in me, my house, my wife, my new-year cookies, and my children. What shall I do?"

"When you count a dozen, you must count thirteen," answered the wagon-driver, at the same time cracking his whip, and clattering up the chimney, more like a little duyvel than a little saint.

"Der dapperheid updragon!" muttered Boss Boomptie. "When you count a dozen, you must count thirteen! Twerendigtgduysend destrooepengender! I never heard of such counting. By Saint Johannes de Dooper, but Saint Nicholas is a great blockhead!"

Just as he uttered this blasphemy against the excellent Saint Nicholas, he saw through the pane of glass, in the door leading from the spare room to the shop, a little ugly old woman, with the sharp eyes, sharp nose, sharp chin, sharp voice, and leather spectacles, alighting from a broomstick at the street-door.

"Dere is the duyvel's kint come again," quoth he, in one of his cross humors, which was aggravated by his getting just then a great box on the ear from the invisible hand. However, he went grumbling into the shop, for it was part of his religion never to neglect a customer, let the occasion be what it might.

"I want a dozen new-year cookies," screamed the old beauty, as usual, and as usual Boss Boomptie counted out twelve.

"I want another one," screamed she still louder.

"Ah hah!" thought Boss Boomptie, doubtless inspired by the jolly little catiff, Saint Nicholas. "Ah hah! In opperhoofd en Bevelheffer—when you count twelf you must count dirteen. Hah! hah! ho! ho! ho!" And he counted out the thirteenth cookie like a brave fellow.

The old woman made him a low courtesy, and laughed till she might have shown her teeth, if she had any.

"Friend Boomptie," said she, in a voice exhibiting the perfection of a nicely modulated scream—"friend Boomptie, I love such generous little fellows as you, in my heart. I salute you," and she advanced to kiss him. Boss Boomptie did not at all like the proposition; but, doubtless, inspired by St. Nicholas, he submitted with indescribable grace.

At that moment, an explosion was heard inside the little glass pane, and the voice of Mrs. Boomptie crying out.

"You false hearted villain! have I found out your tricks at last?"

"De Philistyster Onweetende!" cried Boss Boomptie. "She's come to her speech at last!"

"The spell is broken!" screamed the old woman with the sharp eyes, nose, chin, and voice,— "The spell is broken, and henceforward a dozen is thirteen

and thirteen is a dozen! There shall be thirteen new-year cookies to the dozen, as a type of the thirteen mighty states that are to arise out of the ruins of the government of Faderland!"

Thereupon she took a new-year cake bearing the effigy of the blessed St. Nicholas, and caused Boss Boomptle to swear upon it, that for ever afterward twelve should be thirteen and thirteen should be twelve. After which she mounted her broomstick and disappeared, just as the little old Dutch clock struck twelve. From that time forward, the spell that hung over Knickerbocker Hall, was broken; and ever since it has been illustrious for baking the most glorious new-year cookies in our country. Everything became as before: the little 'prentice boys returned, mounted on the batch of bread, and their adventures, may, peradventure, be told some other time. Finally, from that day forward no baker of New-Amsterdam was ever bewitched, at least by an ugly old woman, and a baker's dozen has always been counted as thirteen.

The following ballad is a very sweet, tender, simple thing, and the story is full of touching interest.

## THE ORPHAN COTTAGER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THEY sat upon the green hill-side,  
Sweet Alice Fleming and her brother;  
"Now tell me, Alice," said the youth,  
"And tell me in sincerest truth—  
Thy thoughts thou may'st not smother,—

"Wherefore I should not go to sea?  
Dost fear that evil will befall—  
Dost think I surely must be drown'd,  
Or that our ship will run aground,  
And each wind blow a snail?"

"Dear Alice, be not faint of heart,  
Thou need'st not have a fear for me;  
I know we're orphans, but despite  
Our lonely lot, in God's own sight,  
I'll be a father unto thee!

"Cheer up! cheer up! the ship is stout—  
A sturdy ship and beautiful—  
I know the crew, all brave and kind  
As e'er spread canvas to the wind—  
'Tis the 'Adventure,' bound from Hull,

"A whaler, to the Northern Seas;  
And think what joy to meet again!  
Dear Alice, when we next sit here,  
Thou'lt laugh at every idle fear—  
Thou'lt know all fear is idle then.

"Three voyages I'll only take  
As a poor ship-boy—thou shalt see  
So well the seaman's craft I'll learn,  
That not a man from stem to stern  
But shall be proud of me!"

"Ay, Alice, and some time or other,  
I'll have a ship—nay, it is true,  
Though thou may'st smile; and for thy sake  
I'll call it by thy name, and make  
A fortune for us two!"

The boy went to sea, and Alice  
In a sweet dale, by Simmer Water,  
Where dwelt her parents, there dwelt she  
With a poor peasant's family,  
And was among them as a daughter.

Each day she did her household part,  
Singing like some light-hearted bird,

Or sat upon the lonely fells  
Whole days among the heather bells,  
Keeping the peasant's little herd.

Poor Alice, she was kind and good;  
Yet oft upon the mountain lone  
Her heart was sad, and 'mong the sheep,  
When no eye saw her, she would weep  
For many sorrows of her own.

Sweet maiden—and she yet must weep!—  
Her brother meantime far away  
Sailed in that ship so beautiful,  
That lay within the port of Hull,  
Beyond the farther northern bay.

The voyage was good, his heart was light—  
He loved the sea—and now once more  
He sailed upon another trip,  
With the same captain, the same ship,  
In the glad spring, for Elsinore.

Again, unto the Bothnian Gulf—  
But 'twas a voyage of wreck and sorrow—  
The captain died upon the shore  
Where he was cast, and twenty more  
Were left upon the rocks of Snorro.

The boy was picked up by a boat  
Belonging to a Danish ship;  
And as they touched at Riga Bay  
They left him there—for what could they  
Do with a sick boy on the deep?

And there within an hospital,  
Fevered, he lay, and worn, and weak,  
Bowed with great pain, a stranger lad,  
Who not a friend to sooth him had,  
And not a word of Russ could speak.

And 'mid that solitude and pain  
He begged some paper, and he wrote  
To Alice; 'twas a letter long—  
But then he used his native tongue,  
And every sorrow he poured out.

Poor Alice!—did she weep?—ah, yes,  
She wept, indeed, one live long day;  
But then her heart was strong and true,  
And calmly thus she spake: "I too  
Will sail for Riga Bay!"

"To that wild place," the people said,  
"Where none can English understand?  
Oh! go not there—depend upon't  
He's dead e're now—he does not want  
Your aid—why leave your native land?"

'Twas vain—each word they spake was vain,  
She took with her the little store  
Left at her father's dying day—  
And for the Baltic sailed away;  
Such steadfast love that maiden bore!

Is this the boy, so stout and bold,  
That on the green hill sat with her?  
Is this the brother, blithe of cheer,  
The careless heart, without a fear?  
Is this the joyful mariner?

The same—for in that hospital  
There is no English boy but he—  
The same, the very same, none other,  
Sweet Alice Fleming, than thy brother—  
And well he knoweth thee!

Ay, though the boy, with suffering bowed,  
Was changed indeed, and feeble grown,  
Better to him than oil and wine,  
Better to him than doctors nine,  
Was his kind sister's charming tone

And soon 'twas told through Riga town  
What love an English sister bore  
Her brother—how she left her home  
Among the mountains, and had come  
To tend him on this distant shore.

And she, a maiden scarce sixteen!  
'Twas a sweet tale of tenderness,  
That all were happy to repeat;  
The women, passing in the street,  
Spoke of it, and they spoke to bless:

So did the merchants on the quay,  
So did all people, old and young;  
And when into the street she went,  
All looked a kindly sentiment  
And blessed her in their Russian tongue.

But now the youth grew strong and stout,  
And as he for the sea was bent,  
And ne'er in toil or danger quailed,  
So, light of heart and proud, he sailed,  
Mate of a ship from Riga sent.

Its owner was Paul Carlowitz,  
A merchant, and of Russian birth,  
As rich as Cræsus; and this same,  
Despite his ships, and wealth, and name,  
For of an ancient line he came,  
Loved Alice Fleming for her worth.

He was no merchant old and gruff,  
Sitting 'mid money-bags in state,  
Not he—a handsome man and kind  
As you in any land could find,  
Or choose for any maiden's mate.

And if you sail to Riga town,  
You'll find it true, upon my life;  
And any child will show you where  
Lives Carlowitz who took the fair  
Poor English maiden for his wife.

The following "history of a tradition," among the Chippewa Indians, we extract from Mr. Schoolcraft's "Travels in the central portions of the Mississippi Valley." It will tend to give the reader some idea of Indian talent at fiction. The tale was related to Mr. Schoolcraft, as an answer to the inquiries he made respecting the origin of the practice he had observed among the Chippewas, of lighting a fire for several nights in succession, upon the newly closed graves of the friends.

#### THE FUNERAL FIRE.

A small war party of Chippewa's, encountered their enemies upon an open plain, where a severe battle was fought. Their leader was a brave and distinguished warrior, but he never acted with greater bravery, or distinguished himself for greater personal prowess, than now. After turning the tide of battle against his enemies, and while shouting for victory, he received an arrow in the breast, and fell dead upon the plain. No warrior thus killed is ever buried; and, according to ancient custom, he was placed in a sitting posture upon his back supported by a tree, and his face towards the course in which their enemies had fled. His head-dress and equipments were accurately adjusted, as if living, and his bow leaning against his shoulder. In this posture his companions left him. A fate, which appeared so evident to all, proved, however, deceptive in the result. Although deprived of the power of utterance and the ability to move, he heard distinctly, all that had been said by his friends. He

heard them lament his death, without the power of contradicting it; and he felt their touch as they adjusted his posture, without the strength to reciprocate it. His anguish, when he felt himself thus abandoned, was raised to the extreme; and his wish to follow his friends on their return so completely filled his mind, when he saw them, one after another, take leave of the corpse and depart, that, after making a violent exertion, he arose, or seemed to himself to rise, and follow them. But his form was invisible to them; and this gave new cause for the surprise, disappointment, and rage, which alternately filled his breast. He followed their track, however, with great diligence. Wherever they went, he went; when they walked, he walked; when they ran, he ran; when they encamped, he encamped; when they slept, he slept; when they awoke, he awoke. In short, he mingled in all their labors and toils; but he was excluded from all their sources of refreshment, except that of sleeping, and from the pleasure of participating in their conversation, for all that he said was unattended to.

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you do not see me—that you do not hear me—that you do not understand me? will you suffer me to bleed to death, without offering to staunch my wounds? will you permit me to starve in the midst of plenty? have those whom I have so often led to war, so soon forgotten me? is there no one who recollects me, or who will offer me a morsel of food in my distresses?" Thus he continued to upbraid his friends, at every stage of the journey, but no one seemed to hear his words; or if they heard his voice they mistook its sound for the winds of summer, rustling among the green leaves.

At length the returning war-party reached their village; and their women and children came out, according to custom, to welcome their return, and proclaim their praise. Kumaudjeewug! Kumaudjeewug! Kumaudjeewug! They have met, fought, and conquered, was shouted from every mouth, and resounded through the most distant parts of the village. Those who had lost friends, came eagerly to inquire their fate, and to know whether they had died like men. The decripit father consoled himself for the loss of his son, with the reflection that he had fallen manfully, and the widow half forgot her sorrow amid the praises that were uttered of the bravery of her departed husband. The breasts of the youths glowed with martial ardor as they heard these flattering praises, and children joined in the shouts of which they scarcely knew the meaning. But amid all this uproar and bustle, no one seemed conscious of the presence of the wounded warrior-chief. He heard many inquiries of his own fate—he heard them relate how he had fought, conquered, and fallen with an arrow pierced through his breast, and that his body had been left among the slain.

"It is not true," replied the indignant chief, with a loud voice, "that I was killed and left upon the field. I am here, I live! I move! Touch me! I shall again raise my lance in battle, and sound my drum in the feast." But nobody seemed conscious of his presence, and they mistook his loud voice for the whispering winds. He now walked to his own lodge: he saw his wife within, tearing her hair, and raising her lamentations over his fate: he endeavored to deceive her, but she also seemed equally insensible of his presence or his voice: she sat in a despairing manner, with her head reclining upon her hands: he asked her to bind up his wounds, but she made no reply: he then placed



his mouth close to her ear, and vociferated, "I am hungry, give me some food." The wife thought she heard a buzzing in her ear, and remarked it to one who sat near her. The enraged husband, now summoning all his strength, struck her a blow upon the forehead. She only complained of feeling a shooting pain there, such as is not unfrequent, and raising her hand to her head, remarked, "I feel a slight headache."

"Foiled thus in every attempt to make himself known, the warrior-chief began to reflect upon what he had heard in his youth, that the spirit was sometimes permitted to leave the body and wander about. He reflected that possibly his body might have remained upon the field of battle, while his spirit only accompanied his returning friends. He determined to return upon their track, although it was four days' journey to the place. He accordingly began his journey immediately. For three days, he pursued his way without meeting anything uncommon, but on the fourth toward evening, as he came to the skirts of the battle-field, he saw a fire in the path before him. He walked to one side to avoid stepping into it, but the fire also had moved its position, and was still before him. He then went in another direction, but the mysterious fire still crossed his path, and seemed to bar his entrance to the scene of conflict. In short, which ever way he took, the fire was still before him: no expedient seemed capable of eluding it. "Thou demon," he exclaimed, at length, "why dost thou bar my approach to the field of battle? Knowest thou not that I am a spirit also, and that I seek again to enter my body? Or dost thou presume that I shall return without effecting my object? Know that I have never been defeated by the enemies of my nation, and will not be defeated by thee!" So saying, he made a sudden effort and jumped through the flame. In this exertion, he awoke from his trance, having lain eight days on the field of battle. He found himself sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a tree, and his bow leaning against his shoulder, having all his warlike implements upon his body, the same as they had been left by his friends, on the day of battle. He looked up and beheld a large canoe, or war eagle, sitting in the tree above his head. He immediately recognized this bird to be the same he had dreamt of in his youth, and whom he had selected as his guardian spirit, or personal maneto. This bird had watched his body, and prevented other ravenous birds from devouring it. He got up and stood some time upon his feet: but he found himself weak and much exhausted. The blood upon his wound had stanchd itself, and he now bound it up. He possessed the knowledge of such roots as were efficacious for its cure. These he carefully sought in the woods. Some of them he pounded between two stones, and applied externally; others he chewed and swallowed. In a short time, he found himself so much recovered as to be able to commence his journey; but he suffered greatly from hunger, not being able to see any large animals. With his bow and arrow, however, he killed small birds during the day, which he roasted before the fire at night. In this way he sustained himself until he came to a water that separated his wife and friends from him. He then gave that peculiar whoop which indicates the safe return of an absent friend. The signal was instantly known, and a canoe despatched to bring him across. But while this canoe was absent, conjecture was exhausting itself in designating the unknown person who had given

this friendly intimation of his approach. All who had been of the war-party had returned, except those who were killed on the field. It might be some neighboring hunter. It might be some deception of their enemies. It was rash to send a canoe without knowing that any of their friends were absent. In the height of this conjecture, the warrior-chief was landed amid the shouts of his friends and relations, who thronged from every lodge to welcome their faithful leader. When the first wild bursts of wonder and joy had subsided, and some degree of quiet was restored in the village, he related to his people the account of his adventures, which has been given. He then concluded his narration by telling them that it is pleasing to the spirit of a deceased person to have a fire built upon his grave for four nights after his interment; that it is four days journey to the land appointed for the residence of the spirit: that in its journey thither, the spirit stood in need of a fire every night, at the place of his encampment: and that if the friends kindled this funeral fire upon the place where the body was deposited, the spirit had the benefit of its light and warmth in its sojourning. If they neglected this rite, the spirit would himself be subjected to the irksome task of building its own fires at night.

#### A SKETCH "OWER TRUE"

HAVING A HOOSIER FOR ITS HERO.

AN original characteristic is your genuine hoosier. By genuine we mean such an one as he has all the attributes that peculiarly belong to the backwoodman of the West—one whose manners have suffered neither their change or modification by connexion or association with men of more conventional habits; one, in a word, who, like the tree of his native forest, had no other culture than that bestowed on him by nature. He may well be called a genuine hoosier. There is an originality in all his phraseology, which being the imitation of no other known idiom, by none can it be successfully imitated; and there is a primitive freshness in his manner and appearance, which shows that while the fetters of fashion and etiquette enchain their millions among what is called the "enlightened classes," he disdaining all such artificial encumbrances of both limb and language, dresses as he willeth, and talks as he pleaseth. Indeed, with the future antiquarian, it must not be a matter of mystery to account for the noble stand taken by the hoosier against the effeminate frivolity of our times, when most all of those who pique themselves on being more refined than their fellows, are the victims of its enervating embraces.

So much for the hoosier in general, and now for the hoosier in particular. One of them—a fellow with thews and sinews sufficiently strong to cope with a bear—visited the city last week, and here he still remains. As he is a specimen of the class, we mean to chronicle, in part, his sayings and doings. But first of his appearance, as he jumped from his flatboat on to the levee, when by the way he was heard to remark that he "didn't see the reason of folks living in a heap this way, whar they grew no corn and had no bars to kill."

He wore a clay-colored linsey coat and pants, neither of which was cut on the new system, or geometrical principles. The woollen hat of opaque crown had been originally a muddy white, but from exposure

to the sun it had become a clay color too; his brogans were of a uniform color—so was his beard—and so was his hair. Though not the “embodiment,” perhaps of “city principles,” he was certainly the embodiment of clay-coloring.

After being in the city some days; after, looking for the “lions,” having seen the “elephant,” and after his funds had become nearly exhausted—or “whittled down to the little end of nothing,” as he himself classically expressed it, he thought he’d look out for a job to recruit his wasted finances. With this view he was directed to an extensive contractor, and we might add as extensive expander, for he had men in almost all parts of the city, repairing the older streets, and repaving and expanding the newer ones. He met this McAdam of the Western world on Sunday last, standing near the entrance to the St. Charles Hotel, or to use his own words, “he dropped on him like a catamount on a coon.” Of course the tedious formula of an introduction was dispensed, and our Western hero bounded at once to matters of business.

He commenced—“How are you Squire—how d’ye rise?”

Contractor.—“I am well, sir. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?”

Hoosier.—“Why, Squire, my name’s Ruth—Ben Ruth; but you know, as I heard the player fellow say in Louisville, ‘there aint nothin’ in a name.’ Now you be a tolerable slick lookin’ fellow yourself but I’d have jest as great a respect for you if your name was Smith—John Smith. Names aint nothin’ no how.”

Contractor.—“Your liberality does you great credit. But can I do anything for you?”

Hoosier.—“I reckon. You see, the fact is, squire, they had an *all-mighty* deal to say up in our parts about Orleans, and how *all* fired easy it is to make money in it, but it’s no ‘ham’ and all ‘hominy,’ I reckon. But now, to skin the bar at once, can you give me and five other gentlemen employment?”

Contractor.—“If you and five other gentlemen will work at the labor which I am having done, and for the wages which I pay, five other gentlemen and you may go to work to-morrow.”

Hoosier.—“Good as pork, Squire—what do you give?”

Contractor.—“Ten bitts a day.”

Hoosier.—“Why, Squire, I was told you’d give us two dollars a day and *eat us*.”

Contractor.—“Two dollars a day and *eat us*! Why, zounds, man, do you take me for a cannibal? Eat you!”

Hoosier.—“Oh, hold your hosses squire. There’s no use gettin’ riled, no how. I meant that I heerd you’d give us two dollars a day and throw in the chicken fixins’ and “corn doins.” But you can’t give it, you say?”

Contractor.—“No, sir.”

Hoosier.—“Well, as I aint in the financial way, I accept. Let there be no mussing between us.”

The hoosier then learned from the contractor where his office was, and at what hour he would be there next morning, and there he was before the appointed time. Now it happened that the bed-room of the contractor is immediately over his office. He was yet in bed, and indeed, asleep, when the hoosier reached there, for it was not well five o’clock; but he was

soon awoke by a very loud, if not musical matin effort of his Western employee, singing:

“Hurrah! hurrah! the country’s risin’  
For Henry Clay and Freelinghuysen!”

“Let the country rise and be hanged!” said the contractor, in a loud and petulant manner. “Who is that making such a confounded noise there?”

Hoosier.—“A good morning Squire. Why, what on earth keeps you in bed so long! It’s a right nice mornin’ to go about, I tell you—a first rate mornin’ to go on a hunt.”

Contractor.—“O you be shot! Are you prepared to go to work?”

Hoosier.—“I’m just waitin’ the word’ as Sal Cummons said when she was asked why she did’n’t marry. You did’n’t know Sal, Squire, did you? She was an uncommon nasty-lookin’ gal, and—

Contractor.—“O I have not time to hear her history. Have you a shovel?”

Hoosier.—“No.”

Contractor.—“Then you can’t go to work.”

Hoosier.—“But s’pose I buy one. What will it cost, Squire?”

Contractor.—“Ten bitts.”

Hoosier.—“Ten bitts!—why that’s a day, Squire—ten bitts—three hundred and six-five days—fifteen years—why, Squire, I think I aint worth more than five thousand shovels at that kalk’lation.”

Contractor.—“I did’n’t send for you my friend, to study Crockett’s arithmetic. Get a shovel and go to work, if you will; if not, go about your business.”

Hoosier.—“Nuff sed.”

He went, bought the shovel, and he was shown the scene of his labor, which was to be rooting or ripping up the old paving stones in ——— street. Before commencing operations, however, he went into a merchant’s office hard by, deliberately stripped off his coat vest and pantaloons he had on—hung them up, (giving the place the appearance of an old clothes’ shop,) and taking his working suit out of his saddle-bags, put them on instead of those taken off; the owner of the office came in, and, of course, expressed his displeasure that such a liberty should be taken by a stranger in his office. The hoosier asked him if he thought him “darn’d fool enough to dirty his Sunday-go-to-meetin’ clothes?”—said he was agoin to take a glass of ginger-pop, and that if he’d jine him, he’d short ten cents!”

He is now working away—*mending our ways* daily. He complains that it don’t come natural to him.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

CHRISTIANITY.—Christianity, like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow; the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and like the heart-smitten disciple, goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the mourner, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint-hearted, and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of poor men and sits down with them and their children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks

through great cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting and redeeming angel. It is alike the beautiful companion of childhood and the comfortable associate of old age. It ennobles the noble; gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence.—*Mary Howitt.*

#### FATHER MILLER AT HOME.

A PROPHET IS NOT WITHOUT HONOR SAVE IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.

THE following account of this man who has been "turning the world upside down," is from the Chronicle, published at Whitehall in this state, in the neighborhood of Mr. Miller's residence.

Father Miller, who lives six or seven miles east of us, until within a few years a simple, honest, unpretending farmer, has, in his "latter days," made himself sufficiently conspicuous to be entitled to a page in the history of the times. We perceive by our exchanges that the name of "Father Miller" has become famous throughout the land, and that the promulgation of his absurd predictions has produced a frenzied excitement, almost unparalleled, in many villages and cities. It is known, hereabouts, that some years ago, he made an effort to obtain political distinction, and succeeded so far as to be nominated candidate for the Assembly, in this county, which resulted in his overwhelming defeat. Since that event he has been little heard of in political affairs. But following the bent of his inclination, which seems to be an overweening and unnatural desire for notoriety, he has at last accomplished his purpose, as we should presume, to his heart's content. Miller possesses, perhaps, ordinary intellect, but no more. Any one who has often listened to him attentively as we have, can not have failed to have observed, from his evident ignorance of facts, his absurdities in argument, his vulgarisms in language, and the coarseness of his style and manner, about halfway between the disgusting and the ridiculous, that he is a vain, superstitious-minded and uneducated man. We would not wish to doubt but that he is as sincere as he pretends to be. He has thought so much and spoken so long upon his favorite and exciting theme, that he has undoubtedly reasoned himself into the belief of the correctness of his positions. This is nothing strange, and could be accounted for in an essay on mental philosophy. But there are hundreds and thousands hitherto considered staid and intelligent persons, who have allowed themselves to be made perfect fools of, by his silly and ludicrous pretensions of being able to designate the time when the world shall end, is truly a singular phenomenon. Had Miller used arguments equally, and ten times more conclusive, to prove some new-fangled theory in government or science he might have got into his head, he never would have been known beyond the borders of Hampton.

On Tuesday evening last, as we are informed by several gentlemen who were present, a large crowd of believers gathered at the house of Father Miller, persuaded that on the following day the end would come. After a scene which would beggar description, the company shook hands and dispersed, believing they would not meet again, and that before another sun

should set upon the earth, they would see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with all his holy angels. But the appointed time has past, and the world wags on as usual. Father Miller, as we are told, announced on Tuesday evening, that he should make no more public addresses on the subject. "Othello's occupation's gone." We trust that those who have neglected their crops—who have slighted the bounties of Providence—who have sacrificed their property, and roamed about lately with insane exhortations, will see their folly when the "sober second thought" comes over them. We trust also that the time is past, when people will be frightened into insanity, and families made desolate, by predictions of the great and terrible day, when

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
And all which it inhabit, shall dissolve,  
And like the unsubstantial vision faded  
Leave not a wrack behind."

#### THE NEW YORK COLONISTS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

THE claims of the Pilgrims have been more than vindicated. The anniversary of their landing is widely celebrated. New England has produced more writers than all other sections of the country, and her annals have been recorded with a particularity which leaves little for the future antiquarian to discover. Scarcely one of her villages but can boast its historian. The Yankees are proverbially shrewd observers and industrious chroniclers; and the many beautiful tributes pronounced at Plymouth, and before local societies dedicated to the memory of the Puritans, seem pledges that oblivion will not soon cast its relentless wave over New England's early story. It is otherwise with New York. Her colonial history, prior to the Revolution, is comparatively barren of events. Let not this make us unmindful of its claims. Gibbon, in his "Roman Empire," in briefly passing over the reign of some prince, acknowledges that the less there is for history to record, the happier for mankind. The original settlers of New York came not to plant creeds, but to find homes. No fierce war of opinion kept society in a ferment. They professed no grand moral enterprise. They were honest, but unambitious men. To live unmolested, to enjoy the comforts of life in peace, was all they sought. Let us not on this account condemn them. Let us acknowledge the honest manliness that made them so prize "the glorious privilege of being independent," and the bravery with which they met all the hardships of uncivilized life, to leave their children free and happy firesides. Although they had no poet, let us not suffer their memories to die.

The few pictures of Dutch life that have come down to us, are far from unattractive. Some delightful sketches, published many years since in England, furnish a charming outline, which imagination readily fills out, of the simple manners and native integrity by which the early colonists fashioned their lives.\* It is remarkable, that the only popular picture of these time and people should be a caricature; nor must we be surprised that "Knickerbocker's New York," should be quoted in Europe as a veritable history, until some serious effort is made to redeem the fame and brighten

\* Mrs. Grant's "Memoirs of an American Lady.

the dirty but untarnished escutcheon of these honest Dutch. It is difficult to account for their comparative misappreciation. We always fancy a Dutchman as a corpulent, sleepy fellow, with a pipe in his mouth. Yet is there not an enviable wisdom in their tranquil philosophy? It is true, that in the march of mind they were "dragged along in the procession," but if rational enjoyment and a contented spirit be any test of character, they may claim no inferior rank among the nations. Consider their history. For more than a century learning, science and philosophy, found their sole refuge in the free states of Holland. Recall the bravery with which they resisted their Spanish invaders; the enterprize that so long made their ships the carriers of all Europe; the patient industry which constructed those immense dykes that render Holland one of the most remarkable of countries; the genius exhibited in their school of painting—no inadequate illustration of their national character—which triumphs in a humble sphere, and, if it create not the Madonnas of Raphael or the angels of Correggio, makes the canvas glow with many a scene of homely festivity, and invests the most common-place objects with a picturesque charm.

There are few objects in this country which convey to my mind so significant an idea of comfort as an old Dutch dwelling. Its ample portico alone seems an emblem of hospitality; and I cannot but sympathize with the murmurs of the few old inhabitants of Rockland county, who so reluctantly yield up their ancient landmarks to the devouring locomotive. The hunting and trading excursions of the early colonists made them as hardy in the field as they were contented in their homes, so that it was a proverb, during the Revolution, that a well armed body of New York provincials had nothing to fear but an ague or an ambush. Cheap literature was unknown in those days, but when Colonel Schuyler brought from England "Paradise Lost" and the "Spectator," every intelligent person in the colony made them a study for years. The influx of other than the original settlers, such as the French Protestants, induced liberality of feeling; and their equal condition kept at bay that "unconquered demon—ambition," which lays waste so large a portion of modern dignity and happiness. The very pride of opinion that the Puritans cherish, would have been a pernicious element in the American character, had it not been modified by the less intellectual but more genial characteristics of the New York colonists. If the New Englander represented the great principle of reform, the Manhattanese embodied the no less grand principle of conservatism. If the New England character furnished the sails when our ship of state was launched, the Dutch emigrants were the ballast that kept her in trim. If in New York there was less obvious religious zeal than in Massachusetts, there was less also of bigotry: if there was less enterprize, there was more contentment; less of public spirit, there was more personal independence. If the schoolmaster was not abroad, the bitterest fruits of the tree of knowledge remained unplucked. If no marble banks adorned their streets, well-stocked barns gave assurance of wealth no less substantial. If the even tenor of life yielded few striking points to the annalists, the peace that reigned in every bosom put to shame the bloody tales of history; and if poetry found little to celebrate, existence itself was like an acted poem, gliding onward in beautiful tranquillity.—*Godey's Lady's Book for November.*

## AN EXCITING STORY.

It was a sultry evening toward the close of June, 1772, that Captain Harman and his eastern rangers urged their canoes up the Kennebec River in the pursuit of their savage enemies. For hours they toiled diligently at the oar—the last trace of civilization was left behind, and the long shadows of the striking forests met and blended in the middle of the broad stream, that wound darkly through them. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rattling of some night bird, or the quick foot-steps of some wild beast—the dash of the oar suspended, and the ranger's grasp tightened on his rifle. All knew the enterprize; and that silence, which is natural to men who feel themselves in the extreme of moral jeopardy, settled, like a cloud upon the midnight adventurers.

"Hush—softly, men!" said the watchful Harman, in a voice that scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as his canoe swept round a ragged promontory, "there's a light ahead!" All eyes were bent toward the shore. A tall Indian fire gleamed up amid the great oaks, casting a red and strong light upon the dark waters. For a single and breathless moment the operations of the oar were suspended, and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well known sounds which seldom failed to indicate the proximity of the savages.

All was now silent. With slow and faint movements of the oar, the canoes gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing was effected in silence. After moving cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow, the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light which at first attracted their attention. Harman was at their head, with an eye and hand as quick as those of the savage enemy whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the rangers were on the point of leaping over it, the hoarse whisper of Harman again broke the silence.—"See here," he exclaimed, pointing to the tree, "it's the work of the redskins."

Smothered wrath growled on the lips of the rangers as they bent grimly forward in the direction pointed out by their commander. Blood was spilt on the rank grass, and a human hand—the hand of a white man—lay upon the bloody log.

There was not a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion. Had the rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly on to the work of vengeance; but the example of their leader who had regained his usual calmness and self-command, prepared them for a less speedy but more certain triumph. And, passing over the fearful obstacle in the pathway, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced steadily and cautiously to the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible behind the thick trees. In a few moments they obtained a full view of the object of their search. Stretched at their length, around a huge fire but at a convenient distance from it lay the painted and half naked form of twenty savages. It was evident from their appearance that they had passed the day in one of their horrid revels, and that they were now suffering under the effects of intoxication. Occasionally a grim warrior among them started half up-right, grasping his tomahawk, as if to combat some vision of his disordered brain, but unable to shake off the stupor



from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The rangers crept nearer. As they bent their keen eyes along their well tried rifles, each felt sure of his aim. They waited for the signal of Harman, who was endeavoring to bring his long musket to bear upon the head of one of the most distant savages.

"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the sight of his piece interposed full and distinct between his eye and the wild scalp lock of the Indian, "Fire, and rush on."

The sharp voice of the thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild convulsive movement among the sleeping Indians, and all again was silent.

The rangers sprang forward with their clubbed rifles and hunting knives, but their work was done. The red men had gone to their last audit before the Great Spirit and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of hot blood from their lifeless bodies.

(Correspondence of the Rover.)

Boston, Oct. 14, 1844.

Visit to New Hampshire—Farms and Railroads—Snake Story—Exeter—Hampton Beach. Boston—Custom House &c.,

RESPECTED FRIENDS:—I have just returned from a visit to New Hampshire, and a very pleasant time I have had of it, I assure you. During the time I was there I found the weather exceedingly beautiful, and very warm. The farmers in that part of the country have very nearly done their harvesting, and a tolerable business they have made of it as far as I can judge, though the crops have suffered considerably from the draught. Excepting the potato crop, the harvest has been plentiful; but the "paraties" have suffered some from a very singular disease. Within five years past, however, the farms in that State, in the vicinity of rail-roads have decreased in value by bringing down the market price of produce. The farmers in the vicinity of Exeter are obliged to sell their butter for about eight or ten cents a pound, and other things in proportion, which you know will scarcely pay them for their trouble; nor do I believe they would make up any for the market, were it not that they must raise a little money occasionally for such purposes as nothing else will answer. I should think that the factories were doing the best business in this part of the country, for they are all in operation, and many more are building, to be finished by the ensuing spring. A high tariff, of course, is for the interest of these large manufacturing towns, whether for the benefit of the people or not—but with that peculiar question you, of course, have nothing to do, so let that rest.

I spent a short time at Hampton Beach—the most delightful spot in the State of New Hampshire, and felt again like a boy as I stood by the margin of the great sea, while its frolicking billows dashed their spray at my feet, and spoke with an overwhelming voice of the might and majesty of God! It is my impression, if a man wishes to look small, and feel so, too, let him stand upon the sandy beach and look out upon the mighty surface of the ocean, as billow follows billow, like huge monsters at play. It is here where I first saw the sea, and never again can I look upon it with the same stunning awe. I tried to, but the awfulness that enwrapped me like a shroud, when a boy has lost much of its power. Within a few years past the Beach has been the fashionable summer re-

sort of New Hampshire; many, however, go there from Boston, and other parts of Massachusetts—and from Maine, and from Vermont. A rail-road from East Boston passes within two miles of the Hotel. The public houses are large and convenient, and capable of accommodating numerous visitors. There are also accommodations for boating, and there is sufficient game (sea fowl) to satisfy the most craving, particularly at the Isle of Shoals, which lies off from the beach about nine miles, where a man can shoot wild ducks as fast as he can load and fire. Altogether I consider the place far superior to the Springs, for you have the benefit of a clear sea breeze, and plenty of healthful and vigorous exercise; and at low tide a stroll on the beach is the most delightful enjoyment imaginable, where the curious can collect some very pretty specimens of marine shells. It is likewise a glorious place to ride, as it extends for miles, and is as smooth and almost as hard as marble.

Exeter, N. H., is a beautiful and thriving village; so is Dover—I might add—so are all villages in the New England States.

By the by—I have a snake story to tell you, and if it has no other merit it has that of being true. The circumstance occurred in the town of Brentwood, N. H., about six weeks before my arrival there. It seems that a father, and his son, who was quite a lad, left home to proceed to some place a mile or two distant, accompanied by a small dog. On their way they had to pass through a considerable piece of wood. In their passage through this the boy and the dog commenced frolicking, and in the course of their gambols, got separated from the father. The boy was running, with the dog some way ahead, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a large black snake which lay coiled up in the path, with head erect, darting out his forked tongue and flashing his little beaming eyes. Terror stricken, the boy turned and fled; the snake pursued. The poor lad gave vent to dreadful shrieks as he perceived the reptile at his heels, and strove with all his might to outstrip his snakeship, but all to no purpose, for he was soon overtaken by his pursuer. The snake wound himself about the legs of the poor little fellow, who, being thus prevented from further flight fell to the ground. The snake now wound himself round his body, and so tightened his circles, that the boy became nearly exhausted. At this moment, the dog, attracted by the cries, came up in time to prevent a mournful catastrophe, and seized upon the snake, tore it from the boy's body, and destroyed it. The father now came up, having been too far behind to render assistance, and you may judge of his surprise when he saw his child lying upon the ground, and his dog taking most unmerciful freedom with the snake. Fortunately, the boy was not injured, further than by fright; but without assistance the result would no doubt have been fatal. The snake was about four feet in length.

Now, having had some experience "in snakes," I have invariably found them cowards, and if the boy above had not fled, but passed on without noticing the creature, he would not have been pursued. Black snakes in particular will chase a person if he runs from them, man or boy; but there is not the least danger if the attack is made upon *them*, for they will invariably try to escape. It is decidedly bad policy to run from a snake.

This city (Boston) is thriving remarkably well, better, perhaps, than for years past. A great many build-

ings are going up, and in most every instance they are rented before they are finished. Real estate, if offered, sells quickly, and at a round sum. The Bostonians certainly are an enterprising people, and if they prosper according to their efforts, they will accomplish wonders in a few years. I see I must close my letter; but I will give you an item or two respecting the Custom House. It is built by contract, and probably will turn out one of the most profitable jobs for the contractors they ever had, or perhaps any one else. Let us see, now, how Uncle Sam suffers. In the first place he engaged to pay \$2,00 a foot for hammering the stone—the times then being dull, and many stone-cutters out of employ, the contractors, (like all mean men,) got the stone hammered—most of it—for 25 cents a foot! That is some profit on such a building. In the next place, the contractors received \$5250 each for the pillars—they paid \$600 apiece for quarrying, \$600 apiece for hammering, and \$400 apiece for hauling—\$1600; only one cost a higher price—\$2000. It took seventy yoke of oxen and four horses to draw a pillar, and the time required for each occupied about 36 hours. And so on for the rest of the building. No doubt the contractors, after screwing down the poor workmen who had families to support, made a nice thing of it, and went to church with a clear conscience, and no doubt consider themselves *pillars* of light to the growing generation, though they are willing to set themselves up without *hammering*. This may be enterprize, but I'll be—blessed if it is honesty. The building, however, will be an ornament to the city. Thew ork upon it is fast progressing, and it will be a magnificent building, built of Quincy granite, and completely surrounded with massive fluted columns—thirty-two in number! It is situated on India street, at the head of Long Wharf. L.

#### Fate of the Apostles.

ST. MATTHEW is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with a sword at the city of Ethiopia.

ST. MARK was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

ST. LUKE was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

ST. JOHN was put into a cauldron of boiling oil at Rome, and escaped death! He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

ST. JAMES THE GREAT was beheaded at Jerusalem.

ST. JAMES THE LESS was thrown from a pinnacle, or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

ST. PHILLIP was hung up against a pillar, at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

ST. ANDREW was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people till he expired.

ST. THOMAS was run through the body with a lance, at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

ST. JUDE was shot to death with arrows.

ST. SIMON-ZEALOT was crucified in Persia.

ST. MATTHIAS was stoned to death by the Jews at Salania.

ST. PAUL was beheaded at Rome, by the tyrant Nero.

THE FIRST WEDDING.—We like short courtships, and in his, Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost im-

mediately after meeting Md'le Eve, and she, without any flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in this world we have had, however, our own thoughts, and some times in a poetical mood have wished we were the man "wot did it." But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's, and he improved it.

We like the notion of getting married in a garden. It is in good taste. We like a private wedding. Adam's was private. No envious beaux were there; no croaking old maids; no chattering aunts and grumbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light upon the scene.

One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us, in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to be married—some two or three days old, according to the sagest speculations of theologians—mere babies—larger but not older—without experience, without a house, without a pot or kettle, nothing but love and Eden!—*Noah's Weekley Messenger*.

#### Runic Rhymes.

From meeting one she blushed to name,  
With ruddy hand, the maiden came.

"Daughter," her widowed mother said,  
"Daughter, why is thy hand so red?"

"I plucked a rose, unheeding, and  
The angry thorns did wound my hand."

Again with glowing lips she came,  
From meeting him she feared to name.

"What gave thy lips so deep a red,  
Daughter?" the anxious mother said.

"My lips with berries' juice are dyed,"  
The maiden bashfully replied.

Once more with pallid cheek she came  
From him her heart refused to name.

"Oh why so lily pale thy cheek?  
Speak, darling of my bosom, speak!"

"O, mother, get my winding sheet,  
And lay me at my father's feet;  
A cross beside my head-stone place,  
And on that cross these dark words trace:

"With ruddy hand she once returned  
By fingers pressed that fondly burned;  
Again, with glowing lips she came,  
Crimsoned by passion's kiss of flame,—  
Her death pale cheek revealed at last,  
Hope and false love's illusion past!"

An old clergyman, and rather an eccentric one withal, whose field of labor was a town in the interior of Massachusetts one Sunday, at the close of his services gave notice to his congregation that in the course of a week, he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. The members of the church were struck with alarm and sorrow at the sudden and unexpected announcement of the loss of their beloved pastor, and one of the deacons in great agitation exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?" "Oh, brother C," said the parson with the greatest sang froid, "I don't expect to go out of town!"

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Engraved by A. Hill.

N E R H A W K E E

Engraved by John C. Chapman.



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# THE ROVER.

WEEHAWKEN.

BY THE LATE ROBERT C. SANDS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

River and mountain! though to song  
Not yet, perchance, your names belong;  
Those who have loved your evening hues,  
Will ask not the recording muse  
What antique tales she can relate,  
Your banks and steeps to consecrate.

Yet should the stranger ask, what lore  
Of by-gone days, this winding shore,  
Yon cliffs and fir-clad steeps could tell,  
If vocal made by Fancy's spell,—  
The varying legends might rehearse  
Fit themes for high romantic verse.

O'er yon rough heights and moss-clad sod  
Oft has the stalwart warrior trod;  
Or peer'd with hunter's gaze to mark  
The progress of the glancing bark.  
Spoils, strangely won on distant waves,  
Have lurk'd in yon obstructed caves.

When the great strife for Freedom rose,  
Here scouted oft her friends and foes,  
Alternate, through the changeful war,  
And beacon-fires flashed bright and far;  
And here, when Freedom's strife was won,  
Fell, in sad feud, her favor'd son;—\*

Her son—the second of the band—  
The Romans of the rescued land.  
Where round yon cape the banks ascend,  
Long shall the pilgrim's footsteps bend;  
There mirthful hearts shall pause to sigh,  
There tears shall dim the patriot's eye.

There last he stood. Before his sight  
Flowed the fair river free and bright;  
The rising mart, and isles, and bay,  
Before him in their glory lay,—  
Scenes of his love and of his fame,—  
The instant ere his death-shot came.

\* Hamilton.

## THE POOR GIRL AND THE ANGELS.

"Sleep, saintly poor one! sleep, sleep on,  
And, waking, find thy labors done."

CHARLES LAMB.

We never remember seeing any notice of the dear old legend we are about to relate, save in some brief and exquisite lines by Charles Lamb; and yet, how simply and quaintly it confirms our child-hood's faith, when heaven seemed so much nearer to earth than it had ever been since; and we verily believed that angels watched over the good and pure of heart!

Once upon a time there lived in a far off country place, the name we shall call Alice, with an aged and bearded mother, dependent upon her exertions for their sole support. And although at all periods they fared hardly enough, and sometimes even wanted for bread, Alice never suffered herself to be cast down, placing

VOLUME IV.—No. 9.

her whole trust in Him who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And when better days came again, she so glad and thankful as that young girl?

It may be all very pretty and picturesque for poets and artists to picture to themselves calm, peaceful scenes of rural loveliness; in the foreground of which they generally place some happy village maid, sitting in the cottage porch at the sunset hour, and singing merrily at her wheel; even as bright-eyed and glad-hearted damsels of our own times take up their sewing only as a pleasant excuse to be silent and alone, that they may indulge in sweet and gentle musing. But let us not forget that which is as a pastime to the few, may be to the many a weary and never-ending toil! engrossing the day that seems so long, and yet is not half long enough for all they have to do; breaking into the quiet hours set apart by nature for rest, and mingling even with their troubled dreams. Thus it was often-times with our heroine! And yet she sang, too, but generally hymns, for such sprang most readily to her lips, and seemed most in harmony with her lonely and toilsome life—while her aged mother would lie for hours listening to what seemed to her as a gush of sweet and prayful music, and not questioning but the songs of the good upon earth might be heard and echoed by the angels in heaven! Poor child! it was sad to see thee toil so hard—but beautiful to mark thy filial devotion and untiring love—thy thankfulness to have the work to do, otherwise both must have starved long since! thy trust in Providence, that for her sake it would give thee strength for thy laborious tasks—the hope that would not die, of better times—the faith that grew all the brighter and purer through trials—the store of sweet and pious thoughts that brought thee such pleasant comfort, and gave wings to many a weary hour of earthly toil.

For years Alice had contrived to lay by enough to pay the rent of their little cottage, ready against the period when it should become due; but now, either from the widow's long illness, or the hardness of the times, which ever presses in seasons of national or commercial difficulty most heavily upon those least able to struggle against its additional weight, the day came round and found her unprepared. It so happened that the old landlord was dead, and his successor one of those stern men, who without being actually hard-hearted, have a peculiar creed of their own with regard to the poor, which they are never weary of repeating; holding poverty to be but as another name for idleness, or even crime! a baneful error which has done much to plunge its unhappy victims into their present fallen condition; and yet even he was touched by her tears, and meek deprecating words, and consented to give her one week's grace, in which she reckoned to have finished and got paid for the work she then had in the house. And although the girl knew, that in order to effect this, she must work day and night, she dared ask no longer delay, and was even grateful to him for granting her request.

"It will be a lesson to her not to be behind-hand in future," thought her stern companion, when he found himself alone; 'no doubt the girl has been idling of late, or, expending her money on that pale-colored hood

she wore, (although, sooth to say, nothing could have been more becoming to her delicate complexion,) instead of having it ready as usual." And yet, sleeping or waking, her grateful thanks haunted him strangely, almost winning him to gentler thoughts—we say almost, for deep rooted prejudices such as his, were hard—very hard—very hard to overcome.

Alice returned home with a light heart.

"Well?" said the widow, anxiously.

"All right, mother; with God's blessing we will keep the dear old cottage in which you tell me you were born."

"And hope to die——"

"Not yet—not yet, dear mother!" exclaimed the girl, passionately. "What would become of your poor Alice, if she were to lose you?"

"And yet I am but a burden on your young life——"

"No, no—a blessing rather!"

Alice was right; labor and toil only ask an object—something to love, and care, and work for, to make it endurable, and even sweet! And then kissing her mother, but saying not a word of all she had to do, the girl took off the well preserved hood and cloak which had given rise to such unjust animadversions, and putting them carefully aside, sat down in a hopeful spirit to her wheel. The dark cloud which had hung over her in the morning, seemed already breaking, and she could even fancy the blue sky again in the distance.

All that day she only moved from her work to prepare their simple meals, or wait upon the helpless but selfish invalid, who, but for the eyes of watchful love ever bent upon her, would have striven painfully to perform many a little duty for herself, rather than tax those willing hands, always so ready to labor in her behalf. And when night came, fearing to cause that dear mother needless anxiety, Alice lay down quietly by her side, watching until she had fallen asleep; and then rising noiselessly, returned to her endless tasks. And yet, somehow, the harder she worked, the more it seemed to grow beneath her weary fingers; the real truth of the matter was, she had overrated her own powers, and was unaware of the much longer time it would take for the completion of the labor than she had allowed herself. But it was too late to think of all this now; the trial must be made, and Heaven, she doubted not, would give her strength to go through with it. Oh! happy—thrice happy! are they who have deserved to possess this pure and child-like faith, shedding its gentle light on the darkest scenes of life.

Morning broke at length over the distant hills; and Alice flinging open the casement felt refreshed by the cool breeze, and gladdened by the hymning of the birds already up and at their orisons; or exchanged a kind good-morrow with the peasants going forth to their early labor. No wonder that those rough untutored men, gazing upward on her pale calm face, and listening to her gentle tone, felt a sort of superstitious reverence in their hearts, as though there was a blessing in that kindly greeting which boded of good.

The widow noticed, with that quick-sightedness of affection which even the very blind seem gifted with in the presence of those they love, that her child looked, if possible, a thought paler than usual; and for all the bright smile that met hers every time Alice, feeling conscious of her gaze, looked up from her work, marked how wearily the heavy eyelids drooped over the aching eyes, and yet she never dreamed of the deception which had been practised in love, to soothe and

allay her fond anxiety; and the girl was well content that it should be so.

It so happened, that about noon, as she sat spinning in the cottage porch, the new landlord passed that way on horseback, and was struck with her sad and wearied looks—for of late she had indeed toiled beyond her strength, and this additional fatigue was almost too much for her. But still that stern man said within himself, "It is ever thus with the poor, they work hard when actually obliged to do so, and it is a just punishment for their improvidence and idleness at other times. And yet," he added, a moment after, as he turned his horse's head, half lingeringly, "she is very young, too."

Alice looked up at the sound of retreating footsteps, but too late for her to catch that half-relentant glance, or it might have encouraged her to ask an extension of the time allotted her—aye, even if it were but one single day! but he had passed on ere the timid girl could banish from her mind the fearful remembrance of his former harshness.

Another weary day and sleepless night glided on thus, and the third evening found her still at her spinning, with the same smile on her lips, and hope and trust in her breast.

"Is there nothing that I can do to help you my Alice?" asked her mother, who grieved to see her obliged to toil so hard.

"Nothing—unless indeed, you will tell me some tale of old times, as you used to years ago, when I was a child."

"Why, you are but a child now," said the widow, with a mournful smile: and then inwardly comparing her lot with that of other girls of the same age, she relapsed into a train of sad and silent musings, and Alice knew that they were sad, by the quivering lip and contracted brow.

"Come, mother, dear!" said she, "I am waiting to hear your story."

And then the widow began to relate some simple reminiscences of by-gone times, possessing a strange interest for that lonely girl, who knew so little of life, save in these homely and transient revealings; falling asleep in the midst through weariness, for she ever grew weak and exhausted as night came on; but presently awoke again half bewildered.

"Where was I, Alice?" asked the invalid gently.

"Asleep, dear mother! I was in hopes," replied her companion, with a smile.

"Oh! forgive me, I could not help it. But you will not sit up very long?"

"No, no! good night."

"Good night, and God bless you my child!" said the widow; and a few minutes afterward Alice was again the only wakeful thing in that little cottage, if indeed she could be called so with half-closed eyes, and wandering thoughts, although it is true the busy fingers toiled on mechanically at their task. The very clock ticked with a dull, drowsy sound, and the perpetual whizzing of her wheel seemed almost like a lullaby.

Presently the girl began to sing in a low voice, in order to keep herself awake, hymns as usual—low, plaintive, and soothing; while the widow heard them in her sleep, and dreamed of heaven. But all would not do, and she arose at length and walked noiselessly up and down the room, trying to shake off the drowsy feeling that oppressed and weighed down upon her



so heavily. And then, opening the casement, sat by it to catch the cool breath of night upon her fevered brow, and watch the myriad stars looking down in their calm and silent beauty upon earth. How naturally prayer comes at such times as these. Alice clasped her faded hands involuntarily, and although no words were uttered, *her heart prayed!* We have called her in our love, pure and innocent; but she of her holier wisdom knew that she was but a weak and erring creature after all, and took courage only from remembering that there is One who careth even for the very flowers of the field, and how much more for the children of earth. But gradually as she sat thus in the pale starlight, the white lids drooped over the heavy eyes—her hands unclasped and sunk slowly and listlessly down; the weary and tollworn frame had found rest at last!

And then the room seemed filled on a sudden with a strange brightness, and where poor Alice had sat first while at her wheel, is an angel with shining hair, and raiment white and radiant as a sunbeam; while another bends gently over the slumberer, and looking first at her, and then on her companion, smiles plyingly; and the girl smiles too, in her sleep; and as if still haunted by her favorite hymn tunes, sings again very faintly and sweetly, until the sounds die lingeringly away at length upon the still night air. Fast and noiselessly ply these holy ones at their love task, while the whizzing of the busy wheel, accompanied by a gentle rushing sound, as of wings, alone disturbed the profound silence of that little chamber. And now morning broke again over the earth, and their mission performed, they have sped away to their bright home rejoicingly!

Alice awoke trembling from her long and refreshing slumber, thinking how she must work doubly hard to redeem those lost hours. She drew her wheel toward her—she looked wildly at it, rubbing her eyes to be sure that she was not still dreaming; then gazed around the quiet apartment where all remained just as she had left it; but the task—the heavy task for which she had marked out four more weary days and nights of toil, and feared even then not having time enough to complete it, lay ready finished before her! But after a little while the girl ceased to wonder, or remembering to whom she had prayed on the previous night, guided by an unerring instinct, knelt down and poured out her full heart in a gush of prayerful thanksgiving to Heaven! And we can almost fancy the angels standing a little way off smiling upon each other and on her, even as they had done before, and rejoicing in their own work.

We are told in the legend, that from that hour the widow and her good and pious child never knew want again. It may be that Alice's employer was pleased with her diligence and punctuality; or the stern landlord, shamed out of his prejudices by the unlooked for appearance of the glowing and happy face of his tenant three days before the appointed time, with the money ready, and many grateful thanks beside, for what she termed his kindness in waiting so long for it; or there was a charm in that web, woven by holy hands, which brought Alice many more such tasks, with better payment, and longer time to complete them in. The only thing that makes us sad in this simple and beautiful legend is, that the age of such miracles should have passed away. And yet, fear not, ye poor and suffering children of toil! only be gentle and pure-hearted as

that young girl—trust as she trusted—pray as she prayed—and be sure that Heaven in its own good time will deliver you.

## AUNT NABBY'S STEW'D GOOSE.

A Yankee Extravaganza.

It was my Aunt Nabby's birth-day, and she was bent upon having a stewed goose—stewed in onions, and with cabbage and salt pork to match.

"Polljah," said she to me, "be'n't we got a goose 'bout the farm?"

"No," said I; "we eat the old gander a Christmas, and he was the last of the patriarchs."

Aunt Nabby went down to Sue, who was getting breakfast.

"Susanna," said she, "the boy tells how we be'n't got a goose in creation; now what shall we do?"

"Go without," replied Susanna, with that amiable tone which father said had worn off her teeth to the gums.

Aunt Nabby, however, was bent upon a goose, and when such a straight and stiff person gets bent upon anything, you may consider the matter settled; and I saw that a goose of some kind would be had at some rate or other.

"Here, you critter," cried aunt Nabby, to the little black specimen of the human family, that was digging potatoes in the garden, "here, I want you to go along to the neighbors, and borra a goose."

Cato laid down his hoe, got over the fence, and shoveled off on his broad pedestals to get a goose.

The first house Cato came to, was that of Sam Soap, Into the shop went the Yankeeified negro, and making a beg to Mr. Soap, who sat like a Hindoo idol, busily employed in patching an old blue coat with still older brown rags, and humming most mournfully the air of

"Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon,"

giving it a nasal twang that came direct from Jedediah Soap, who was a member of the Long Parliament.

"Mr. Soap," says Cato, "you haint got no goose, nor nothin, haint ye, for aunt Nabby?"

Soap was a literal (not a literary) man, and so he called to his daughter Propriety, who having but one eye, was likewise called Jusice—that is, by some who were classical. "Priety," says he, "g'in Cato my goose."

Priety, like a good girl, took the broad flat-iron off the shelf, and telling Cato to be as "careful as ever-lasin not to get it wet," she wrapped it in a paper and away went the web-footed mortal to deliver his charge to Susanna.

"My gracious," said Susanna, "if that ar nigger haint got me an iron goose to stew!"

But nevertheless, as her business was to stew the goose and ask no questions, at it she went, and pretty soon the tailor's treasure was simmering among onions, and carrots, and cabbages, and turnups, and spices—all as nice as need to be. After breakfast, aunt Nabby had gone abroad to ask in the neighbors, and when she came home, she went of course directly to the kitchen to see how the goose came on.

"Is it tender, Susanna?" said she. Susanna smiled so sweetly, that the old house clock in the corner, next the cupboard, stopped, and held up its hands.

"Oh, ma'am," replied Susanna, "it's so tender that I guess it won't be no more tender arter bein' biled."

"And fat?"

"Oh, bless ye! it's so broad across the back!"

My aunt's mouth watered so that she was forced to look at Susanna to correct the agreeable impression.

Well, noon came, and the neighbors began to drop in. First came the parson, who, being a man of vast punctuality, took out his watch as soon as he came in, and for the purpose of seeing how it chimed, as he said, with the old clock, walked into the kitchen, bade Miss Susanna good day, hoped she continued well in body, and snuffed up the sweet flavors of the preparing sacrifice with expanded nostrils. Next to the minister came the squire; he opened the front door, and seeing no one but me,

"Pollijah," he said, "when'll that are goose be done? 'cause I'm everlastin busy, settlin that hay mow case, and I'd like to know."

"Ready now, squire," answered the parson, opening the kitchen door, "and I guess it's an uncommon fine goose, too, so walk in and let us have a little chat."

The squire entered, and he and the minister had a considerable spell of conversation about the hay mow case. This case was as follows:

Abijah Beggs got leave to carry his hay across the Widow Stokes's field to the road. Well, this hay mow had dropped off the poles, and Widow Stokes claimed it as a walf and stray.

"Now," says the squire, "I conceit the chief pint in the case is this here—has Widow Stokes a right to the hay? Now this'll depend, ye see, 'pon t'other point, to wit, videlicet—does the hay belong to 'Bijah? Now the widow says, says she, 'every man in this country's free, and therefore every man in this country's a king jist as fur as his form goes; now the king, all allow, has a right to walfs and strays, and so,' says the widow, 'that are hay's mine.' But," says 'Bijah—and by jinks it's a cute argument—"but," says he, 'though every man in this land of liberty's a free man, yet that doesn't prove that every woman is; and per contra, we know that women don't vote, and of course aint free,' says he, 'the Widow Stokes aint a king, so,' says he, 'the hay aint hern.' But it's a puzzling case, aint it?"

"Well, now," answered the minister, "it strikes me that the hay aint astray."

"Well," said the squire, "that's a pint I never thinked of."

Just then in came the deacon, and after him the sexton, and so on, till pretty much all the aristocratic democrats of the village had assembled. And then in bustled aunt Nabby, awful fine, I tell you; and then Susanna and Cato began to bring in dinner, and while they were doing that, the company all took a stiff glass of grog by the way of appetite, and then stroked down their faces, and looked at the table, and there was a pig roasted and stuffed, and a line of veal, and two old hens, and an everlastin sight of all kinds of sarce, and pies, and puddins, and dough-nuts, and cider, and above all, at the head of the table, the dish, in which lay the hero of the day, "that are goose," smothered in onions, and utterly hid beneath the load of carrots and cabbages. The seat next to the goose was assigned to the minister, and all sat down. The squire flourished his fork, and pounced upon the pig; the deacon tackled to at the veal, while the sexton went seriously to work, to exhume a piece of pork from amid an avalanche of beans. The minister, with a spoon, gently stirred away a few carrots and onions in hopes of thus coming at the goose.

"It smells remarkably fine," says he to aunt Nabby.

"It's particular fat and tender," she replied, "I picked it myself from a whole heap."

And still the minister poked, till at last spoon the grated upon a hard surface.

"A skewer, I guess," and plunging his fork into the onion mass, he struggled to raise the iron handle, with which he had joined issue.

"Bless me," cried aunt Nabby, "what's that are?"

"I should judge," said the squire, "that are was an old goose."

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the deacon.

Still the minister struggled, and still the goose resisted—*aunt Nabby grew nervous—and the more the minister struggled, the more the goose wouldn't come.* I saw my aunt's eye dilating—her hand moved ugly, and then—pounce, just when the minister thought he had conquered the enemy, my aunt's claw drove through the onions, and dragging forth the tailor's goose, held it at arm's length before the company; the squire had just raised the pig upon his fork, when seeing my aunt's discovery, he dropped it, and the dish was knocked all to smash. The sexton had drawn his beans to the edge of the table, another pull as he saw the goose, and over it went. My aunt dropped the cause of all this evil, and there went another plate. The company dined elsewhere, and next Sunday the minister declined preaching on account of a "domestic misfortin." My aunt Nabby died soon after, and the sexton buried her, observing as he did so, that "she departed, the poor critter, in consequence of an iron goose and broken crockery."

#### THE MURDERER.

A little more than fifty years ago, a man by the name of Henry Thompson called at the house of Mr. John Smith, a resident in a retired part of England, and requested a night's lodging. This request was readily granted, and the stranger having taken some refreshment, retired early to bed, requesting that he might be awakened at an early hour the following morning.

When the servant appointed to call him entered the room for that purpose he was found in his bed, perfectly dead.

On examining his body no marks of violence appeared, but his countenance looked extremely natural. The story of his death soon spread among the neighbors, and inquiries were made who he was, and by what means he came by his death.

Nothing certain, however, was known. He had arrived on horseback, and was seen passing through a neighboring village, about an hour before he reached the house where he came to his end. And then, as to the manner of his death, so little could be discovered, that the jury which was summoned to investigate the cause, returned a verdict that he died "by a visitation of God." When this was done, the stranger was buried.

Days and weeks passed on, and little further was known. The public mind, however, was not at rest. Suspicions existed that foul means had hastened the stranger's death. Whispers to that effect were expressed, and in the hearts of many, Smith was considered as the guilty man.

The former character of Smith had not been good. He had lived a loose and irregular life, involved himself in debt by his extravagances; and at length, being

suspected of having obtained money wrongfully, he suddenly fled from the town.

More than ten years, however, had now elapsed since his return, during which he had lived at his present residence, apparently in good circumstances, and with an improved character. His former life, however was now remembered, and suspicion, after all, fastened upon him.

At the expiration of two months a gentleman one day stopped in the place for the purpose of making inquiry respecting the stranger, who had been found dead in his bed. He supposed himself to be a brother of the man. The horse and clothes of the unfortunate man still remained, and were immediately known as having belonged to his brother. The body also, was taken up, and though considerably changed, bore a strong resemblance to him.

He now felt authorized to ascertain, if possible, the manner of his death. He proceeded, therefore, to investigate the circumstances, as well as he was able. At length he made known to the magistrate of the district, the information he had collected, and upon the strength of this, Smith was taken to jail to be tried for the wilful murder of Henry Thompson.

The celebrated Lord Mansfield was then on the bench. He charged the grand jury to be cautious as to finding a bill against the prisoner. The evidence of his guilt, if guilty, might be small. At a future time it might be greater; more information might be obtained. Should the jury now find a bill against him, and should he be acquitted, he could not be molested again, whatever testimony should rise up against him. The grand jury however, did find a bill, but it was by a majority of only one.

At length, the time of trial arrived. Smith was brought into court, and placed at the bar. A great crowd thronged the room, eager and anxious to see the prisoner and to hear the trial. He himself appeared firm and collected. Nothing in his manner or appearance indicated guilt; and, when the question was put to him by the clerk, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?" he answered with an unflinching tongue, and with a countenance perfectly unchanged, "Not guilty." The counsel for the prosecution now opened the case. But it was apparent that he had little expectation of being able to prove the prisoner guilty. He stated to the jury, that the case was involved in great mystery. The prisoner was a man of respectability and of property. The deceased was supposed to have had about him, gold and jewels to a large amount; but the prisoner was not so much in want of funds, as to be under a strong temptation to commit murder. And besides, if the prisoner had obtained the property he had effectually concealed it. Not a trace of it could be found.

Why, then, was the prisoner suspected? He would state the grounds of suspicion. The deceased, Henry Thompson, was a jeweler residing in London, and a man of wealth. He had left London for the purpose of meeting a trader at Hull, of whom he expected to make a large purchase. That trader he did meet; and after the departure of the latter, Mr. Thompson was known to have had in his possession jewels and gold to a large amount.

With these in his possession, he left Hull on his return to London. It was not known that he stopped until he reached Smith's, and the next morning was discovered dead in his bed. He died, then, in Smith's house; and if it could be shown that he came to his

death in an unnatural way, it would increase the suspicion, that the prisoner was in some way connected with the murder.

Now, then, continued the counsel, it will be proved beyond the possibility of doubt that the deceased died by poison. What was that poison? It was a recent discovery of some German chemists, said to be produced from distilling the seed of the wild cherry tree. It was a poison more powerful than any other known, and deprived of life so immediately, as to leave no marks of suffering, and no contortions of the features.

But, then, the question was, by whom was it administered? One circumstance, a small one indeed, and yet upon it might hang a horrid tale, was, that the stopper of a small bottle of a very singular description had been found in the prisoner's house. That stopper had been examined, and said by medical men to have belonged to a German vial, containing the kind of poison which he had described. But, then, was that poison administered by Smith, or at his institution? Who were the prisoner's family? It consisted only of himself, a house-keeper, and one man servant. The man-servant slept in an out-house adjoining the stable, and did so on the night of Thompson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house, the house-keeper at the other, and the deceased had been put in a room adjoining the housekeeper's.

It would be proved, that about three hours after midnight, on the night of Thompson's death, a light had been seen moving about the house, and that a figure holding the light was seen to go from the room in which the prisoner slept, to the house-keeper's room; the light now disappeared for a minute, when two persons were seen, but whether they went into Thompson's room, the witness could not swear; but shortly after they were observed passing quite through the entry to Smith's room, into which they entered, and in about five minutes the light was extinguished.

The witness would further state; that after the person had returned with the light into Smith's room, and before it was extinguished, he had twice perceived some dark object to intervene between the light and the window, almost as large as the surface of the window itself, and which he described by saying it appeared as if a door had been placed before the light. Now, in Smith's room, there was nothing which could account for this appearance; his bed was in a different part; and there was neither cupboard nor press in the room, which, but for the bed, was entirely empty, the room in which he dressed, being at a distance beyond it.

The counsel for the prosecution here concluded what he had to say. During his address Smith appeared in no wise to be agitated or distressed—and equally unmoved was he while the witnesses testified in substance what the opening speech of the counsel led the court and the jury to expect.

Lord Mansfield now addressed the jury. He told them that in his opinion the evidence was not sufficient to condemn the prisoner, and that if the jury agreed with him in opinion, the court would discharge him. Without leaving their seats, the jury agreed that the evidence was not sufficient.

At this moment, when they were about to render a verdict of acquittal the prisoner rose and addressed the court. He said that he had been accused of a foul crime, and the jury had said that there was not sufficient evidence to convict him. Did the jury mean to

say there was any evidence against him? Was he to go out of court with suspicions resting upon him after all? This he was unwilling to do. He was an innocent man, and if the judge would grant him the opportunity he would prove it. He would call his housekeeper, who would confirm a statement which he would now make.

The housekeeper had not appeared in court. She had concealed herself, or had been concealed by Smith. This was considered a dark sign against him. But he himself now offered to bring her forward, and stated as the reason, not that he was unwilling that she should testify, but knowing the excitement, he was fearful that she might be bribed to give testimony contrary to fact. But he was now ready to relate all the circumstances he knew—she might, then, be called, and examined. If her testimony does not confirm my story let me be condemned.

The request of the prisoner appeared reasonable, and Lord Mansfield, contrary to his usual practice, granted it.

The prisoner went on with his statement. He said he wished to go out of court relieved from the suspicions which were resting upon him. As to the poison, by means of which the stranger was said to have died, he knew neither the name of it, nor even the existence of it, until made known by the counsel. He could call God to witness the truth of what he said.

And, then, as to Mr. Thompson, he was a perfect stranger to him. How should he know what articles of value he had! He did not know. If he had such articles at Hull, he might have lost them on the road; or which was more probable, have otherwise disposed of them. And if he died by means of the fatal drug, he must have administered it himself.

He begged the jury to remember that his premises had been repeatedly and minutely searched, and not the most trifling article that belonged to the deceased had been discovered in his possession. The stopper of a vial had been found—but of this he could only say, he had no knowledge, and had never seen it before it was produced in court.

One fact had been proved, and only one. That he would explain, and his housekeeper would confirm his statement. A witness had testified that some one had gone to the bed-room of the housekeeper, on the night in question. He was ready to admit that it was he himself. He had been subject for many years of his life to sudden fits of illness; he had been seized with one on that occasion, and had gone to procure her assistance in lighting a fire. She had returned with him to his room for that purpose, he having waited for a minute in the passage, while she put on her clothes. This would account for the momentary disappearance of the light. After remaining a few minutes in his room, finding himself better, he had dismissed her, and retired to bed, from which he had not risen, when he was informed of the death of the guest.

Such was the prisoner's address, which produced a powerful effect. It was delivered in a very firm and impressive manner, and from the simple and artless manner of the man, perhaps not one present doubted his entire innocence.

The housekeeper was now introduced and examined by the counsel for the prisoner. She had not heard any part of the statement of Smith, nor a single word of the trial. Her story confirmed all he had said.

To this succeeded her cross-examination, by the counsel for the prosecution. One circumstance had made a deep impression on his mind—this was, that while the prisoner and the housekeeper were in the room of the former, something like a door had obstructed the light of the candle, so that the witness testified to the fact, but could not see it. What was the obstruction? There was no door—nothing in the room which could account for this. Yet the witness was positive that something like a door, did, for a moment, come between the window and the candle. This needed explanation. The housekeeper was the only person that could give it. Designing to probe this matter in the end to the bottom, but not wishing to excite her alarm, he began by asking her a few unimportant questions, and among others, where the candle stood while she was in Mr. Smith's room.

"In the centre of the room," she replied.

"Well, and was the closet or cupboard, or whatever you call it, opened once or twice, while it stood there?"

She made no reply.

"I will help your recollection," said the counsel; "after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet, did he shut the door or did it remain open?"

"He shut it."

"And, when he replaced the bottle in the closet, he opened it again did he?"

"He did."

"And how long was it open the last time?"

"Not above a minute."

"Well, and when open, would the door be exactly between the light and the window?"

"It would."

"I forget," said the counsel, "whether you said the closet was on the right or the left hand side of the window?"

"On the left hand side."

"Would the door of the closet make any noise in opening?"

"None."

"Are you certain?"

"I am."

"Have you ever opened it yourself, or only seen Mr. Smith open it?"

"I never opened it myself."

"Did you ever keep the key?"

"Never."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Smith always."

At this moment the housekeeper chanced to cast her eyes toward Smith, the prisoner. A cold damp sweat stood upon his brow, and his face had lost all its color; he appeared a living image of death. She no sooner saw him than she shrieked and fainted. The consequence of her answers flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the advocate, and by the little importance he had seemed to attach to her statements, that she had told him led on by one question to another, till she had told him all he wanted to know.

She was obliged to be taken from the court, and a physician who was present, was requested to attend her. At this time the solicitor for the prosecution, (answering to our State's attorney) left the court, but no one knew for what purpose. Presently, the physician came into the court and stated that it would be



Impossible for the housekeeper to resume her seat in the box short of an hour or two.

It was almost twelve in the day. Lord Mansfield, having directed that the jury should be accommodated with a room where they could be kept by themselves, adjourned the court two hours. The prisoner in the mean time was remanded to gaol.

It was between four and five o'clock, when the judge resumed his seat upon the bench. The prisoner was again placed at the bar, and the housekeeper brought in and led to the box. The court room was crowded to excess, and an awful silence pervaded the place.

The cross-examining counsel again addressed the housekeeper. "I have but a few more questions to ask you," said he, "take heed how you answer, for your own life hangs upon a thread."

"Do you know this stopper?"

"I do."

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Mr. Smith."

"When did you last see it?"

"On the night of Mr. Thompson's death."

At this moment the solicitor entered the court, bringing with him upon a tray, a watch, two money-bags, a jewel-case, a pocket-book, and a bottle of the same manufacture as the stopper, and having a cork in it. The tray was placed on the table in sight of the prisoner and the witness, and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man of the guilt of the prisoner.

A few words will bring this melancholy tale to its close. The house where the murder had been committed, was between nine and ten miles distant. The solicitor, as soon as the cross-examination of the housekeeper had discovered the existence of the closet, and its situation, had set off on horseback with two sheriff's officers, and after pulling down a part of the wall of the house, had detected this important place of concealment. Their search was well rewarded; the whole of the property belonging to Mr. Thompson was found there, amounting in value to some thousand pounds; and to leave no room for doubt, a bottle was discovered, which the medical men instantly pronounced to contain the very identical poison, which had caused the death of the unfortunate Thompson. The result was too obvious to need explanation.

It scarcely need be added that Smith was convicted and executed, and brought to this awful punishment by his own means. Had he said nothing—had he not persisted in calling a witness to prove his innocence, he might have escaped. But God had evidently left him to work out his own ruin, as a just reward of his awful crime.

#### THE LATE MR. VER BRYCK.

In compliance with a request of the National Academy of Design, the writer has attempted a short memoir of Cornelius Ver Bryck, the third member of that institution, whose remains they have been called upon to follow to the grave within a few months; and if the departure of one gifted with the highest moral and intellectual qualities should ever call forth the expression of sorrow, we are now emphatically called upon for our tribute of grief.

The life of an artist is proverbially barren of those stirring incidents and strange vicissitudes that interest

the reading multitude, and his biography consists, in a great measure, of an account of his birth and death, and a description of his works; and to this the life of Mr. Ver Bryck will furnish no exception. Yet, if the expression of what those who knew him feel for his loss, were such matter as would interest in the columns of a public journal, their hearts could easily dictate a tribute to the memory of one so much loved.

Mr. Ver Bryck was born at Yough Paugh, New Jersey, on the first of January, 1813. In childhood he discovered a predilection for the Fine Arts, which strengthened with his years, and at length caused him to become an artist by profession. The present writer is not informed of the time when he undertook the art of painting professionally; but, in 1835, he studied for some time under Mr. Morse, President of the National Academy. His health failing him, he went to Mobile in the fall of 1837, and a much esteemed friend of his, to whom I am indebted for much of the information in this memoir, says that he carried with him several pictures, among which were one of a Bacchante, and another of a Cavalier, which were much admired, and purchased from him at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He remained in that place two months, and would have made a longer stay had his health permitted, as his encouragement was equal to his wishes. He returned to Mobile, and early in the spring sailed for New York. In 1839, stimulated with the desire to behold with his own eyes the wonders of ancient art, and scenes that through history and poetry had long been familiar to his mind, he sailed for London, in company with his friends, Huntington and Gray, and for a time enjoyed, as such a mind as his can only enjoy, the works of the great masters, and the works of art to be found in London and Paris. But, unfortunately, his stay in the Old World was too short; for he was called home by the illness of a sister—his brother was at the point of death when he left New York, and died before he arrived in London.

After his return home, he was occupied in landscape and historical pictures. Among the latter was one whose subject was, "An one was taken and the other left." This picture was finely conceived; it represented a blessed spirit ascending toward Heaven, with enraptured expression, in the midst of light; while below, in murky gloom, was seen one of the accursed ones, with demoniac face, descending.

The writer believes that in the year 1840 he was elected as member of the Academy, having previously been made an associate, a tribute due to his talent and character. For a few years he pursued his art, struggling against ill health and unfavorable circumstances until 1843, when his friend Huntington, with his lady, who was the sister of one to whom Mr. Ver Bryck was deeply attached, proposed to visit Europe again. Suffering from disease, and in the hope that a voyage might restore him, Mr. Ver Bryck determined to accompany his friend. To accomplish this was difficult, but generosity and devoted love accomplished it. Mr. Ver Bryck was married on the eve of his sailing for Europe. The party sailed for England in May; the voyage was favorable, and as far as health would permit, Mr. Ver Bryck enjoyed the scenery of the Isle of Wight and England exceedingly. The cathedrals, castles, abbeys, and exhibitions, seemed to fill his mind with delight; but, alas! the beauties of nature, nor the charms of art could check the inroads of disease, and even the ever hopeful eye of affection could perceive in

him no change for the better, and with his lady he left England and arrived in New York in the autumn. Return brought no relief; the air of his native country had no healing balm; he lingered through the winter, suffering much, but at times cheated into hope by the deceitful slumberings of his disease, until on the 31st of May he expired. His mind was clear and calm to the last, and his soul, which through religion had been blest and purified, was freed from its mortal tenement.

The principal circumstances of Mr. Ver Bryck's life have been thus hastily related, in order to dwell more particularly on his character, which is endearing to all who had the good fortune to be acquainted with him.

It would almost seem that the higher the intellectual qualities possessed by man, the less fitted he is for encountering with success the stormy passage of life; that he whose mind is cast in nature's most finished mould—the mould of genius and taste—is least capable of withstanding the asperity of actual life, and we frequently find that the possessors of these fatal gifts become early tenants of the tomb. Of this class was Mr. Ver Bryck; the flame burnt too brightly to burn long. Endowed with the keenest sensibilities, his heart responded to every call. The love of the beautiful was the law of his being; the beautiful in nature and art his chief joy. A sight of the mountains moved him with unutterable thoughts, and he could truly say:

"To me, the meanest flower that blows, can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Himself of poetic temperament, his taste for poetry was exquisite; but he loved most those antique songs wherein simplicity of sentiment and style were combined with the mystic grandeur of olden time. He had a deep reverence for antiquity; and what poetical mind has not? for it clothes the dim and shadowy forms of the past with drapery of its own.

Music was a passion with him; his voice was low, but sweet, and he accompanied his songs on the guitar with great taste; and in his hours of quietness and solitude many a plaintive song of Ver Bryck's steals like an Æolian strain on the mind's ear of the writer of this memoir. Speaking, in a letter written during his last visit to England, of the pleasure he enjoyed in visiting Winchester Cathedral, he says:

"We remained and heard the service chanted. To me it seemed very impressive—the sweet, plaintive tones of the boys—that long drawn 'Amen,' so often repeated in rich harmony—the touching words of the psalm—'Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am in trouble; mine eye is consumed for very heaviness, yea, my soul and my body.' I thought I had never heard true church music before."

Alas! he could too well feel the words of the Psalmist, for disease was then consuming him.

With all his artistic feeling and enthusiasm for art, the productions of Mr. Ver Bryck's pencil were not numerous; and perhaps when we consider the obstacles that rose in his path, there will be little reason for surprise at this.

Portrait painting, frequently the last anchor of the artist, which he casts out when all others have dragged, was not to him lucrative; and although it occupied many of his most valuable hours, and stole from him precious moments which ought to have been employed in embodying the creations of his poetic mind, it scarcely furnished him with the means of support. He was of all men the least fitted for the portrait paint-

er; the disappointments—the delays—the pert criticisms—the tantalizing caprice of sisters and their friends were hard for him to bear, and they wore upon him.

His landscapes, which were simple productions—views or compositions exhibiting nature in her tranquil aspects—as well as his historical pictures, too frequently remained without a purchaser. The high qualities of his works, which ought to have brought him encouragement and profit, were passed unnoticed by the multitude, and the coarse scenes of the tavern could frequently find purchasers, while the chaste works of Ver Bryck had no attractions. The hand of the artist is palsied if he once feels that his works produce no glow or sympathy in the minds of the beholders. Mr. Ver Bryck needed a more ample practice than he ever had in order that his executions should be equal to his conceptions; but difficult it is to toil on works which when completed will in all probability meet with the same cold reception from the world that their predecessors have done. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and this Ver Bryck had often felt. Hope itself died within him, for he had other and more unconquerable obstacles in his path than those of which I have spoken. There was a great shadow over him, for "melancholy marked him for her own," and solitude to him was next to death. Consumption, which had swept away brother and sisters, until of a numerous family, but two or three remained, hung like a spectre over him, ever pointing to the grave. In the language of a friend who has been speaking of the absence of selfishness in Mr. Ver Bryck, in not comprehending that his society fully compensated others for their kindness to him, his guitar was his never failing companion, and made him companionable to all. Melancholy and plaintive were the songs he loved best, characteristic of thoughts and feelings too often controlling him; the absence of these were always forced, yet when among his friends no one could enjoy more or add more to the pleasure of others. No one needed more the excitement of society to make him forget the spectre which so closely follow him.

Illustrative of the tone of his mind is a passage in one of his letters; "they may say what they will of Hope and her pleasures. Oh! oft has she cheated me; but Memory—I love her, she is kind—doth she not make the pleasant seem more pleasant, the good better, the beautiful still more lovely? And even our past sorrows, she hath a way of softening them till they are almost sources of joy. A ruin, a pile of stones and mortar are unsightly; but Time covers it with moss and ivy, and it is beautiful."

In another letter, he says: "I believe I am getting old, for my pleasures are more of Memory than of Hope."

But as the sands of life wasted away, the flame of Hope burned more brightly in his bosom; and lifted by religious faith above this shadowy vale of tears, his eye caught glimpses of a glorious future which made the past seem dim, and he longed to depart.

His mortal remains rest in Greenwood Cemetery, in a spot chosen by himself, in a quiet dell, beneath the shade of trees, and when he was interred, flowers, which he loved so much were growing near the grave; and as has been said of another spot where a child of genius, cut off also in the early promise of his years: "It might make one in love with Death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

It is ours to regret that disease and death should so soon have checked the development of powers which seem to have been of the highest order. But though the words of his pencil were few, his virtues were many, and his friends will ever cherish the memory of them. And there is one whose widowed sorrow will be softened by the consciousness that her pure self-sacrificing love did smooth the passage of his spirit to the tomb.

"Peace! peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep,

He hath awakened from the dream of Life.

"Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep

With phantoms an unprofitable strife."

*Eve. Post.*

T. C. Catekill, N. Y.

### THE SHEPHERD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF GAUTIER, FOR THE ROVER,  
BY W. F. HALE.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE SHEPHERD—THE MEETING.

About mid-summer of the year 18—, a little shepherd of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, (but so pitiful did he look, that he appeared to be scarcely twelve,) was driving before him, with that meditative and melancholy air so peculiar to young people who pass their existence in solitude, one or two dozen of sheep which could easily have dispersed, had it not been for the active vigilance of a large black dog, which by a few applications of his teeth applied a *propos*, rallied the lazy and capricious members of the flock. Romances had not turned the head of Petit-Pierre, (for that was our hero's name—not Lycidas or Tircis,) poor fellow! he knew not how to read! However, Pierre was a dreamer. He would remain for whole days, leaning against a tree, his eyes scanning the horizon in a kind of ecstatic contemplation. What was he thinking of? he himself knew not. And what is very rare among peasants, he would regard the rising and setting of the sun, the fantastic gambols of the light amongst the foliage, and the varying shadows of the distance, without knowing a reason wherefore. He even imagined this empire exercised over him by the waters, woods and skies, to emanate from some weakness of the mind, and would say to himself; "all these things are certainly not very wonderful! trees are not rare, nor is the earth more so! Why then have I remained here against this oak for an entire hour, forgetting to eat—to drink—to forgetting every thing? Without my poor Fidele, I should already have lost more than one of my sheep, and been discharged by the master; why am I not like others, tall—strong—always laughing and singing with all my might, instead of passing my time in watching the birth of each blade of grass which is browsed by my flock as born?" Petit-Pierre complained of his troubles in perfect good humor. Was he wrong to do so? Doubtless you imagine Petit-Pierre to be in love? He will be perhaps, but is not as yet. Love in the country is not so precocious, and our little shepherd had not yet perceived even that there were two sexes; for it is true that, in certain ill-favored districts of France, you may be deceived in this respect. There are the same sun-burnt features, red hands, and rough voices common to them both. Nature only creates the female; civilization forms the woman. Having arrived at the brow of a beautiful hill, covered with a carpet of fine and glassy grass, and ornamented with clusters of trees which were bound to the earth with roots knot-

ted in a singular and picturesque manner, our hero paused, and seating himself upon a fragment of rock, his chin resting upon his staff in the attitude of the old Acadian shepherds, he abandoned himself to his customary reveries. The dog, judging by instinct that the flock were not wandering from the place where the grass was tender and plentiful, crouched at the feet of his master, his head stretched out upon his paws, and his eyes watching with that intelligent expression, which makes the dog so nearly approximate to man. The sheep were scattered here and there "in the most admired disorder." A ray of sun-shine sparkled on the grass, like diamonds fallen from the casket of Aurora, which old Sol, had as yet, neglected to gather. It was a finished picture with this title: *God, a good painter, whose canvass, the council of the Louvre would perhaps reject.* It was at least this reflection which then occupied the mind of a lovely young woman, who at this moment, entered the other extremity of the valley.

"What a beautiful site for sketching," she cried, taking an album from the hand of a *femme de chambre*, who accompanied her. She then seated herself upon a moss-covered rock at the imminent risk of soiling her spotless white robe, for which she seemed to care very little, opened a book with leaves of vellum, arranged it upon her lap, and commenced to trace a sketch with a light and skillful hand. Her chaste and delicate features were gilded by the transparent shade of a large straw hat, as in that splendid picture of "*La jeune femme*," by Rubens, which you see in the Museum. Her rich auburn hair fell in plaited folds upon a neck whiter than alabaster. Her beauty was of an order both rare and charming. Petit-Pierre, absorbed in carving flowers from some chestnut leaves, had not at first perceived the entrance of this new actress upon the tranquil scene of the valley. Fidele had indeed raised his head, but perceiving no cause of uneasiness, had resumed his attitude of the melancholy sphinx. The appearance of this white apparition singularly troubled the young shepherd. He experienced a kind of an inexpressible heaviness of heart, and in order to relieve himself of this emotion, whistled to his dog and was about to retire. But this arrangement did not appear to accord with the wishes of the fair *artiste*, who was just in the humor to "take off" the little shepherd and his flock, as an indispensable appendage to her landscape. She threw aside her album and crayons, and with two or three bounds like a pursued hind, soon recaptured the fugitive Pierre, and lead him back in triumph to the seat which he before had occupied upon the rock. "Come" said she, gaily to him, "you must remain there until I give you leave to go—now, extend your arm a little more, there! now, bend your head more to the left, *bien!* that will do," and with her little white hand she gently slapped him on his sun-burnt cheeks to make him take his proper place, then turning to her maid, said, laughingly: "What beautiful eyes he has! Lucy; that is, for a peasant."

Having placed her model in the proper position, the young woman ran back to her proper place and recommenced her sketch, which she soon after completed, then said to the discomfited Pierre:

"You may rise and go now, if you wish; however, it is but just that I should recompense you for the fatigue I have caused in keeping you so long sitting like a wooden saint; come here!" The youth slowly approached, covered with blushes, when the lady gaily slipped a piece of gold into his hand. "That, said she,

"is to buy you a new blouse for the next Sunday ball."

Pierre, who had cast a furtive glance upon the open album, stood stupid with astonishment, without even closing his hand, in which glittered a new gold piece of twenty francs. The scales had fallen from his eyes—a sudden revelation was at work with him. Musingly scanning over the different portions of the sketch, he said half aloud in a broken voice:

"The trees, the rocks, Fidele, myself, all are on the sheet! and the sheep! they to are there!"

The lady was much amused at this innocent admiration, and astonished, and handed him for inspection, several other pencillings of lakes, castles, and rocks, when night coming on, she departed with her maid for her country seat.

Petit-Pierre followed her with his eyes, long after the last fold of her robe had disappeared behind the hill, and Fidele in vain applied his moist nose to his master's hand, to awake him from his reverie. The humble herdsman began to comprehend the purposes for which, earth, trees, and clouds were contemplated. Those inquietudes which he had so often experienced, had then an object! He was then no fool! He had often seen upon the mantle-pieces of the farm houses, such paintings as the portraits of Isaac Lacquedem, Genevieve de Brabant, and The Mother of Grief with the seven daggers buried in her breast; but these uncouth pictures daubed on wood in red, yellow, and blue worthy of New Zealand savages, had failed to awaken in his head, any idea of the divine art. The graphic sketches of the young female, with their distinctness of form, and correct outline, were things altogether novel to Petit-Pierre. The old painting in the parish church was so black and smoked that nothing of the original was to be distinguished; and besides, he had scarcely ever dared to raise his eyes during service.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE DREAM.

Evening came, Petit-Pierre having secured his flock for the night, in the sheep-fold, seated himself upon the threshold of the *cabane a roulettes*, which served him for a summer house. The sky was of a deep blue. The seven stars sparkled like gems in the vaulted roof of Heaven. The young herdsman, reclining beside his dog, appeared deeply moved at the magnificent spectacle, which Heaven, in the liberality of its bounty, had given to a sleeping world. He mused also on the unknown lady; and in thinking of that small white hand which had touched his rough and sun-burnt cheeks; a thrill ran through his whole frame. He was weary, and had need of sleep, but though he stretched himself upon his little pallet of straw, he was unable to close his eyes. He tossed from one side to the other until "tired nature's sweet restorer" fell upon him. He had a dream.

It appeared that he was seated upon a rock, with a beautiful landscape before him. The sun was just rising o'er the hills, the hawthorn groaned beneath its load of flowers, the grass of meadows was covered with pearly dew, and the little hillocks seemed clothed in robes of azure mingled with gold. At the expiration of some minutes, he saw approaching the beautiful lady of the valley. She came near and addressed him with a smile:

"Pierre! you must not always gaze—it is necessary to act." Having pronounced these words, she placed upon his lap, a beautiful sheet of vellum paper, a car-

toon, and a crayon and seated herself at his side. He began to sketch, but his hand trembled like an aspen leaf; and his lines ran one into the other. The desire of doing well, and the shame at having badly succeeded, caused the perspiration to flow in streams from his brow. He would have given half his existence not to have proved himself so unskillful in the presence of so lovely a creature. His muscles were contracted; and the lines, which he endeavored to trace, degenerated into ridiculous and irregular zig-zags; his agony was such, that it failed to awaken him, but the lady perceiving the pain he suffered, placed in his hand, a golden pencil, the point of which sparkled like a diamond. Immediately, Petit-Pierre found no further difficulty. His figures were traced of their own accord, and arranged themselves upon the paper, without any effort on his part, the trunks of trees sprang up with a bold and lively shoot, leaves unfolded themselves, and flowers, with all their details, were designed spontaneously. The lady, reclining upon his shoulder, watched the progress of the work, with an air of satisfaction, and from time to time, would say: "Good! very good! that is the way, go on!"

Then a stray ringlet of her beautiful tresses, floating in the breeze, slightly touched the cheek of the young shepherd; and from the contact there sprang a thousand sparks, as if from an electrifying machine. A solitary spark fell upon his breast. His heart began to burn within his breast, luminous as a carbuncle, which the lady perceiving, cried; "*you have the fire! farewell!*"

#### CHAPTER III.—FIRST EFFORTS—THE ACCIDENT.

This dream produced a deep impression upon Petit-Pierre. Indeed, his heart, as well as his head, was in a flame; and from that hour he departed from the chaos of the multitude. He felt that something was to be accomplished. He wished to begin at once his picturesque studies, and he procured from his hearth, a coal of fire which had been extinct the day before: the exterior planks of his hut served him for paper and canvas. With what should he commence? The question was soon answered; he at once resolved to try the portrait of his best—his only friend. Fidele; for Pierre was an orphan, and the dog was the only creature in the wide world that seemed to him as a relation. It must be confessed, that his first efforts resembled more a hyppopotamus than a dog; but by means of erasing and re-sketching; Fidele, who was the most patient model in the world, was made to represent successively an hyppopotamus, a crocodile, a sucking pig, and finally an animal which it would have been sheer malice, not to have classed with the canine species. It would be almost an impossibility to describe the feelings of satisfaction of Petit-Pierre, as he gave the finishing stroke to his work. Michael Angelo when he gave the last touch to "*La Chapelle Sixtine*," and stood with folded arms to contemplate his immortal work, did not feel more acute or profound delight.

"If the beautiful lady could only see the portrait of Fidele!" said Pierre to himself.

To do him justice, however, we will say that this ecstasy was of short duration. He soon perceived that this rough sketch was deformed and very unlike the original; he therefore effaced it, and this time, attempted to draw a sheep, in which he succeeded somewhat better, having more experience: the coal, how-



ever, crumbled under his fingers, and the board began badly planed, did injustice to his labors.

"If," said he, "I had crayons and paper, I would succeed better; but how can I procure them?" Petit-Pierre forgot that he was a capitalist. He soon recollected it however; and one day, confiding his flock to a fellow shepherd, he went resolutely to a neighboring village, sought the house of a dealer, and called for all the implements for designing. The astonished dealer complied with his demands, giving him paper and crayons of every description. Petit-Pierre pleased at having accomplished his desires returned to his flock, and devoted to drawing all the spare time which shepherds ordinarily pass away in playing on the pipe, carving walking canes, or constructing snares for birds and hares.

Scarcely knowing wherefore, he very often conducted his flock to the little hill, where he had first met the lady of the valley; but did so, many days, without seeing her again. Was he in love with her? Not in that sense which is usually attached to the word.—Such a love was impossible, for to the humble and timid heart, there is always necessary at least a ray of hope. All simple and rustic as he was, Petit-Pierre well knew, that there was an impassable gulf between him, a poor, ignorant, uneducated shepherd in rags, and a high born lady, young, lovely, and rich. Is it necessary to be a madman, to love a queen? Is it a wretched thing to be a poet, and not be able to embrace the stars? Petit-Pierre never thought of these things. The lady (for so he always called her) appeared to him fair and beautiful, and he worshiped her with the tender and fervent devotion of a catholic for the virgin saint; she was to him his *Egeria*! his muse!

One day he heard the sound of horses' hoofs striking upon the stones; Fidele uttered a piercing howl, and, in a few minutes, he saw the lady of the valley borne by a flying courser which she was lashing with her riding whip in order to guided him into the proper path; but the stubborn animal, doubtless driven on by fright, heeded neither the bit, bridle nor spur, and, by a violent leap, before Petit-Pierre, who hastened from the hill, could arrive, threw his fair rider violently to the ground. The force of the blow caused her to faint; and Petit-Pierre, paler even than the lady, ran to a small pond, where the previous rain had been collected, and dipped up with his hand, to the great fright of a little green frog who had there established his *salle de bain*, a few drops of water which he threw into the face of his patient. To his great horror he perceived a small stream of blood flowing from her temples, she was wounded! He drew from his pocket a miserable little handkerchief, and endeavored to stanch the stream which was winding its way through her tresses. At last she recovered her wandering senses, and cast upon the little shepherd a look of recognition, which penetrated his very soul. The remainder of the cavalcade, now in search of the lady, came up; with their assistance she was placed in a *cachette*, and the whole took their leave. Petit-Pierre pressed to his heart his handkerchief now bedewed with blood so pure, and the evening found him at the lady's villa anxiously enquiring of her welfare. The wound was not dangerous. This news calmed in some degree the disturbed spirit of the shepherd, who thought all was lost when he saw her borne so pale and lifeless to the carriage.

## CHAPTER IV.—PROGRESS—LOVE—DEPARTURE FOR PARIS.

The season was advanced. The sojourners of the country seats had all returned to Paris, and Petit-Pierre felt that he was all alone. When he was very sad, he would draw forth the little handkerchief with which he had stanchd the lady's wound, and kiss the corner which was yet stained with her precious blood: it was his his only consolation. He continued his studies in drawing, and had almost consumed his stock of paper; his progress was rapid; for he had no master to restrict him. No system interposed between him and nature, he copied that which he saw. His sketches however were still very rude, though full of simplicity and sentiment, he laboured under the eye of God, without any advice, any guide save his own heart and melancholy. Sometimes at night, he would again behold his beautiful lady and her enchanted pencil, and would sketch in a marvelous manner, but the morning never failed to dissipate his dreams, the pencil again became as rebellious as ever, and the magic figures vanished with the darkness.

One day, he had pencilled an old moss-covered cottage, from the chimney of which, there curled a spire of blueish smoke among the branches of some old oaks almost despoiled of their foliage; a wood-cutter, his labours finished, was seated on the threshold, filling his pipe, and in the interior of the chamber, seen through an open door, a female could be indistinctly perceived rocking with her feet a little cradle, while spinning at her wheel. It was the *chef-d'oeuvre* of Petit-Pierre; he himself was almost contented with it! Suddenly he perceived a shadow upon his paper, the shadow of a three cornered hat which could belong to no one save M. Le Cure. Indeed it was he; he observed in silence the work of Petit-Pierre, who blushed to his ears at being thus surprized at his labors. The venerable clergyman, who, though he was not one of those merry old priests so much extolled by Beranger, was a good honest, and learned man. When young he had lived in cities, was not deficient in taste and possessed some knowledge of the fine arts. The work of Petit-Pierre appeared then to him in its true light, already remarkable, and promising a still more glorious future. The good priest was touched at this solitary perseverance, this obscure flower of genius spreading its fragrance before God, reproducing with pious devotion, some fragments of the eternal Creator's infinite works.

"My little friend," said he, "although modesty is a very commendable virtue, still it is not necessary to blush thus. Perhaps it is the result of a secret pride. When one has done an act in the sincerity of his heart, and with all the ability of which he is capable, he should have no cause to fear. It is no crime to draw, especially when other duties are not neglected. The time which you have expended in this study, could not have been better employed, and idleness is wicked even in solitude. There is some merit, my son, in your sketch: those trees are green, and the shrubs, each hath the foliage which properly belongs to it. It is evident that you have contemplated the works of the great Master, for which you should feel the most grateful admiration, for if it is so difficult to make a rough and imperfect copy of them, what infinite power must have been required to create them—and from nothing!" Thus did the good curate encourage the young painter; he had confidence in that talent, which

was destined to become so widely known and appreciated.

"Persevere, my son," continued he; "you will be perhaps another Giotto. Giotto was like you, a poor shepherd, and he acquired such a reputation, that one of his pictures, representing the sainted mother of our Saviour, was carried in procession through the streets of Florence by the enthusiastic people."

The priest, during the long winter evenings which afforded much leisure to Petit-Pierre by requiring his flock to be warmly housed, taught him to read and write, thus giving him the two great keys to knowledge. Petit-Pierre made rapid progress in his studies, and the worthy priest though occasionally reproaching himself for giving his young pupil an education so far above the humble rank which he occupied, was pleased to observe each petal of that young flower as one by one they unfolded themselves. He looked on with that pleasing emotion, with which the enthusiastic gardener views the magical blossoming of some rare plant, the secret of which he alone possesses. The winter was gone, the snows were dissolved, the primrose had begun to rear its head above the ground, and Petit-Pierre resumed the management of his flock. He was not now the pitiful boy to whom we were introduced at the commencement of this story; he had grown both in strength and manly beauty. Nature had made a demand upon his resources in order to defray the expenses of his new faculties. His forehead had enlarged under the expansion of his brain, and his eye now fixed upon one goal, had a calm and firm expression, as upon every brow accustomed to one fixed thought, the reflection of the interior flame can be discerned. Not that he was devoured by the morbid ardor of precocious ambition, but that though the wine of science had been poured out with scrupulous prudence by the good priest, it had caused in this incipient spirit an intoxication which had almost turned into pride. Happily for Petit-Pierre, he was not yet before the public. The trees and rocks are not flatterers. The grandeur of Nature with which he was always in contact, soon led him back to a consciousness of his own littleness. Abundantly supplied by the curate, with paper and crayons, he still continued to prosecute his studies, and sometimes, though wide-awake, it seemed that he possessed the fire-pointed pencil, and the lady, leaning upon his shoulder, would say to him: "Very well! my friend. You have not permitted the fire which I kindled within your breast to become extinguished. Persevere and you shall have your reward."

Pierre having acquired a correct idea of form, comprehended in what respect the lady was so beautiful, her chest was expanded, while her waist was small and delicate. He would look on his handkerchief, where the stain was still visible, and exclaim: "Happy blood, thou hast ran through her veins, even her very heart!" With the same sincerity, with which we contended at one time, that Pierre was not in love, it becomes our duty to say that he is so now, and with all the ardor of his whole soul. The image of the adored never left his mind. He saw her in the trees, in the clouds, and in the foam of the cascade. Thus had he made great progress. There was wanting however, one element of the passion: desire.

An event very simple in appearance, and which is somewhat dramatic (to which the reader must be re-

signed, for we have promised in the beginning, that there should be nothing complicated in our history,) suddenly decided the destiny of Petit-Pierre, and changed the whole tenor of his life.

The deputy of the department had obtained from the minister of the interior, a painting for the church of \* \* \* ; the painter, who was an artist of great talent, and very careful of his production, accompanied the canvas in order to choose, himself, the place where it should be suspended. He naturally paid a visit to the presbytery, and the Curate took the opportunity of speaking to him of a young shepherd of the district who had exhibited some taste for drawing, and had executed some pieces indicating talent. The cartoon of Pierre was placed before the painter. The youth, pale as death, pressing his heart to prevent its throbbing being heard, supported himself against the table. He awaited in silence, the dissipation of his air-built castles, for he could not imagine that a man, so well dressed, so distinguished, with a red ribbon in his button-hole, and the author of a picture surrounded with a golden frame, could find any merit in his miserable charcoal sketches.

The artist turned over several leaves without saying a word, then his countenance began to lighten up, a slight redness tinged his cheeks, and he muttered to himself in short technical phrases: "How fine! how natural! not one fault! Corot could not have done better; ah! here—a sketch which La Berge would have envied; this *mouton couchant* is precisely in the style of Paul Potter!"

When he had finished his inspection, he arose, went directly to Petit-Pierre, shook him cordially by the hand, and said:

"*Pardieu!* though these may not be extraordinary works for professors, dear boy, you are far ahead of all my students. Will you go with me to Paris? in six months I will teach you what is called *les ficelles du métier*; then you shall proceed alone and—if you do not stop, I can predict, without the fear of proving a false profit, that you will succeed admirably.

Petit-Pierre, well counselled, advised, and warned against the dangers of the modern Babylon, set out with the painter, accompanied by Fidele, from whom he did not wish to separate, and whom the artist permitted him to carry along, with that delicate goodness of heart which always goes hand in hand with genius. But Fidele did not seem to relish the idea of being hoisted upon the top of the coach, and so he followed it in profound astonishment, reassured by the friendly countenance of his master who smiled at him from the window.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE PAINTING.—CONCLUSION.

We will not attempt to follow the daily progress of Petit-Pierre in the capital, that would require too much time and space. The works of the great masters, which he visited, and of which he made frequent copies, placed at his control a thousand ways of accounting for the emotions of his heart which he had before been unable to understand. He passed from the rigidities of Gaspar Poussin to the soft landscapes of Claude Lorrain, from the savage fire of Salvator Rosa, to the matter of fact truthfulness of Ruysdael; but he adopted no particular style: he possessed an originality too strongly marked for that! He did not like the generality of painters, who commence their labors in the paint-shop, and then go to pay a visit to nature, in an

excursion of six weeks, waiting to paint their rocks from an arm-chair, and cascades from water poured from a decanter into a cistern! It was a long and continued familiarity with woods, landscapes, and nature in all its phasis which first caused him to take up the crayon and finally, the pencil. The advantages of art had offered themselves soon enough to prevent the confirmation of a bad style, and late enough not to vitiate his taste for the simple and natural.

At the end of two years of unremitting labor, Petit-Pierre had a picture admitted and recorded for the *exposition du Louvre*. He would have wished once more to see the lady of the valley, but, though he had watched attentively, in the promenades, theatres, and churches every female who offered the least resemblance to her, he could never gain any clue to her residence.

He knew not her name, he was ignorant of everything concerning her, but her beauty. A faint hope however still sustained him; something in his heart still told him that fate had yet something more to do with them both. Modest as he was, he was conscious of his great talent. From time to time, our young painter would loiter near his picture, and leaning upon balustrade would affect to examine some little sketch near by, in order to listen to the opinions of the spectators concerning his own production, then he would say to himself, that if the lady, who was so fond of sketching, was in Paris, she would certainly visit the exhibition. Indeed one morning, when the crowd had assembled, he saw a young female, habited in deep mourning, advance to the front of his picture, he did not at first see her face, but with that certainty *de coup-d'oeil* which habit has given to artists, he at once recognized the lady of the valley. It was indeed she. Her weeds of mourning formed a striking contrast with the snowy whiteness of her features; and encased in a black hat, her fine and chaste profile possessed the transparency of Parian marble.

"Whom has she lost?" thought Pierre, "her father? or perhaps her mother—perhaps she was married, and—now is—free?"

The landscape which was exposed in the exhibition by the young artist, was taken from the same subject, which had been designed by the lady of the valley, and in which he, Fidele, and his sheep had figured so conspicuously. Actuated by love and a sense of religious feeling, he had chosen for his first picture the very spot where he had first received the revelation of the divine art. The grassy hillock, the cluster of trees, the gray rocks piercing here and there, through the green mantle of the earth, and the grotesque trunk of the old oak withered by lightning, was all there faithfully delineated. He himself, was represented, leaning upon his staff in a musing abstraction, and Fidele crouching at his feet as the lady before had sketched him in her album.

The young woman remained a long time regarding the picture of Pierre, she examined it in all its details approaching and receding in order to judge better of the effect of light and shade. A thought seemed to occupy her mind; she opened the catalogue to find out the number of the piece, the name of the author, and the subject of his work. There was no name attached, the catalogue contained only the single word: *Landscape*. Then, as if struck by a sudden recollection she whispered a few words in a low voice to a young woman who attended her, and after having ex-

amined some other pieces with an air of abstraction and fatigue, she left the room.

Petit-Pierre, drawn after her by a magic force, and fearing to lose the clue so unexpectedly found, followed the lady's steps and saw her enter a carriage. To leap into a cabriolet, and to tell the driver not to lose sight of the blue carriage *a livree chamois*, was the work of a minute for Petit-Pierre. The cabman cracked his whip, and was soon in pursuit of the retreating equipage. The carriage proceeded to a splendid mansion, and the *porte cochere* closed upon it just as Petit-Pierre hove in sight. It was then here that the lady resided! To know the street and the number where lived his ideal, was something gained at least for Petit-Pierre, and with much less than this, a Lovelace or Don Juan would have brought an adventure to a close; but Pierre was neither a Lovelace nor a Don Juan, far from it!

There remained to him, to find out the name of his lady-love, to gain admittance as a visitor, and then to make love: three little formalities which did not fall strangely to embarrass our ex-shepherd. Luckily, chance came to his assistance. One morning his valet brought him a little oblong letter, delicately held between his thumb and finger, and which he applied several times to his nose, as if it had been a bouquet of roses or violets. The letter ran thus:

"MONSIEUR,—I have just seen in the saloon a beautiful picture of which you are the author. I should have been delighted to have obtained it for my little collection, but I fear that I shall not arrive in time. If you are still the owner, be so kind as not to dispose of it, and have it sent, at the end of the exhibition, to No.—Rue Saint H——. Your terms shall be mine. G. D'ESCARS."

Both the number and the street agreed precisely with those, to which Petit-Pierre had followed the carriage. He could not be deceived. Madame D'Escars then was the lady of the flaming pencil, in the dreams of Petit Pierre, she who had given him the *louis* with which he had bought his first sheet of paper, she, whose precious blood he still preserved upon his little handkerchief. He repaired to the house of Madame D'Escars the next day, and the relations of a close intimacy were established between them. The strong unassuming—at the same time enthusiastic mind of Petit-Pierre, (whom we continue thus to designate through our story, in order not to divulge a name since it become celebrated) greatly pleased Madame D'Escars, who had not recognized in the young artist, the little shepherd who had served her for a model, though she had a vague presentiment of having met him somewhere before.

Madame D'Escars had not informed Pierre she sketched, for she had no ambition to exhibit the talents which she possessed; the conversation however, one day, turning upon painting, she acknowledged (what Pierre knew already) that she had made some attempts at drawing, and that she would have shown him some of her sketches, had she deemed them worthy of such an honor. She placed an album upon the table, and commenced turning over the leaves more or less rapidly, as she deemed them worthy of examination. When she came to the piece, in which Pierre and his flock were represented, she said to the young painter: "This is the same scene which you have represented in your picture; it is certainly a strange coincidence. Have you ever been in S?"

"Yes, I have passed much of my time there," replied Pierre.

"A beautiful country, continued Madame D'Escars, rather obscure, but possessing charms which you rarely find elsewhere. But since I have taken my album, it shall not be for nothing, here is yet a blank page, you must draw something upon it." Petit-Pierre seized a crayon, and hastily sketched the valley, where Madame D'Escars had fallen from her horse. The rider was represented as thrown to the earth, and supported in the arms of a young shepherd, who was bathing her temples with a moist handkerchief.

"How very strange!" exclaimed Madame D'Escars; "I did indeed fall from my horse in just such a place; but there was no witness to this adventure, save a little shepherd, whom, I indistinctly remember to have seen while I was yet insensible, and whom I have not seen since. Who has informed you of this?"

"I am that little shepherd; behold the handkerchief, with which I bathed your temple, where yet I perceive the almost imperceptible scar."

Madame D'Escars extended to the young painter her little white hand, which he respectfully kissed, then, in a voice full of emotion, he related to her his whole life, the vague aspirations which had disturbed him, his dreams, his efforts, and finally his love, for if he had once adored the muse in Madame D'Escars, he now loved the woman.

What shall we say more? It is not difficult to guess the *dénouement* of this story, for we have promised that in the recital of it, there should be neither *castastrophe* nor surprise. Madame D'Escars soon after became Madame D——, Petit-Pierre having the rare happiness of wedding his ideal. He loved the beautiful trees, he became a great landscape painter. He loved a beautiful woman, he married her; happy Pierre! But what cannot love, assisted by a determined spirit, achieve?

#### REMINISCENCES OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

BY MRS. JOHN BALLANTYNE.

It is now forty years since my first introduction to Sir Walter Scott. I must ever remember with some degree of shame my conduct on that occasion. Young, half spoiled by flattery, and newly married, I resolved, when I heard Mr. Scott spoken of as a great lion, to let him see that his roar, mane, and claws, had no terrors for me. Accordingly, when he addressed me at the table, asking me to drink wine with him, or to sing, I affected not to hear him, or gave him only very laconic answers. It would not be worth while to tell this tale to my own discredit, were it not to add that Scott, instead of taking offence, so won me by his kind and polite behaviour, that ere an hour had elapsed, I was heartily ashamed of my folly. Here was the nobleness of the true lion indeed.

Of Sir Walter's many legendary stories, I chance at this moment to remember one which he used to relate with a considerable mixture of comic effect. I shall transcribe it as correctly as my memory will permit: but the reader will of course understand that the rich unpremeditated grace of his manner is beyond recall. 'During the height of the border feuds, when every petty chieftain held the despotic sway, and had the power of life and death over his vassals or dependants, it was no unusual thing for a culprit, on very slight

offence, to be ordered out for execution on the nearest tree or pole which happened to present itself, with short time given for shrift. The grim guardian, or castellan, of these border fastnesses was sometimes a nobleman of high rank; at others, some petty upstart laird. These wardens of the marches, under the reign of Elizabeth and her successor James I., couching in their dark and gloomy dens, like giants of romance, were the terror of evil-doers. Each had to secure himself in his strong-hold as best he might; and was compelled to have a body of soldiers ready at a moment's call, armed cap-a-pie, who kept constantly on the look-out. The approach to these dens was perilous in the extreme. A cork-screw staircase, dark as pitch, and almost perpendicular, allowing but one person to ascend at a time, and guarded by strong double iron doors, the opening and shutting of which sounded like thunder, led to the governor; one of whom, a small land-holder or laird, being notorious for the way he used his "brief authority," was on one occasion informed that a culprit had been caught in the very act of bagging the whole of his honor's poultry—cocks, hens, turkeys, ducks, and all, not even sparing the old clucker herself! The fate of the culprit was very speedily decided; he was sentenced to be confined in a dark cell, till his honor had arrayed himself in his robes of authority, when forthwith he was to be hanged on a tree in the court-yard of the castle. The governor, having descended from his tower of strength, and being surrounded by a body of soldiers armed to the teeth, appointed one of them to the office of executioner. The door of the cell being now unlocked, the prisoner was called by name, and commanded to come forth and receive the punishment he so justly merited. By this time the story of his captivity and consequent death-doom had spread, and the castle was surrounded by a dense crowd, all prepared to attempt a rescue. After repeated orders to come forth, the prisoner still refused to leave his hiding-place. At last his honor, losing all patience, commanded the executioner to enforce obedience. "Hoot, man," cried that grim officer, "come awa, noo; come oot, and be hangit, and dinna anger the laird, ye fashious deevil that ye are!" at the same time dragging out the unfortunate culprit into the court-yard. "Will I?" answered he; "wha'll be the gowk\* then?" and quick as lightning bursting from the soldier's iron grasp, with one cat-like spring and a "hooh!" he cleared a low unprotected part of the rampart wall, and fell unhurt into the arms of his companions below, who with a shout, which seemed to shake the lion's den to the very foundation, cheered him on his escape; while he, doubling and winding like a hare before the hounds, was soon out of reach of his pursuers.'

Besides his story-telling manner, he had another quite distinct, in which he was accustomed to utter any snatch of poetry in which he felt deeply interested, such as a verse of a Border ballad, or a simple but touching popular rhyme. I can never forget the awe-striking solemnity with which he pronounced an elegiac stanza inscribed on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey:

"Earth walketh on the earth  
Glistening like gold,  
Earth goeth to the earth  
Sooner than it wold.  
Earth buildeth on the earth  
Palaces and towers,  
Earth sayeth to the earth  
All shall be ours."

\*Literally cuckoo, but meaning fool or simpleton.



The astonishing facility, rapidity, and carelessness with which he wrote for the press, is not the least remarkable feature in the history of his works. He never revised them, and I believe never saw them after they were sent to the printing-office. This recalls to my mind an anecdote in which Mr. James Ballantyne was concerned. Saving that the manner was a little too theatrical, James's readings from English books, and particularly from poetry, were singularly delightful. His voice was sonorous, his articulation clear and distinct, his mode of utterance correct and his ear musical. Entering the library one forenoon, I found Mr. Ballantyne reading. "Hermione," said he, "listen to these lines: can anything be finer?" He then read from a poem very popular at the time; but we had not been many minutes thus engaged when Mr. Scott joined us, and insisted that Mr. Ballantyne should continue to read. "Never mind, James, who your author is, or what may be your subject—go on, go on." Without allowing him to perceive it, I managed to watch the Minstrel's countenance narrowly as Mr. Ballantyne continued to read. He, at the first few lines, nodded his head in approbation; then, "Very good, very good indeed!—charming!—powerful!" I soon saw that the upper lip began to elongate, and even to tremble; then a tear started into the small gray eye. He was soon quite overpowered, not only with the beauty of the composition, but with the charming manner in which Mr. Ballantyne read it; and snatching up his staff, he strode across the room and looking over the reader's shoulder discovered, to his manifest discomfiture, that it was the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He indignantly dashed the offending tear from his eye, uttered an impatient "Pshaw!" and exclaimed, "God help me, James, I am losing my memory!" The same thing happened subsequently as my husband read some pages in his hearing from one of the novels—I have forgotten which—but I well remember that he never appeared to be flattered on such occasions, but, on the contrary, evinced great impatience.

Let me here record an instance of his benevolence. One day, at a very numerous and rather ceremonious dinner-party at my own table, there was a scarcity of spoons; and what added in no trifling degree to the awkwardness of the circumstances, just at the precise moment when one servant was handing them to another behind the dining-room door, for the purpose of washing them, there occurred a most determined pause in the conversation. Nothing could have been more completely *mal-apropos*—for the silence was so profound, that no sound was to be heard save the whispering of the servants and the washing of the spoons. At last my husband drank, "Relief to all in distress," which broke the spell, and set us all laughing, while Mr. James Ballantyne, who had an apt quotation from his favorite author Shakspeare ready on all emergencies, called out to me, in his sonorous tone—

"My lord, my lord, methinks you'd spare your spoons!"

"Not I, indeed, my lord," responded, I "for I have none to spare."

"A hit—a very palpable hit," answered Mr. Ballantyne.

"Not amiss," observed Sir Walter, nodding his head gently from side to side, as was his manner on some particular occasions; but shortly afterwards I observed that he became silent and abstracted, appeared to be ruminating, drew down the upper lip to an unusual length—a change seemed to have come over him and

it was some time before he was altogether himself again. The following day, a parcel addressed to myself, in Sir Walter's well-known hand, was presented to me, containing a dozen of the handsomest table-spoons which could be produced in Edinburgh.

The stories told by Mr. Creech the bookseller, some of which lately appeared in the Journal, were much relished by Scott, whom I have often seen laughing at them till the tears ran over his cheeks. Alas that those days of boundless jocundity, when I lived in an atmosphere of merry whim and tale, and daily saw the ablest men of my time in their moments of highest exaltation, should be gone never to return! Creech's droll anecdotes were a source of never-ending amusement; for though he told them frequently, they never were quite the same thing. Every repetition brought out something new, and each new feature was invariably an improvement. Scott never failed to have something to add as a sort of rebound to all other people's stories. For example, Creech one day throws us all into fits with an account of a minister in a north country parish, who had so grievously offended his flock, that with one consent they rose upon him, drove him from his pulpit with a storm of cutty stools, kicked him out of the church, and finally thrashed the precentor also—most unheard of conduct surely: yet immediately after the tale was concluded, we heard Scott saying in a slow and infinitely whimsical voice:

Oh what a toon, what a terrible toon,

Oh what a toon was that o' Dunkel!

They've hangit the minister, doomed the precentor,

Dung down the steeple, and drucken the bell!

I know not where he got the lines; but their effect at the moment was overpowering.

I shall now conclude this truly rambling paper with another story of Creech, which used to be a prime favorite in our circle. "In my young days," said he, "there was an old gentleman, proprietor of an estate near Edinburgh, who, besides being a man of considerable classical taste, was an antiquary, and having in early youth traveled on the continent, was a proficient in the French and Italian languages. He was a fine body on the whole, but passionate to a great degree, and extremely irritable on certain points. He was in the habit of giving fine French and Italian names to almost everything he possessed; and in order to put him into a tempest of rage, it was only necessary to make a mistake, and mispronounce the name of anything. His mansion for instance, he called *Bella Retira*. Part of an old dilapidated church wall which he had enclosed within his grounds, which was in view of the house, and which he had taken infinite pains to cover with ivy and other creeping plants, he was pleased to denominate *L'Eglise de Marie*. He was indefatigable in his exertions to drill the servants and country folks into a proper mode of pronunciation—with what success may easily be imagined; but being a most severe disciplinarian, he enforced obedience by dint of a good stout oaken cudgel, which he always carried about with him for the express purpose of initiating the clowns and clodhoppers into a classical and correct mode of speech. Strolling about his own grounds one day, he encountered a young man, the son of a small farmer in the neighborhood, and being curious to discover by what barbarous nickname his mansion and the ivy-towers would be distinguished, affecting to be a stranger to the locality, he asked the young man the name of that ruin, pointing to the church wall—

'What's the name of that ruinous church, my man? can you inform me what they call it?' 'Is't yon bit auld gray-stane dyke yonder, wi' the dockens grown ower the tap o't? On ay (scratching his head, by way of refreshing his memory;) they ca' that *Leas-my-leary*, I'm thinking.' 'Legs-my-whatty, ye stupid donnert idiot?' raising his oaken cudgel, flourishing it furiously, and making an effort to chase and chastise the delinquent, who only escaped a sound thrashing by taking to his heels. The old gentlemen had barely got time to breathe and recover a little from his excitement, when he was accosted by a countryman bearing a basket on his arm, who, very respectfully touching his hat, asked him to direct him to *Bullrowtery*. 'Bullwhattery, ye fool?' exclaimed the laird in a fury; and flourishing the cudgel in a very hostile manner—'I'll Bullrowtery ye; can ye no give things their proper names, man, and say *Bella Retira*? 'Deed no,' was the answer; 'I'm no just sae daft's a' that—I ne'er fash my thoomb wi' any sic havers; Bullrowtery's as guid common sense as *Belly-rowtery*, every bit and crumb; there's sax o' the tain, and half a dozen o' the tother; and ye'd far better gang hame and curl your wig, than rin after folk to lounder them because they canna speak nonsense.' Which logic made so deep an impression on the worthy old gentleman, that from that hour he resolved to lay aside his cudgel in some snug corner, and trouble his head no more about orthoepical blunders.—*Chamber's Edinburgh Journal*.

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The Maiden's Soliloquy.

BY SEBASTIAN SALADE.

That I am becoming impatient  
I am glad nobody knows;  
I really do wish that my lover  
Would make up his mind to propose.  
With smiles I have met his advances;  
I love him, I think he must know;  
So not to be rude or immodest  
I surely no farther can go.  
Oh! little he knows how I love him,  
To me he's as dear as my life;  
He'd better not make me an offer,  
If he does'nt want me for his wife.

He always is glad at our meeting,  
Joy beams in his beautiful eye;  
He always is sad at our parting,  
And bids me adieu with a sigh.  
He often has lauded my beauty,  
He often has said I was dear,  
But he never has said "let us marry."  
And *that's* what I'm wanting to hear.  
Oh! little he knows how I love him &c.

But thus in my musing and sighing  
A rather poor solace I find;  
So, then I'll just wait and be patient,  
Till my lover has made up his mind.  
But mine is the prince of all lovers;  
He's fair, he is good, he's divine,  
If my name is not to his alter'd,  
The fault I am sure is not mine.  
Oh! little he knows how I love him &c.

For "*The Rover*,"—*New York, Nov., 1844.*

The Paradise of Tears.

FROM THE GERMAN OF N. MULLER.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,  
And bitter leaves, the funeral willows grow;  
The branches stream, like the dishevelled hair  
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh,  
The rocks moan wildly as it rushes by,  
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,  
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,  
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,  
And moistens all the regions, and, behold,  
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,  
And where the moss is wet with friendship's tears,  
Forget-me-not and violet, heavenly-blue,  
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

The souls of mourners, who no more shall weep,  
Float, swan-like, down the current's gentle sweep,  
Go up the sands that shine along its side,  
And in the Paradise of Tears abide.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart,  
There in a long embrace, that none may part,  
Fulfillment meets Desire, and that fair shore  
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

*Graham's Magazine for November*

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MORMONS IN SCOTLAND.—Mormonism has made considerable progress in Scotland. At a meeting in Glasgow last month, some 500 were present, all in mourning for the prophet Joe Smith. The Scotch Mormon Conference embraces 13 churches.

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ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE DOUAY BIBLE.—Edward Dunigan, Fulton street, New York, is publishing, in numbers, a very beautiful illustrated edition of the Bible, according to the Douay and Rheims versions. It is to be comprised in twenty-four numbers at twelve and a half cents each, or three dollars a set, which, considering the richness and beauty of the work, is remarkably cheap. The first number has a fine illuminated title page, and each number contains an elegant finished steel plate, and is done up in a rich cover. Six numbers are already out. In point of paper, typography, and illustrations, this edition will bear comparison with the best got-up books of the day.

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We commend to the reader's attention the beautiful story in the present number, called *THE SHEPHERD*, translated for *the Rover*, by W. P. HALE. It is remarkable for its chaste simplicity as well as its deep and touching philosophy of life.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have to apologise to several correspondents of the *Rover* for too long inattention to their favors. Various and pressing occupations for some time past, have prevented us from giving them the attention they deserved, and which it would have been our pleasure to give. Several articles on hand will have an early insertion.

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*The Court of the Shepherds*







# THE ROVER.

## THE LOVES OF THE SHEPHERDS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

The Young Shepherd to his Lady-love.

BY MARLOW.

Come, live with me, and be my love,  
And wo will all the pleasures prove  
That valleys, groves, or hills and fields,  
And all the steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;  
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,  
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs:  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come, live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight, each May morning:  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reek'ning yields;  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
All these to me no means can move  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
Had joy no date, and age no need;  
Then these delights my mind might move  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

VOLUME IV.—No. 10.

## AUNT PATTY AT HOME.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

You should have seen how warm and snug aunt Patty's house looked in the winter; the cellar windows were all banked up, the barn-yard leveled down with straw, and the barn itself so completely crammed, that tufts of hay and unthrashed rye protruded through the crevices of the great folding-doors, and in some places seemed almost forcing the clapboards from their fastenings. It would have done your heart good to see the great golden and crimson ears of corn gleaming through the lattice work of the grain house! Then the fat lazy cows, basking in the sun and chewing their cud so quietly and contented; it was a picture of comfort and thrift that you would have gone ten miles to see, provided you have a love for these things—which you have, of course, or you would fling aunt Patty aside after the first sentence.

Half a dozen of us village girls made a kind of extemporaneous home with aunt Patty. We spent almost every winter evening at her fireside, and it sometimes happened—I beg the reader to suppose it was pure accident always—that some three or four of the other sex would drop in and make themselves quite at home also. Of course, we were very much astonished at this coincidence of taste and circumstance, and when these strange things began to happen frequently, we became a little superstitious, and went again and again to be certain if there really was a destiny in it or not, a question that has not been thoroughly settled in my mind to this day.

One evening it was freezing cold, and just after we had assembled in the long kitchen which aunt Patty used in winter as a sitting-room, a storm came up that precluded all hopes of masculine society that evening. The wind howled around the house like an animal eager for his prey; hail and snow rattled against the windows, while the fretful and half moanings of the poplars as they complained to the rough elements, came distinctly to our ears.

But what cared we for the storm! There was a blazing pile of hickory crackling cheerfully in the great kitchen chimney, and a japan tray filled with luscious apples stood on the hearth, the fruit mellowing in the warm fire-light.

Our joyous company sat around the huge chair, so completely filled by the good-natured old maid that a little of the oaken back alone could be seen rising like a half spread fan, above her broad shoulders. We all had our knitting work, but only one or two were busy with it. Two of the girls were counting apple seeds and naming them for each other. One was standing up in front of the fire with a foot on the lower round of the chair, winding a skein of stocking-yarn which she had placed on the back, after tiring out a sweet tempered girl who had been holding it till her arms ached. Another, Lizzy Parks, the most mischievous, talkative, insinuating creature that you ever saw, sat on the dyetub caressing aunt Patty's cat, who erected her ears at every touch of that slender hand, and gave out a sleepy purr, which would have made a less excitable party drowsy to hear. Now and then Lizzy would steal a sly glance at us from under her long eye-lashes, and

then fall to caressing the cat again as demurely as the animal herself. We knew what was coming and waited the event, for when Lizzy Parks took to conciliating the old maid's favorite, it was a sure preliminary to some request, which was very likely to be refused, unless great tact and discretion were exercised in making it.

Aunt Patty had been waiting these movements with a pleasant gleam of the eye, and a slight, eager curve of her plump lips that bespoke her interest in the object.

"There girls," exclaimed Lizzy, as aunt Patty drew a deep breath; "pass round the apples once more, and then aunt Patty will tell us about Mr. Smith she saw down in New York. This is just the night for it. Everything snug and comfortable, and no danger of the young men dropping in to interrupt us."

Aunt Patty shook her head. "No, no, not to-night; the storm is enough to make one melancholy without talking of old times," she muttered.

"Dear aunt Patty, there could not be a better time," we all exclaimed, "the storm is just the thing. It makes us enjoy the bright, warm fire a thousand times more than usual. Come, now, be good natured this once; you promised to give us this story about Mr. Smith, and we have waited a long time—remember that."

Still the old maid shook her head.

"Wait a minute," cried Lizzy, dextrously peeling an apple in a way that left the rind in her hand; "see, I fling this over my head, if it falls in an S aunt Patty shall tell us the story about her city lover, if it forms any other letter we will promise not to tease her: will you agree to this all of you?"

"Certainly; yes—yes," we exclaimed all at once, very willing to stand the test, for as both ends of the rind were curled opposite ways it was next to impossible that any letter except an S could be formed by it.

"And you, aunt Patty, said Lizzy, holding up the rind, and swinging it slowly round her head—"do you agree to it?"

"Yes," said aunt Patty, innocently, "out of twenty-four letters I stand a good chance. If it comes an S I'll tell the story."

Before she had done speaking, Lizzy swung the apple skin over her head for the third time, and it dropped at aunt Patty's feet, a perfect S, and a very pretty S.

"Now did you ever!" exclaimed the old maid, bending forward and gazing at the phenomenon. "It beats all—who would a thought it!"

"There, I thought how it would be," said Lizzy, sententiously, "come girls, let us take our knitting-work while aunt Patty begins."

We sat down, gathered our work together, and in a few minutes there was no sound to interrupt aunt Patty in her story save the click of our needles around the hearth, and the storm raging without.

"Well," commenced aunt Patty, thrusting her needle in the crimson sheath at her side, and winding the yarn round her finger; "if you must hear it, the sooner it is over the better; but I never saw such a set of torments in my life—when you take such a thing into your heads there is no getting rid of you."

"Well, as I was saying, it was—let me see—yes, it was the very next summer after my visit to New York, when par received a letter from young Mr. Smith, saying that his health had been delicate for some months,

and if par would like it he thought of coming into Connecticut and making his home with us awhile.

"I could hardly breathe while par was reading the letter; when he got through and laid it among his old papers in the desk, I went and took it slyly away and read it over a thousand times before I went to bed. I slept with it in my bosom all that night, but instead of dreaming, I lay awake till broad day thinking of him, and almost crazy with the hope of seeing him once more. I don't believe that I had been an hour without thinking of him since my return home, and yet it was with a sort of sorrowful feeling as if I had buried a friend; but now, when he was coming—when the paper his hand had touched lay against my heart—you needn't smile, girls, I wasn't half so fleshy as I am now; well, it seemed as if every line was playing over it like flashes of fire, and as if my heart never would beat regularly again. Did he come to see me? I kept asking myself that question every ten minutes for a fortnight.

"By and by another letter came—he would be at our house in a few days—I thought I should have died, it made me feel so dreadfully when the time drew near. I began to get anxious about the way we lived, and tried to persuade par into buying some new things for the house, but par was awful sot when he took a notion into his head, and, says he, every time I mentioned the subject, says he—

"Patty, child, don't make a fool of yourself. The house is good enough for your mother and me, and I rather guess it will have to answer for our company. Besides that, Patty, if I were to spend all I'm worth on the old house, you could no more make it appear like cousin Smith's than you could make cheese of chalk. Act natural, Patty—act natural! and if you've a good heart and pretty tolerable common sense, there is no danger but the highest of them will respect you, and a great deal more than if you tried to be what you was never brought up to."

"Well, par would not help me a mite, so I was obliged to get along as well as I could—we put out the dimity curtains to bleach for the bed in our spare room, and I took the skirt to mar's wedding gown, whitened up and ruffled it round one of our smallest kitchen tables, and set it under the looking-glass, just as I'd seen one at cousin Smith's. Louisa knit a new fringe for the window curtains, and without letting par know I took this great china pitcher—standing here just now with cider in it—and the punch bowl still in the cupboard yonder, and sat them on a little table for Mr. Smith to wash in, for I was afraid he might think we had been brought up in the woods if he had to wash in the stoop and wipe on the roller towel with the work hands, every morning as we did. I cut off half the piece of hard soap from par's shaving box, tho' I knew he would make an awful noise when he found it out, and set it on the table in one of mar's best saucers, and after I'd covered the table up with our finest home-spun towel it looked as well as new, I can tell you. We scrubbed the floor till it was white as snow, and when Louisa had fastened the curtains to her liking, filled the fire place with white pine and wild honey suckle branches, and had woven a heap of asparagus all heavy with bright berries among the *curlicues* over the looking-glass, the chamber was nice enough for a king, I can tell you—there was not a speck of dirt from one end to the other, every thing was span clean, and as white as the half blown lily—but Louisa always put the



finishing touch on everything. While I was taking mar up to see how we had fixed things, she went down into the garden and came in with her apron full of roses to put on the toilet, for that is the name they give the tables with white dresses down in York.

"Did I ever tell you how dreadfully handsome our Louisa was? That day she was all in white, her short gown was rather coarse, but she had worked a vine down the front and ruffled it all round. The weather was warm; and it was thrown open at the neck, while the sleeves only came to her elbow, not quite low enough to hide the dimples when she moved her arm. She had set down on the stairs to tie up her roses, and you could see the pink shadows floating over her round arm while she was sorting the flowers from her lap. She had a lot of them, I can tell you, and every time she shook up the folds of her dimity skirt, and shook the pile together, we could see her two little naked feet as white as her dress, except that they were just then a little rosy with the heat—for we did not wear stockings in the summer time in those days, and Louisa left her shoes down in the entry as she came in.

"Mar and I stood watching her over the bannisters when she heard the gate shut, and somebody coming up the door yard. Louisa did not seem to mind it at first, but all at once she started so quickly that half the roses went dancing down stairs; she lifted her foot to spring away, then seemed to remember for the first time that she had no shoes on, and sat down blushing all over, and almost crying. The front door was open, and there, as true as I live, stood young Mr. Smith, looking right straight at Louisa, and smiling as if he did not guess that she was only our help. I declare I trembled like a leaf, and it seemed as if I should drop when I run to my room and called mar to help me to slick up a little.

"By-and-by, I went down, and there was Louisa sitting in the out-room with Mr. Smith as independent as could be. She had contrived to get her shoes on; but she kept changing color as if something was the matter of her yet.

"I felt awfully. What would Mr. Smith think at the idea of sitting there in our out-room so sociably when he came to find out that Louisa was only our help. I could have fainted away right there just as well as not. Mr. Smith seemed glad to see me. He shook hands with mar and kissed me right before her. You can't think how frightened I was. It seemed as if I should blush myself to death: and there sat Louisa, blushing too, I don't know what for, it was no concern of hers!

"It was getting near dinner time, and we had nothing cooked but hashed fish and an Indian pudding, for par had gone off to the upper farm with his work hands, and we had nothing but a picked up dinner. There was one work hand near the house, a clever creature as ever lived, that hung about and did chores for us all the year round. While mar was talking to Mr. Smith I went out—Louisa, she followed me, and then I up and told her a bit of my mind, about her setting down to entertain my company. 'Now,' says I, 'Miss Louisa, it is high time that you should learn to know your place. Hired help never think of setting down in the room with company, or even at the table in York,' says I, 'and there is no sense in your setting yourself up to be better than the rest of them.'

"Louisa turned pale, and I saw the tears filling her soft eyes; but they didn't seem to touch my feelings

just then, and says I, 'now while Mr. Smith is here, you can eat with the work folks, and if we want anything you can run in to help us to it, and then go away again.'

"'You have always been kind to me, Patty,' says she, shutting up her eyelids to break up the tears that were just falling—'I did not expect this, but if you insist on it I will not complain!'

"I began to feel sorry for her, and says I—

"'Well, I don't want to be hard with you, only just stay in the kitchen and see to things—perhaps Mike will wait on the table—it is more genteel to have a man after all.'

"So out I went to find Mike; he was swingling flax in the barn yard. When I told him what I wanted he sat down on the flax break and wiped his forehead with his sleeves, and seemed loth to speak out. By and by says he—

"'Well, Patty, I was not born to be a servant to servants, or a slave to any one; but seeing as it's you, I'll come in and give you a helping hand.'

"So, rolling down his sleeves, he shook the dirt from his clothes, and went round to the well to wash up.

"Louisa had set the table in the out-room; the cloth was like a sheet of snow, and everything looked nice as when she put it on the table. But I could see that she felt bad yet. Her eyes were heavy with tears, and soon I could see her lips tremble—but I kept saying to my heart, what business has she to set herself up? She ought to know her place, and so I let her pass back and forth without saying a word about anything but the work.

"Before we sat down to dinner, I went out to see if Mike was ready. He had his jacket on and had washed himself, head and all, till his long hair lay smoothly over his forehead down to his eyes, and the water was dropping from the ends every minute.

"'Now,' says I, 'Mike remember and stand behind Mr. Smith's chair, put everything on his plate, and when he stops eating take it away to the corner cupboard and bring a clean one.'

"'Just so,' says Mike.

"'Now do be careful,' says I, turning back, 'try and be genteel this once, and I'll give you a double-bladed knife the first time we send butter and eggs to the store.'

"'Never fear me,' said Mike, putting one hand deep in his pocket as if he felt the knife there already.

"I went into the out-room again to see if everything was ready for dinner. Louisa had boiled some fresh eggs and made sauce for the pudding, and everything looked very genteel, considering. There was a plate of hashed fish nicely browned over at one end of the table, with a dish of eggs, at one side of it, and a plate of rye bread on the other. In the middle of the table stood the pudding, trembling in the dish where it had just been turned from the bag, and breaking open a trifle on one side till you could see its heart as light as a cork and yellow as gold. Around it stood plates of pickles, a little ball of butter stamped on the top with a bird perched on a branch, and notched round the edges, besides preserved plums and quinces without end.

"Mike came in and stood looking to see what chair Mr. Smith would take. Mar didn't seem to know what he was there for, and says she—

"Set by and help yourself, Mr. Smith. Make yourself at home while you are here."

"We sat down to the table, all but Louisa, and she went up stairs, and had a good crying spell, I dare say."

"The minute Mr. Smith sat down, Mike took his plate and heaped a great pile of fish on it, and then he cut an egg through the middle and let it run over the fish, while he took the same knife and sliced off the largest end of the pudding. There was not room enough on the plate, so he laid the pudding up over the fish and filled the plate with preserves. Then he sat the plate down before Mr. Smith took up the knife and fork, and while he was crossing them over the plate looked at me and winked one eye, as much as to say—

"I rather think that double-bladed knife is safe enough this time any how."

"Then he put both hands on the back of our visitor's chair, and stood up behind him, just bending forward a little, while he watched Mr. Smith as he put the pudding on one side, and tried to push the pile of fish away from the preserves. My face was in a blaze, for I could see that Mr. Smith had as much as he could do to keep from laughing right out—mar, she helped herself as if nothing were the matter. I trod on her foot and made a sign to Mike that he must help us, but she spoke right out—

"Good gracious," says she, "Patty, how you have hurt my foot;" and Mike, instead of helping us, thought that I wanted him to do something more for Mr. Smith; so he snatched the knife and fork from his hand, and began to mince up the fish right and left, with both elbows squared as if he were raking a flower bed.

"Mike," says mar, "why on earth don't you get a chair and set to?" For she couldn't tell what to think of his standing that way, so she moved along to make room. Mike shook his head and made faces at her, while he minced away at the fish more furiously than ever. At last he pushed the plate back to Mr. Smith and gave another triumphant look. I really thought I should have died on the spot, and it was as much as I could manage to keep from bursting right out crying.

"Mike," says I, at last, as well as I could speak, "will you help me to some fish?"

"Well," says Mike, putting his hand into one pocket, and deliberating half a minute—"it wasn't exactly in the bargain that I should wait on the women folks too, but if you'll agree to throw in a handful of tobacco with the knife, I won't be particular this once."

"It was really too bad. I burst out a crying in good earnest, left the table and ran up stairs, feeling as if I could never speak to cousin Smith again."

"Toward night par came home with all the work hands. Mike told him who had arrived as he came through the barn yard, and in he ran without his coat and in his homespun clothes. I went down stairs to tell him to fix up a little; but Mr. Smith was standing at the back door, and there were all the workmen round the well, close by, washing out of the tin wash-basin, and par in their midst—he came up to the stoop, wiped himself on the brown towel, and going up to the door shook hands a full minute with Mr. Smith, and would you believe it, he went right in to supper with the workmen and set down to a dish of cold pork and beans, just as if the table hadn't been set out for

us in the spare room. I declare it hurt my feelings. It was too much; for just then Louisa came down to supper with the hands, and he made room for her between him and par, and helped her to everything as genteelly as if she had been a York lady. I rather guess I didn't speak to Miss Louisa that night again.

"Well, at last milking time came on. I had always helped Louisa and mar to do up the chores, but this time I got my sewing work and sat down by the window as if I had never seen a cheesetub in my life. Mr. Smith sat close by me, looking out of the window, when he saw Louisa and mar go down the yard with their pails. He smiled and said as if to himself, 'how fresh and pretty.' I thought he was thinking aloud about me; the color burned up to my face, and I began to tremble, for we were all alone in the room."

"What fine cows you have," he said at last, leaning over the window-sill—"do you go out and milk with your mother?"

"Oh, certainly not," says I, "we leave such work to our help."

"I am sorry," says he, taking up his hat; "the air is so sweet and everything looks so lovely, I must run away."

"Out he went through the door-yard, and when they come back he had Louisa's pail, foaming over with milk, in one hand and her stool in the other. I thought I should have dropped down I felt so dreadfully."

"The next morning mar went up to the kitchen chamber, where the loom and the wheel were kept. She had a piece of gears and wanted me to go up and wind quills for her, but I just took her to one side and told her not to think of such a thing, and made her promise that while cousin Smith staid she would never mention household to me in his hearing."

"She took Louisa up to help her, and I sewed a pattern to a piece of muslin, and sat down in the out-room with my hair curled, and a silver thimble on, as if I had never done anything but work cuffs in my life. Mr. Smith came into the room, walked up and down awhile, then took a paper and read a little; but he seemed restless all the time, and at last went up to his room pretending to want something there. He staid and staid till I thought he must have gone to sleep."

"I began to feel rather lonesome and went up to the kitchen chamber to see how mar got on with her weaving. When I got to the top of the stairs, as true as I live, there was cousin Smith standing by Louisa's quill wheel, the skein of two yarn had got tangled on the swifts, and he was bending down to help to set her to rights. I saw his lips move as if he were saying something; but the loom made such a noise I could not hear a word. Louisa did not seem to answer, but she blushed up to her forehead; there was a soft sparkle in her eyes as the long lashes drooped over them, and a smile just dimpled her lips. I would have given all creation only just to have known what he was saying. I went down stairs again and took up my work, but it was a long time before I took a stitch I can tell you."

"Well, it is of no use telling you all that happened during the four weeks that he staid with us. Every night he went out into the clover lot standing by Louisa while she did her milking; he would eat in the kitchen, and read to her half the morning when she was spinning on the little wheel, though he was obliged to read very loud to drown the noise of the flyers. I had made him believe that I did not know how to do any kinds of work, and so there I sat in the out-room work-

ing on them concerned old cuffs and crying my eyes out.

"One day I went up stairs to ask mar for something. She had gone down to see about dinner, and there was cousin Smith with Louisa all alone in the chamber. He was talking to her very earnestly; she had stopped her wheel, and bending her face close to the spool, pretending to be moving her thread from one hook to the other—her hand was so unsteady that she only tangled the yarn, and her little foot shivered on the foot-board till it made the wheel tremble all over. At last she gave him one look, covered her face with both hands, and burst out a crying. Just then cousin Smith saw me.

"Come, here, Patty, come my kind cousin," says he, holding out his hand to me, "come and convince this sweet girl that my parents have no prejudices such as she dreams of. Tell her how kind and good they are—how happy they will be to receive her if she consents to go to them as my wife."

"I gasped for breath, and should have sunk to the floor but for mar's loom which I fell against."

"You can tell her that this desire to make her my wife is no sudden fancy. You who praised her so much while in New York, and made me love her unseen, cousin you must plead for me;" as he said this, Mr. Smith put his arm around my waist and drew me towards Louisa. She raised her eyes, and a poor frightened looking thing she was. I did not hate her, for my heart was so heavy that it seemed to have no feeling. I said something, I don't know what, and tried to get away down stairs.

"It is of no use telling you any more, girls," said aunt Patty, wiping her eyes with the corner of her immense cambric cape. You know how it all ended well enough, for all of you saw Mrs. Smith when she was here three years ago, and you are pretty well acquainted with the fact that I am an old maid, I reckon, by this time."

There was a kind of sentimental bitterness in those closing words which gave us to understand that aunt Patty had not quite forgiven her mother's help for depriving her of a husband even then.

"And did you ever get another offer?" inquired Lizzy, looking roguishly up through her eyelashes.

"Yes," said aunt Patty, with a bright twinge of her little eye. "Mike offered himself some time that summer, but I gave him the tobacco and the double-bladed knife, and that pacified him," said she with a low, mellow laugh that shook the chair beneath her.

It was difficult to tell whether the sigh that followed that last laugh partook most of regret for the past, or of satisfaction with the mature comforts which were left to the old maid.

#### A BROKEN SKULL

Makes a curious Barometer.

The following is an extract of a letter received in this city, from the captain of the brig Grand Turk, of Boston, dated at sea, east of Cape of Good Hope, in her passage to the East Indies. It gives an interesting account of a physiological phenomenon, which is well worthy of attention. The writer of this letter is a gentleman of great intelligence, and could not easily be deceived, and his veracity is beyond a shadow of doubt. We have known cases of a somewhat similar character under similar circumstances, but have never

witnessed, or previously heard any facts in connection with this subject, so remarkable as are here detailed:

"Knowing your interest in anything appertaining to navigation, I will give you an account of a new barometer I have used this voyage; I never had much faith in them and never carried one before. My present is nothing more nor less than the *cracked skull of my second mate*. This man a few years since received a severe blow with a club over the left eye, the skull was probably slightly fractured, and is so tender as to indicate, with unfailing accuracy, any change in the weather. Generally about six hours before the commencement of a gale, his head begins to ache with more or less violence, as the case may be, the position higher or lower on the head, and the degree of pain denoting squall or gale, moderate or severe—and so peculiar the sensations, and so infallible in their indications, that he is able to foretell the commencement, and generally the duration and severity of a gale, with a greater degree of accuracy than I have ever known a barometer to do. From the very frequent experience we have had I never knew his warning to fail, and I now make a practice of asking him every evening 'if we are to have any change before morning?' Now other barometers sometimes deceive, mine never has yet, and frequently he has turned out of his hammock, when it was his watch below, to give information of an approaching change, which always takes place. More than once when we had royals and every studding sail set, with a fine breeze, smooth sea, and cloudless sky, he has come on deck with his warning, at which I felt disposed to laugh, as the closest scrutiny could not discover the sign of a change. But in an hour the breeze would increase, and commencing with the light sails, we were obliged to reduce, as fast as the watch could handle them, and morning would find us under double reefs.

Yesterday was a striking instance of this—the morning was thick, rainy, and unpleasant, with a strong gale. At noon it suddenly cleared off most beautifully, every rag of sail was packed on her, and she was going with the wind aft, about six knots all the afternoon. The sunset was very fine, and the few clouds above the horizon, were remarked as being such as indicated the finest weather. At tea I asked Mr. L. if we should have a pleasant night, he replied that he knew nothing to the contrary. In less than an hour, as I was walking the deck, he came to me, saying the barometer was falling, that his head began to pain him. There was then no increase of wind, the sky was perfectly cloudless, and we had all observed it was the finest night we had experienced this side the Cape. I told him he was certainly mistaken this time, and I certainly believed it; but as he never had been before, I determined not to turn in, but watch the event. By nine o'clock the wind began to increase, and royals, and top-gallant-studding-sails were taken in. She was then going eight knots, her greatest maximum of speed. Before ten o'clock, flashes of lightning began to appear in the S. E., and we took in lower studding-sails. At midnight it was very thick and began to rain, wind hauling from N. W. by W. N. W. We took in the top-mast studding-sail, top-gallant-sails, and main-sails. Through the night it was rainy, strong gales and smooth sea, carried whole top-sails, going 7 1-2 knots. At 8, A. M., wind and sea increasing. Single reefed, and through the day we had strong squalls, with hail and rain. At 4, P. M., we doubled reefed, with the

wind W. S. W., very heavy squalls, with rain and hail. Now at 8, P. M., it is clear, but we have strong gales, and Mr. L. has no headache, and probably we shall have all sail on her by morning." C. E.

#### The Old Brown Dog.

THERE is an old brown dog,  
That roams about our streets,  
But no one knows from whence he came,  
Or where he sleeps or eats.  
His name—his race—his business here,  
Are hidden in a fog,  
There seems to be a mystery  
About that old brown dog.

He often haunts the post-office,  
His letter never comes—  
He sometimes visits Louderback's,  
But buys no sugar plums—  
He curls himself beside the door  
Which leads to the Gazette,  
But never asks the latest news,  
Nor seems disposed to bet.

He dogs no master round,  
Like most of his degree,  
But through the longest winter day  
In one lone spot he'll be;  
And there with head between his paws,  
He lies mid snow and rain,  
As if some dogma wild and vague  
Perplexed his troubled brain.

And oftentimes I stop  
And gaze, and try to trace  
The mournful thoughts that seemed to flit  
Across his wrinkled face.  
Perhaps he dreams of days  
When filled was pleasure's cup—  
Of days of sunshine, mirth and joy,  
When he was but a pup.

The voice he once obeyed  
May long have died away,  
But still he waits to hear its call  
From weary day to day.  
He dreams of ancient times,  
Nor can he quite suppress  
A sigh—when visions real rise  
Of bones—now marrowless.

Enough—I do not wish  
To pry into his affairs,  
But on his breast he seems to bear  
A weight of heavy cares.  
His name—his race—and business here  
Are hidden in a fog,  
There seems to be a mystery  
About that old brown dog.

Cincinnati Gazette.

#### ENSIGN SIMMONDS OF THE TENTH.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, L. L. D.

WHEN railway traveling was undreamed of, and mail coaches like poor Sir John Moore in his narrow bed—were "alone in their glory," the ancient and sooty town of Sheffield rejoiced in an inhabitant named Mr.

Samuel Peach. To have inquired for him, however, by that appellation, would have been next to useless. Not only in Sheffield but indeed through the length and breadth of the three Ridings of Yorkshire, he was known and familiarly spoken of as "Sam Peach, of the Tontine House."

Eccentric in many things, yet with a dash of broad humor and a most catholic spirit of humanity in his nature, was this Sam Peach. He was wealthy of course, for eccentricity is too great a luxury for the poor to indulge in. Of the importance of his position—as Autocrat of all the mail and stage coaches which traveled to and from Sheffield—he had a high opinion. Not having any connection with the Statistical Society, we cannot state with the requisite fulness and particularity, how many of these coaches he possessed—how many horses he had "on the road,"—to how many families his calling gave bread, nor how many miles *per diem* his carriage traveled over.

Enough for the present purposes of this story is, to say that Sam Peach, engrossing all of the "conveyancing department" in and from Sheffield, was considered a very wealthy personage—the rather, perhaps, because he studiously avoided the appearance of riches. He had purchased some land in the neighborhood of Sheffield, sufficiently extensive to be called an estate. He always spoke of it as "The Farm," though the house he had erected thereon was a mansion of sufficiently imposing appearance and extent to make it look the country seat of one of the squirearchy. With that order Sam Peach had no desire to be identified. Plain, and somewhat brusque in his manner, he was proud of the business by which he had acquired an independence, and it is yet remembered as a fact, that on one occasion, when a distinguished commoner in the neighborhood of Sheffield (since became a peer, and a cabinet minister,) addressed him as "Samuel Peach, Esquire," the recipient who knew the writing, returned it with an endorsement, "not known at the Tontine Coach Office."

Wealth and integrity, despite of the eccentricity we have mentioned, had made Sam Peach quite a popular character in Sheffield. But never did any one less care for popularity. His line of conduct was, to pursue the right, whatever should betide. His very peculiarities "leaned to mercy's side." It was as much as any of his coachmen's place was worth, for one of them to see a tired foot traveler on the road, and not instantly "pull up," and invite the wayfarer to a seat. The character of the man may be best estimated from the fact that most of those around him had been in his employment for upward of twenty years.

Of the name and system of Laveter, it is more than probable that Sam Peach had never heard, and yet it is certain that he had a habit of taking like and dislikes to people's faces, which involved the putting them "inside for outside fare," or no fare, or the stout refusal to take them inside or outside of any of his coaches at any price.

It happened that one sunny morning in September, 1815, Sam Peach was sitting in his coach office, his custom always of an afternoon—for he used to say that by attending to business, he was pretty sure of business attending to him—and engaged in examining a ledger, a gentleman came in and asked what was the coach fare to London. The clerk, with the pen across his mouth, after the fashion of persons who would fain appear excessively busy, answered, "one pun' fifteen



out; two pun' ten in." The traveler desired to be booked for an outside place if there were room. "No one seat taken," said the book-keeper. "I suppose I had better pay here?" inquired the traveler. Just as you please," was the reply: "only, until we have the money, you neither put foot into the coach, nor on it."

The money was accordingly disbursed out of a not very plethoric purse.

"What name?" asked the booking clerk.

"My name!" echoed the traveler.

"Ay, what name are we to book you by?"

"I beg your pardon," said the traveler, with a smile, "but I have been for some years where a man's name was the last question put to him. Put me down Ensign Simmonds, of the Tenth."

Mr. Simmonds was duly entered in the book and thence in the waybill?

Indeed he was not!

The moment that the traveler had described himself as "Ensign Simmonds, of the Tenth," Sam Peach closed the big ledger, with an emphasis which sounded not unlike a pistol shot—pushed the fat booking clerk aside—took his place, with a countenance quite radiant with excitement—and, in the blandest tone, asked, what name he should enter in the day-book.

"Ensign Simmonds of the Tenth!"

"Well! said Sam, in the subdued manner of a person holding a confidential conversation with himself. "Well, his ears did not deceive me. What a singular thing this is!" Then, addressing Mr. Simmonds, he said, "In the army, sir?"

"Why, considering that I bear His Majesty's commission, I think I may say I am."

"Seen any actual service?"

"Yes. Two years in the Peninsula, and in the last brush with the French at Waterloo."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Sam Peach. "Got a Waterloo Medal!"

"Ay, and a wound. Indeed I have been at home since my return, getting cured, and now that I am on my legs again, I am off to town to report myself at the Horse Guards as fit for duty. Our second battalion is to be disbanded, and as we are likely to have a long peace. I shall have some difficulty in getting upon full pay in another regiment."

"Then," said Peach, rather anxiously, "I suppose you are not bound to be at the Horse Guards by any particular day?"

Mr. Simmonds replied he was not.

"That being the case, sir," said Sam Peach, "It can't make any great difference your not being able to travel by any of my coaches this afternoon."

"Not go! after paying for my seat!"

"Afraid not. All the seats are engaged."

Here the fat book keeper chimed in with, "not one of them—only look at the way bill."

But Sam Peach pushed the officious clerk away, declaring that he was "a stupid, who did not know what he was saying." Then, resuming his conversation with Mr. Simmonds, he added, "the fact is, sir, all the seats are engaged. But, as you have paid your fare, I am bound to make the delay no loss to you. My residence is within a few miles of the town. I shall feel gratified at your coming out to dine with me to-day. In the morning I shall drive you in, if you like, and you can start for town by any coach you please."

Vainly did Mr. Simmonds, assure Sam Peach that he had much rather proceed to London without delay

—that he did not wish to intrude upon his hospitality—that he would prefer remaining at the Tontine. Vainly, too, did he endeavor to ascertain, when it was evident there was no real impediment to his immediate journey to London, why Sam Peach should wish to detain him. But Sam, as if determined to play the host, steadily declined giving any explanation; and the result was, that, at six o'clock that afternoon, Mr. Simmonds found himself at Sam Peach's table, discussing what any gentleman, even if he had not campaigned in the Peninsula and had hospital fare at Brussels after the day of Waterloo, would be justified in considering an excellent dinner.

Such a thing as "taking the pledge," (except at the Lombard Arms) was not thought of and a capital glass of wine did them no essential harm. Much they talked, Ensign Simmonds of the adventures he had met with while on foreign service, and Sam Peach, who was a capital listener, pleasantly keeping up the ball, by occasional shrewd questions and racy remarks. At last—but this was about the conclusion of the second bottle of that incomparable port, which tasted like nectar and smelt like a bouquet—Sam Peach grew communicative about himself; told how he had risen to opulence by industry, from a small commencement and boasted how far above his wealth he prized his only daughter. "You shall see her in the morning," said he, "for I did not like to introduce you, until I saw whether my first impressions would be confirmed on closer acquaintance. It is not every one, I can tell you, that I would introduce as my friend to my daughter Mary."

A capital breakfast, the next morning; and not the less pleasant because pretty Mary Peach presided at the board, assisted (as her mother had been dead for many years) in such social duties, by a maiden aunt, who was neither skinny nor shrewish.

"Pleasant weather!" observed Sam. "Are you much of a sportsman?"

"Rather," said Mr. Simmonds. "We had plenty of practice at the red-legged partridges on the Peninsula. You should have seen how Lord Wellington peppered them, when he had nothing else to do."

"Well," answered Sam, "unfortunately I had not the chance of seeing him. I think you said that you are not exactly tied to time as to your being in London, and if you would only make up your mind not to start until to-morrow, there's a famous Joe Manton in the hall, and I happen to own the preserve across yonder valley, and tell you that not a gun has been fired there this season."

So Mr. Simmonds remained for that day? To be sure he did. Fancy a young man of five and twenty, who had been on foreign service three years, with a heart beating quick and fast within his bosom, and (at that time) not engaged on any particular love affair. Fancy him, thrown into the constant society of Mary Peach, really a pretty, if not a beautiful girl—pressed to make the place his home as long as he pleased, and the quarter surprisingly comfortable. Fancy all this, and wonder if you can, at Mr. Simmonds quite forgetting that he ever had disbursed "one pun' fifteen," for the outside fare to London. And then there were such beautiful snatches of scenery all along the Glosop road, which Mary Peach recommended him to look at, and which she kindly accompanied him to, as he might not be able to find them out without her assist-

ance—and she had so much to ask, and he to tell about foreign countries, and the perils he had been in—and she made him tell her again and again, how he got his wound at Waterloo—and she had such a pretty way of seeming to *listen* with her dark, gray eyes—but I need not go on. It was a clear case.

Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,  
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft.

In short it came to pass that Mr. Simmonds, had a palpitation of the heart whenever Mary Peach spoke to him or looked at him.

In love with her, I dare say?

Exactly so.

Oh! I know how it will end—a scene with the lady—blush or two—half a dozen tears, and a whispered “Speak to my father?”

When our hero found that he was in love, he took the opportunity of speaking to Sam Peach before he mentioned a word of the matter to the lady.

He was in a precious passion, no doubt?

Wrong again. He told Mr. Simmonds that he had been expecting something of the kind, for lookers on see more of the game than the players that, under this expectation, he had made inquiries as to Mr. Simmonds’ family and prospects, was satisfied with the former; and should be glad to improve the latter, and if he could obtain the lady’s consent, no man upon earth would be more acceptable as a son-in-law.

Shortly after, Mr. Simmonds and Mary Peach were united—*she* being too good a daughter to decline giving an acceptable son-in-law to her father. What fortune she had, was never exactly known, but they drove off from church in a handsome chariot and four, which Sam Peach had presented to the happy couple, and just as the bridegroom was about stepping into the vehicle, where sat the bride, all beauty and blonde, Sam Peach delivered himself as follows:

“Simmonds, you never asked me what I saw in you, when we first met, to bring you home and take a fancy to you. Know, then, that in the five-and-thirty years I have been at the head of the coaching in Sheffield, I have had hundreds of military men in my office, looking for places. Generals, colonels, majors and a crowd of captains, but *you* were the only *ESSENCE* that ever came across me. For the singularity of the thing. I thought the phenomenon worthy of a good dinner; and your own good qualities have done the rest. Good-bye, now, and let us hear from you and Mary every day.”

#### The Poet Campbell’s Son.

A commission *de lunatico inquirendo* was opened at the ship inn, Waltham abbey, before Mr. Commissioner Winslow and a special jury of sixteen gentlemen of the county of Essex, to inquire as to the state of mind of Mr. Thomas Telford Campbell, aged forty, only son of the late poet, Mr. Campbell, described in the commission as of “Dr. Allen’s asylum, High Beach, Essex, bachelor.” Mr. Campbell having expressed a wish to be present, walked into the room unattended. He is about five feet five inches in height, dark complexion, very good humored countenance, with a stout, robust, muscular frame. He evinced no symptoms of a disordered intellect, but throughout conducted himself with the greatest urbanity, coolness, and composure; indeed, no one could have supposed that he

had been an inmate of a lunatic asylum, or that his intellect had been impaired. The jury heard the evidence, that of several doctors among the rest, all of which would have led to the belief that Mr. Campbell was insane, and, after an absence of nearly an hour, the foreman announced that although he and another objected to give a verdict at variance with the medical testimony, yet that fourteen jurors, out of the sixteen were of opinion that Mr. Campbell was of sound mind. A verdict was accordingly recorded, “that Mr. Thomas Telford Campbell was of sound mind.” The verdict caused extraordinary sensation in the room. Mr. Campbell immediately removed his luggage from Dr. Allen’s, and took elegant apartments at the house of the late Captain Sotherby, near Woodford.—*English Paper.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROVER.—Dear Sir: The enclosed ballad was hammered in leisure moments out of a subject not extremely malleable, poetical-wise considered. The story, I doubt not, was familiar to you when sojourning in the precincts of “old Bowdoin.” I have hardly done it justice, but send it as it is.

Brunswick, Me., Nov., 1844.

R. H. D.

#### SUNGERNUMBY:

A BALLAD OF MAINE.

BY R. H. DUNLAP.

##### I.

Now the starry hosts, a-weary  
Had, one after one, withdrawn,  
Save the royal Jupiter,  
Gallant sentinel of morn;  
And the airy gnomes and spirits  
Of the early winter-time,  
Graced the drooping foliage  
With a fringe of sparkling rime.

##### II.

Lo! a wierd and magic wonder—  
With the frozen rain and hail  
They the evergreens had mantled  
In a robe of silver mail;  
And the forest decked with jewels  
Full as gorgeous and as grand  
As the gems of Eastern splendor,  
Or the groves of Fairy-land.

##### III.

Brunswick’s plains were beautiful,  
In their snowy mantle drest,  
As the morning broke in silence,  
And the moon glode down the west—  
In the old years when the Indian  
To the forest manor born,  
Roamed in pride and nobleness  
Two long centuries ago.

##### IV.

Brave amid the very bravest  
Of the stout and stalwart men  
That in true and fair New England  
Gained a birthright for us then,  
There was one whose hardy prowess  
Won for him a mighty fame—  
Like a potent talisman  
Was the sound of Malcolm’s name.

## V.

They had called him "Sungernumby,"  
Or, the "strong man in the fight;"  
For his countless deeds of valor,  
And his dauntless arm of might;  
And the Indian warrior started  
When its well known accents fell  
On his ear, though tired and weary,  
As it were a magic spell.

## VI.

Voiceless were the gliding streamlets  
'Neath their bands of silver sheen;  
Calmly slept the silent forest,  
And the air was sharp and keen,  
Till the loud and ringing echo  
Of the axe's lusty stroke,  
By the sturdy Malcolm wielded,  
Still and brooding silence broke.

## VII.

And its quick and stirring music  
Rang right cheerily and loud,  
Till a pine, all snow-enmantled,  
In its lordliness was bow'd.  
Lo! a group of Indian warriors  
Silently about him stand,  
With an air and mein majestic—  
With an aspect stern and grand.

## VIII.

"What, ho! mighty Sungernumby,  
We have captured thee at last!"  
Said the brave and lordly sachem;  
"We will bind thee sure and fast.  
To the far land of our fathers  
Now must Sungernumby go—  
To the far land of the Indian,  
Where the mighty rivers flow."

## IX.

"True," replied the jolly Malcolm,  
"By my faith ye have me now;  
And with you a northward journey  
I must travel soon, I trow;  
But at least, my good Warrumbos,  
Grant this boon before we start:  
With your sturdy warriors aid me  
Rend this gnarled tree apart."

## X.

Quick the brave old chief consented,  
And his band their weapons left—  
Grasped with strong and sinewy fingers  
They the widely-open cleft,  
For the tree was partly rifted  
By a large and heavy wedge,  
And the springy fibres quivered  
From the centre to the edge.

## XI.

Then, as if to drive it farther,  
Firm the wily Malcolm stood,  
High above his head uprising  
Strong and iron-bound sledge of wood;  
One quick blow, with dextrous motion—  
Falls the wedge upon the ground,  
And the row of dusky warriors  
Firm are "caught in the rebound."

## ONE NIGHT

In the Life of a Man of Business.

ONE evening as I sat in my chamber, looking over some papers of a process prior to sitting down to a regular study of the same, a messenger was announced who had come to town post haste from a considerable distance. On his entrance, I recognized him as a servant of Mr. F——, an eminent Gulana merchant, whose country-house was about ten miles distant.

This gentleman had been for some time ailing; and so serious was the disorder, that during about six weeks I had been three times called to draw out forms of his last will and testament, in the expectation of his immediate demise. Nevertheless, he had still lingered on; and so heavily did the division and disposal of his vast property among his family and connexions press upon his mind, that now for the fourth time I was called to reconstruct a deed of settlement.

The messenger, who had come on horseback, immediately on making his communications, withdrew; and hastily packing up some blank sheets of stamped paper and parchment, I prepared to follow with all convenient despatch. While I was about this my horse and gig were brought from the livery stable where they were kept, and stood ready at the door. My horse was a very fine one, (for I was a young man then,) and I was very proud of him; he had not been out for two days, and was now quite spirited and alert. Wrapped up to the throat in one or two top coats and a cloak, I took my seat, and drove rapidly through the town and out along the road.

It was about eight in the evening, and I had ten miles' drive before me—very dark, very still, and very cold. I don't think I passed two persons after I left the bright lights of the town behind me; all was solitude, gloom, and cheerfulness, without the small orbit of light my lamp supplied. Nevertheless, we rattled along quite briskly, "Client," my excellent nag, getting over the ground at a beautiful rate. I was perfectly well acquainted with the road: knew it almost as well as the passages of my own waiting chambers; and being thus quite at ease with regard to turnpike-gates, towns, heights, hollows, and bridges, I began to reflect on various subjects, and finally, upon the history of the gentleman to whose house I was proceeding on my very peculiar errand.

He began his life as a pedlar. His father had been a tradesman of the poorest sort; his mother a washwoman; and once in a fit of remorse, after a long period of intoxication, the former having terminated his existence by a leap from the window of the garret where he dwelt; and the latter having been left with two boys unprovided for, a subscription was set a-going by certain charitable persons for their relief. Oh, well do I remember my old gray-headed father telling me the tale, and showing me the lofty loop-hole of a window in one of the dirty narrow streets of the suburbs whence the frenzied drunkard took his last leap: and he would tell me, too, as haply the gorgeous carriage of the moneyed merchant rolled past, how he himself had put a shilling to that subscription which formed the nucleus around which arose this mighty accumulation of wealth and influence; for this scanty collection, divided equally between the two brothers, had been to each the scorn from which a vast tree of prosperity took root. One had gone abroad, and, dying, his children were now chiefs and law-makers in the land of his adoption; the other sought a living as I have mentioned, and

though progressively, yet speedily, by means of honest industry, and great talent—nay, let me call it genius—so far raised himself as not only to have filled the highest municipal office in his native town, but to have also represented it with credit both to it and to himself in two parliaments.

A servant was at his door, to whose care I committed "Clent" and the gig, and, divesting myself of my outer gear in the hall, I hurried up stairs to the bedroom where I knew the dying merchant lay.

On my tapping at the door, an attendant appeared, who hastily showed me in an adjoining dressing-room to wait while he informed the doctor of my arrival, who should, in the way he thought proper, communicate the information to his patient.

As I looked about me, in this chamber, I could not but be struck with the richness and luxuriousness of everything in it. I had been thrust, in the hurry and confusion, into the dressing-room of the lady of the house, it was evident; and as, being a bachelor, the thing was somewhat new to me, I was, for a little time, lost in admiration of the various costly and beautiful articles of furniture, of apparel, and of the toilet, that everywhere met my gaze.

But, as I stood, a door in a passage, different from that by which I had entered, appeared to fall slightly open, and, on directing my attention to that quarter, I could distinctly hear voices and other sounds, proceeding apparently, from the sick room. There was a sound of footfalls, now and then treading stealthily about the carpet, a noise of sobbing and subdued wailing of women, over which rose a clear and impressive, though low-pitched, voice, apparently reading prayers. Frequently, too, I could hear a thick, stifling cough, which appeared to afford no relief from the irritation that caused it, but to come to a termination through the sufferer's inability from weakness to continue it. Presently I heard a voice, which, though woefully changed, even since I last heard it, I recognized as Mr. F——'s.

"Stay, Mr. Etherbridge," it said, apparently to the person reading; "the men that made these prayers, may have been very talented and very pious, yet, methinks, it would have a better effect on my mind, if you would kneel beside me, and pray, with me, and for me, out of the overflowing ideas of your own heart, produced by the view of one of your fellow men in my awful position."

Thereupon the clergyman, whose voice I now remembered, complying with his request, poured forth a flow of unstudied but impassioned prayer, the fervent "Amen" to which of the poor sinking man, evinced its effect upon his spirit. Ere he had concluded, some one drew the door close, and all was silence, save the gush of a tiny escape of water in a bath-room, somewhere along the passage.

In a minute the doctor came into the room to me. I knew him also.

"Ah, doctor," said I, "how is he—going from us at last, eh?"

"Yes, poor man, he is sinking fast: he has not got twenty minutes! 'Tis a beautiful case; certain valves of the heart must be obliterated; the second sound is not audible; but you don't understand those things, probably. But come in; he has asked for you repeatedly."

On entering the room, and rounding a screen that

concealed the door, a most striking tableau was presented to me—it was the death-bed of wealth.

Buried in the white cushions of a bed of down, lay the shrunken and pallid figure of the dying merchant, his face wearing that peculiar expression which betokens that the great change is at hand, and for which, I believe, the doctors have a peculiar name. Close by his head, stood his wife weeping. He had married her somewhat late in life, and the match was one of convenience on both sides; for she was the daughter of a general in the army, whose large family—his pay both as a general and a colonel of a regiment, and, also, as governor of some castle in Scotland that had been for two centuries a ruin, and as comptroller-general of something he neither knew nor inquired anything about—but barely sufficed to supply with necessaries becoming the rank he had to support. The suitor was enormously rich, and an M. P., she, exceedingly poor, and a general's daughter; so without much trouble in wooing, the matter was arranged between the male parties. She was a large and very beautiful woman, and the expression of ignorant pride, which was habitual to her, had not deserted her features even at the death-bed of her husband. Yes, even amid her tears, she looked up to me with a countenance that plainly said, "I am better than thou!"

"It may be so, my good woman," I could not help thinking, or saying internally; "but I have other things to think about just now."

A little behind her, with his handkerchief to his face, stood her eldest son, the pride of her heart. I knew him well; his education, from his earliest years had been conducted on the "away-from-home" principle, and its result was, that he was now the most eminent youth at a fashionable school—not for learning, for that is vulgar, but dissipation. He had been so long from home as to have forgotten all about his father, and to know him only as the "old governor"—one on whom to draw for money, and from whose knowledge to keep his young vices; for though barely eighteen, he could play the gourmand, drink, sport, drive tandem, game, and practice other little expensive follies; nay, he had already even had the honor of being pigeoned by a sparrowhawk "leg," who had no means of getting his bread but by preying on boys, and into whose pockets a few hundred of the governors' hard earned money had been transferred by the magic *ecarte*. It would require more benevolence than I was ever possessed of, to fancy into grief the exultation evident in this youngster's countenance, at the awful event that was pending. It seemed to me that his heart, thus early seared by continual contact with the vicious, was busy imagining future scenes of uncontrolled indulgence, of money in unlimited supply; but three short years were to intervene, ere he would be without restraint, and be enabled to cut his present miserable associates, and have the distinction of suffering from titled sharpers and rascals of eminence; and of paying court to London actresses and figurantes, and not squalid provincial hacks.

How different was the mourning of his sister, a slight, fair creature of about fourteen, who knelt by the bedside, clasping her dying father's hand, with her weeping face, and it hidden by the fair hair that fell disheveled about, in the extremity of her grief. She had always been his favorite; and it was her bitter sobbing that had reached my ears on my first entrance, as I stood in the dressing-room.



How different, too, was the look of the younger son, a pretty boy of seven years old, whose dear papa was going from him forever; that dear papa who used to walk and play with him about the grounds, and fly his kite for him in the park, and who never came from the town but with a toy or some such thing in his pocket. But there was deep dread and awe mingled with this child's sorrow; for his young heart understood not yet what was meant by the word "death," and he stood weeping, and hiding himself among the deep folds of the massive bed-curtains.

The doctor going close to the bed, and taking his patient's wrist, after a moment whispered something to him. He languidly turned his head, and looking toward me with an expression which, though fearfully ghastly, I felt was meant for a smile.

"Ah! Mr. D——," said he, in a scarcely audible voice, "I suppose you see how it is with me?"

And here the tears rose in my eyes in spite of me, although I had always known him in the capacity of a man of business, and had never formed part of his private circle. I said something which I have forgotten, and for half a minute or more he appeared to me to wander in his thoughts. At length he said plainly and distinctly—

"I have sent for you about a trifling matter."

"An alteration in your settlement?" said I. "Will you please to state your wishes as succinctly as you can?"

"Oh, no! I believe that is all as it should be, and as much as possible calculated to please all parties;" (here he glanced in the direction of his wife:) "what I want you about is the disposal of my body. Take your paper and write."

A small table was here brought me and I sat down.

"I desire," he continued, "my body to be buried, not in General ——'s vault, but in the west churchyard of the —— suburb."

Here his wife and son started, and looked astonishment and indignation.

"And that," continued he, summoning up the last spark of that energy that had carried him over many a difficulty during his lifetime of struggle; "and that, upon penalty of forfeiture of all money and property I have bequeathed to my wife, which in such a case I direct to be placed in the hands of the trustees before appointed, of whom you are one, Mr. D——, to be disposed as they shall think fit, for behoof of my boy Edward F——. The grave is in the northwest corner of the churchyard, and is marked by two small round stones, one at the head, marked L. S., with the date 1790; the other at the feet, marked H. S. simply."

As I was busy framing this into law-form and phraseology, Mrs. F—— spoke to me with a tone and manner that was extremely unpleasant:

"You surely do not mean to write that down, Mr. D——? You see he is plainly out of his intellects."

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "I must do as he desires me: the question of this sanity cannot be decided on by me, it is matter for a jury."

"Also that a small leather case, which I will put in your possession, Mr. D——, be enclosed in my coffin, with its contents, and buried with me. Have you done?"

"One moment, my dear sir?"

"Now then, give me a pen, and let me sign it; my strength is failing fast."

He managed to put his name to it; when he had, he

shut his eyes, and seemed for a moment utterly exhausted: rallying a little—

"Jane!" said he.

His daughter sprang to her feet, and stood bending over him.

"Kiss my brow, dearest!"

The poor girl complied: a gush of new tears fell over his face and the pillow.

"In the drawer of my dressing glass you will find a bunch of keys; haste and fetch them."

Presently she returned, and put into his hands the keys he spoke of. Slowly he fingered them over, when, marking out two, he directed her to take them off the ring. I did it; for her eyes were so blinded, it was a matter of difficulty to her.

"Now," he resumed, "this is the key of the rose-wood structure in my study; open it: in the centre you will see a small recess with a door, this other is the key. Within are two bins full of papers, and two small drawers. The upper one is open, and contains in a corner the key of the lower; in the latter you will find an old fashioned leather pocket-book; bring it quickly, as you love me, Jane."

Shortly the girl returned with what he desired. As he took it into his trembling hands, a glow of pleasure seemed to come into his eyes, and from that moment his mind was lost to all around him. He continued to murmur to himself, as he slowly and gradually opened it: and I could distinguish these words, "Oh! Hannah, Hannah! my poor lost Hannah!" Several old time-faded letters, wearing away at the corners and foldings, and with dim faint ink, fell out upon the bed-clothes. One was so worn that it fell asunder, and I could see it was an ancient *Valentine*, and its date was 1783.

He touched and fingered these papers, in a sort of vague, insane manner, still continuing to murmur to himself; then leaving them alone he took from another pocket of the book what seemed a small parcel. It opened among his fingers, and there rolled forth over the clothes a most magnificent tress of yellow hair. It appeared to be three or four feet in length, and as thick as the largest of my fingers. Whether from nature or from the way in which it had been packed, it was full of serpentine curls, twists, and wavings; and as it was moved about in the old man's hands, it showed in the light a hundred tints and shadows, from the pale tawny to the richest golden brilliance. It was quite loose and wavy, being only bound together by a thread at the top, close by where it had been cut from the fair temples it once adorned.

It was cruel to look upon his wife as this happened; but I could not help it; and I saw that the eyes of all in that chamber were directed to her. Amazement, rage, jealousy, and scorn, followed each other rapidly over the mirror of her features, and overpowered she sank into a cushioned chair hard by, and covering her face with her hands, leaned her head against its back. A moment, and a flood of tears streamed through her fingers, and with them all the woman rose in her bosom. Starting up, she flew to his side, and clasping his head in her hands, cried aloud amid her weeping.

"Dearest, dearest George! have you no word for me—no word now for me, your own Clementine—your wife, the mother of your children?"

But he neither saw her nor heard her, his mind was far away amid other scenes that had happened many,

many years ere she was born; and he continued to murmur as he pressed the tresses to his lips and bosom.

"Alas, Hannah! could it be that ambition could overcome love even to the grave? Why did you love a fool like me, and love so deeply, Hannah? Fortune, business, the world divided us; but I know what they are now, and we shall sleep together in the end."

This did he utter, in detached, scarcely audible sentences, while his wife sobbed and wept over him. Presently I thought there was something gasping and unusual in her breathing; suddenly she stood up, turned round to us, and broke into an appalling fit of hysteric laughter, and, making a sudden grasp apparently at the lock of hair, fell back senseless into our arms.

She was taken away to another room, the doctor going with her. This occurrence diverted my attention for a moment from the dying man. On looking again to him, I found that he had managed to raise the locks to his lips; but appeared not to have strength to remove it again. This set him a coughing, and gradually the coughs became weaker, I heard a long-drawn sigh; and some one said,

"He is gone."

I will not describe the scene further.

I took the lock of hair and the loose papers and returned them to the pocket-book. It was an old-fashioned thing, of coarse and cheap materials. I sealed it up, and packing it along with the deed that had just been executed, I took my leave, uncared about amid the confusion; and getting into my gig drove homeward, toward the town. It appeared that I had not been detained more than an hour, and in another hour I could be in my chambers, which I was anxious enough to reach, to lay me down and get some sleep, for I felt myself totally unhinged, and incapacitated for any intellectual labor that night. Indeed, just as one feels on returning from seeing a tragic drama well performed. I endeavored as I drove along, to shape out something like a moral from the events I had just been concerned in, which took somewhat of this form.

"Surely all the happiness in this world consists but in love and friendship; that is in the indulgence of the affections. Wealth and power, however much they may seem to promise, are useful to the end, solely in so far as they procure, or preserve when procured by other means, these gratifications; and the man who pursues the former for himself alone may have occasion on his death-bed, like the successful merchant I have just quitted, to look back upon his life as a tissue of profitless folly; a vain leaving behind of substance to chase the baseless shadow; or leaving the apples on the tree to make prize of, and run off with the ladder, whereby they might be reached."

"And again," said I, "it is a most strange spectacle to see the first love of youth, the passion of boyhood, living on through a life of anxiety, amid the cares of a vast business and of an extensive family connexion, and thus at the end, coming to the uppermost, and at the last and most striking period of the whole lifetime usurping all the heart, to the quenching or exclusion of every other feeling—even the domestic emotions—those one would think likely to be the strongest at such a moment."—*Hood's Magazine*.

A SKULL without a tongue often preaches better than a skull that has one.

#### The Mormon Temple and its Builders.

A writer in the Boston Transcript gives the following interesting information relative to the Mormons and their Temple.

At the summit, overlooking the whole landscape for nearly 25 miles in all directions, stands the Mormon Temple, the largest structure in any of the Western States. When completed, it is assumed that the entire cost will not vary much from four hundred thousand dollars. Nothing can be more original in architecture—each of its huge pilasters rests upon a block of stone bearing in relief on its face, the profile of a new moon, represented with a nose, eyes and mouth, as sometimes seen in almanacs.

On the top, not far from fifty feet high, is an ideal representation of the rising sun, which is a monstrous prominent stone face the features of which are colossal and singularly expressive. Still higher are two enormously large hands grasping two trumpets, crossed. These all stand out on the stone boldly. Their finish is admirable and as complete as any of the best specimens of chiseling on the Girard College, at Philadelphia.

The interior is to be one vast apartment, about 128 feet by 80, simply subdivided by three great veils, or rich crimson drapery, suspended from the ceiling, overhead. Neither pews, stools, cushions nor chairs are to encumber the holy edifice.

In the basement is the font of baptism—which when completed according to the design, will be a pretty exact imitation of the brazen laver in Solomon's temple. The tank is perhaps eight feet square, resting on the backs of twelve carved oxen. They are of noble dimensions, with large spreading horns, represented to be standing in water half way up to their knees.

The execution of the twelve oxen evinces a degree of ingenuity, skill and perseverance that would redound to the reputation of an artist in any community. When they are finally gilded, as intended, and the laver is made to resemble cast brass, together with the finishing up of the place in which this unique apparatus of the church is lodged—as a whole, that part of the temple will be one of the most striking artificial curiosities in this country.

When the officiating priests in their long robes of office lead on a solemn procession of worshippers through the sombre avenues of the basement story, chanting as they go, the effect must be exceedingly imposing to those who may deplore the infatuation of a whole city of Mormon devotees.

Although estimated to cost so large a sum, the walls of the temple are gradually rising from day to day by the concurrent, unceasing labor of voluntary laborers. Every brother gives one day in ten to the undertaking. Thus there are always as many hands employed as can be conveniently on the work at the same time. The architect and different master-workmen are constantly at hand to direct the operations. Each day therefore, ushers in a new set of operatives. Some fine brick buildings are already raised in the different streets, and stores are continually going up.

Even were the Mormons to abandon the city as it is asserted that they will, somebody will own the property—and a city it is, and a city it will continue to be, of importance, unconnected with the false religious tenets of its inhabitants. But the Mormons will never leave Nauvoo—no, never. Its associations are hallowed in their excited imaginations. They would rella-

quish life as soon as they would voluntarily, en masse, leave their glorious habitation, which to them is the gate of heaven.

#### HISTORY.

GERMAN LITERATURE.—We learn from the Berlin journals that the king of Prussia has announced his intention of giving every five years a prize, consisting of a medal, with a purse of 1,000 gold crowns, for the best work on the History of Germany in the German language.

Is it not time that an American history should be written? As yet, we have nothing worthy of the country. The history of our country differs, in many principal aspects, from that of any other. Its elements are different. Yet, our historians have written of it, as other countries are written of. Bancroft's book has been highly praised; but it is unworthy of the commendation of which it has been the subject. It is neither American in its spirit, nor in its philosophy. He is unequal to the task assumed. He is not even a good writer. We want an American history that shall be *American*—that shall arrange into order and method, all its facts, around the eternal principles which enter into the vital being of our nationality. The settlement, rise and progress of our colonies with all their attendant circumstances and their consolidation into one nation—are peculiar, and require an analogous, sympathizing and harmonious history. This is yet to be written, and the task is worthy of the noblest ambition. The literary history of the country has not yet even been attempted. Though our materials, for such a history would not make an illustrious one, yet a fair exhibition of what we possess, would lead to something better. It would act upon the literary spirit, and stimulate to nobler exertions than have yet been made by our countrymen. Oh, that some of the strong among our men would sit down and diligently prepare themselves by years of labor, for those exalted and exalting undertakings! Our country has produced a few able writers, whose works are the products of their *whole* minds, and not the feeble emanations of some one little feeble faculty, stimulated into activity by forcing, hot-bed appliances. We want a literature. It is at present, our nation's greatest want. Shall we not have it!—*Philadelphia American Woman*.

#### A CHILD OF SORROW.

During the late festival season—when those who thought at all, reflected that, eighteen hundred and forty-three years ago, the religion of the heart, bringing peace and good-will on earth, came to soften the rigor of the religion of form, a little girl, not six years old, had been observed by a lonely lady, sitting day after day on the steps of a door opposite her house. It seemed to belong to nobody; but, at a certain hour, there it was, wrapped in an old shawl, crouched on the cold stone, and rocking itself pensively backward and forward more like an ailing old woman than a child. Other children played around it, but this melancholy little being mingled not in their sports, but sat silent and solitary.

Soon afterward it was seen to peep about the area of the lady's house, and look wistfully at the kitchen windows. The lady, who was kind to children, thought that the little girl might be trying to attract her notice,

opened the door suddenly, and offered it some gingerbread. When the door opened, there was a strange, eager expression in the child's eye; but when she saw the lady she looked scared and disappointed. The kind voice and manner soon re-assured the startled child, who thankfully took the offering, broke it up into little bits in her hand, and carried it to the door-step opposite, where she again took up her station. Another child seeing the gingerbread, came up to the solitary infant, who gave the new-comer some, and, by her gestures, the lady thought she was informing the other child whence it came. After waiting a considerable time without eating the gingerbread, the poor girl rose dejectedly and went away, still looking back at the house.

A day or two afterward the same child was seen lingering about the pavement near the area, and holding out a bit of sugar candy in its tiny fingers through the rails.

The lady, who thought that the child was come to offer it out of gratitude for the gingerbread, went down into the area; but as soon as she appeared, the child ran away. Soon again, however, the child was at its old station, the door-step opposite. The lady had mentioned this to her only female servant as very odd, but received no observation in reply.

One morning the door was opened to receive a piece of furniture, and the same child again suddenly appeared, and advanced stealthily toward the door. The lady who was near, said, "I see you!" when the child immediately retreated to her door-step.

"This is very extraordinary," said the lady to her servant; "I cannot make out what the child wants."

"Madam," said the servant, bursting into tears, "it is my child."

"Your child!—but go, bring her in. Where does she live?"

"With her sister, and she goes to school. I have told her never to come here; but the poor thing *will* come every bit of playtime she gets. That day you thought she was offering you some sugar-candy, I had been to the school and given her a penny; when school was over, she came to give me a bit of the sugar-candy she had bought. Oh, ma'am, have mercy, forgive me! Do not send me away!"

The lady, who had known adversity, and was not one of those rigidly righteous people who forget the first principles inculcated by the divine Author of the Christian creed, looked grave, it is true, but did not shrink from the lowly sinner as if she had the plague, although she had become a mother before she had been made a wife, by the gay cavalier who had deceived and forsaken her. Nor did she turn her out upon the wide world, in the virtuous sternness of her indignation. To the great horror of some of her neighbors she told her servant, that her child might come to her every Sunday, beginning with the next. When the child, who was no longer the moping creature which it had been before it was admitted to the mother, heard this, she immediately and anxiously inquired, "How many days and nights is it to Sunday?"

Some may sneer at this; to me there is something painfully affecting in the quiet, subdued demeanor of this offspring of shame, timidly watching to obtain a glimpse of her who bore it, at an age when happier children are never without the greatest of enjoyments, the caresses of a mother. Think of the misery of this poor child, driven from the mere instinct of longing for

its parent, to the staid demeanor of age, while the other merry little ones were sporting around it. Think what she must have suffered, as she gazed day after day, at the frowning door, that shut out more than all the world's value to her. Think of the suffering mother, dreading to lose, with her place and character, the means of supporting her hapless, prematurely old infant. Oh, man, man, thou hast much to answer for. *Hood's Magazine.*

#### NEW DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE Washington National Intelligencer contains a long letter from Mr. Pickett, at Lima, commenting upon discoveries of very extraordinary ruins, said to have been found by Judge Neito, in the province of Chachapoyas, while on an exploring expedition. In making a survey of the country, he found at Ceulsep, a building of a most extraordinary character, which he describes as a wall of hewn stone, 560 feet in width, 3600 feet in length, and 150 feet high.

"This edifice being solid in the interior for the whole space contained within 5,376,000 feet of circumference, which it has, to the before mentioned height of 150 feet, is solid and leveled, and upon it there is another wall of 300,000 feet in circumference in this form, 600 feet in length and 500 feet breadth, with the same elevation (150 feet) of the lower wall, and, like it, solid and leveled to the summit. In this elevation, and also in that of the lower wall, are a great many habitations or rooms of the same hewn stone, 18 feet long and 15 wide; and in these rooms, as well as between the dividing walls of the great wall, are found neatly constructed niches, a yard or two thirds in length, and a half yard broad and deep, in which are found bones of the ancient dead, some naked and some in cotton shrouds or blankets of very firm texture, though coarse, and all worked with borders of different colors. If this description is authentic—and we have no reason to doubt it—this must be the greatest building in the world in point of size. We know of nothing in Egypt or Persia to equal it. From the description it must have been a vast tomb, but whether erected by the Indians, before the Spanish discovery, or by remoter generations, cannot be decided; yet the Judge says that the ingenious and highly wrought specimens of workmanship, the elegance of the cutting of some of the hardest stone, the ingenuity and solidity of the gigantic work, all in stone; the elegant articles of gold and silver, and the curiously wrought stones found in the mounds, all satisfy him that that territory was occupied by an enlightened nation, which declined in the same manner as others more modern, as Babylon, Balbec, and the cities of Syria; and this, he says, is evidently the work of people from the old world, as the Indians had no instruments of iron to work with."

#### Lost Images.

BY JOHN MILTON STEARNS.

"Full many a flower is doomed to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

If the impressions, which have been the lights and shadows of the soul, are fixed like the daguerotype portrait, in all their completeness and perfection, in the memory of mankind, genius would find no more occasion for exhausting labor; poetry, all abandon, would sink back listless among the flowers around her grotto—lulled by the sublime, enchanting and deep passion-

tones of nature and of life. Nature would wear an imagery and breathe a spirit as much above the vapid conceptions of conceited genius, as the works of Delty are above the foolish creations of men. That is, poetry itself would come into the arena to the joy of the delighted throng, instead of delighting some hapless wooer of her smiles, to read dull lectures on her history. But as in the physical, so in the intellectual world, whatever is the most beautiful is the most transient and fading. As Mrs. Hemans makes the dying Mozart to say:

"I strive with yearnings vain the spirit to detain  
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll."

And so it is: Life's sweetest charms are but the day-dreams of hope, that pass away ere their form and features are impressed on the memory. We know that wild music-tones have touched the chords of the soul, but the spirit-bird that waked the sublime passion is lost in the distant wilderness of clouds that gather on the track of retreating time. These phantasms which are at once the joy and delight, the regrets and sorrows of life, exist only as the spirits of the dead hovering over the grave of departed hopes. We feel them to be near us, but woo the sight of them in vain. They were, perhaps, the offspring of our intellectual loves, but they have found an early death and a nameless grave, and we seek in vain for their hallowed dust over which to shed a tear of grateful remembrance. It is thus our affections wander in the land of dreams, and are wasted in fruitless reveries. The vague and uncertain charms of buried years still make their hold upon the heart, but if Genius is seated on her proud throne, she finds it a mountain crag, and her dominion a barren desolation. Passion, and pleasure, and hope are dead, the flowers and the jewels of life are buried, and Genius has her only task in working out the requiem of a departing world.

But we lift our eyes and look toward heaven, and lo! the faded charms and memories of life have places in all their youthful freshness in that blessed volume. We find what we had lost—for which we had searched and searched in vain in every lone retreat. Joys, that transient came and went, to poor pilgrims in this vale of tears are there revealed the offspring of light and glory of heaven's love. Genius, even, has a kingdom there, and sports her powers by heaven's pure fountains. All her imagery *abides*, although unwritten, bright as the morning stars that sang together at earth's creation. She breathes in tireless joy the harmony of eternal song.

Ah, Genius! leave thy wandering with the dead,  
and let thy spirit soar to rest with God.

For the ROVER—Williamsburg, Nov., 1844.

#### Reward of Honesty.

THE Cardinal Farnese, who was very properly named the Patron of the Poor, gave public audience once a week to indigent persons in his neighborhood, and distributed his bounty among them according to their wants. A woman of genteel address, but in a dejected, forlorn condition, presented herself one day with her daughter, a beautiful creature about fifteen years old, before this liberal ecclesiastic.

"My lord," she said, "the rent of my house (five crowns) has been due some days, and my landlord threatens to turn me into the street, unless he is paid within the week. Have the goodness, my Lord Cardinal, to interpose your sacred authority, and protect



me from this dreadful outrage, till by our industry we can satisfy the demand of our persecutor."

The Cardinal wrote a billet which he put into the petitioner's hand, and said,

"Go to my steward with this paper, and receive from him five crowns."

But the steward, on her presenting the document, paid down fifty. The woman absolutely refused to receive more than five, alleging that his eminence gave her to expect no more; and that it must be a mistake. Both were so convinced of acting literally according to order, that it was mutually agreed to refer the matter to the cardinal himself.

"It is true," said he, "there must be a mistake. Give me the paper, and I will rectify it."

He then returned the billet, thus rectified, to the woman, saying,

"So much candor and honesty deserves recompense. Here—I have ordered you a thousand crowns. What you can spare out of it, lay up as a dowry for your daughter in marriage, and regard my donation as the blessing of God on the upright disposition of a pure mind."

#### PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

George Washington was born in 1732; elected President in 1789; installed 1789; 57 years old when installed, served 8 years, retired from public life in 1797, when he was 65 years of age.

John Adams was born in 1735; elected in 1796, installed in 1797; 62 years of age when installed, served 4 years, retired in 1801, at the age of 66 years.

Thomas Jefferson was born in 1743; elected in 1800; installed in 1801, at the age of 58 years; served 8 years, retired from office in 1809, at the age of 66.

James Madison was born 1751; elected in 1803; installed in 1809, at 53 years of age; served 8 years; retired in 1817, when he was 66 years of age.

James Monroe was born in 1758; elected in 1816; installed the following year, when he was 58 years of age, served 8 years, retired from office in 1825, being then 66 years of age.

John Quincy Adams was born in 1765; elected in 1824; installed in 1825, being then 60 years of age; served 4 years; went out of office in 1829, at the age 64 years.

Andrew Jackson was born in 1767; elected in 1828; and went into office in 1829, at the age of 62, served 8 years; retired to the Hermitage in 1837, at the age of 70.

Martin Van Buren was born in 1782, elected in 1836; installed in 1837, at the age of 55; served 4 years; retired from office in 1841, at the age of 59.

William Henry Harrison was born in 1773; elected in 1840; installed in 1841, at the age of 68 years, and died in the first month of his term.

John Tyler, the present incumbent was born in 1790; elected Vice President in 1840; installed as President in 1841, at the age of 51, and will retire in 1845, having served three years and eleven months, at the age of 55 nearly.

Of these 10 Presidents, 3 were military chieftains, and the remaining 7, members of the bar, as were also 2 of the former.

Two were natives of Massachusetts, 5 of Virginia, 1 of South Carolina, 1 of New York, and one of North Carolina.

It is remarkable that four of the Presidents retired from the Presidential chair at the age of 66 years. And two others at very nearly the same age, viz: 64 and 65.

#### A Love Chase.

A love adventure happened in this city a fortnight since, which, as it has a moral to it, may not be amiss to relate. A stranger came among us a little while ago, and in the course of itineracy in the prosecution of his business, fell in with a pretty, inexperienced girl, and after a few interviews promised her marriage, and they were to start for Boston in the afternoon train, to have the knot tied. In the mean time, the mother-in-law of the girl got an inkling of what was going on, and she also appeared at the depot, to restrain her roving daughter from throwing herself into the arms of a comparative stranger.

The second act opens at the depot, with the train about to start. The mother had entered the cars, and confronting her daughter and her lover, by turns entreated the one to return home with her, and upbraided the other for "stealing away an old woman's daughter." The daughter would not heed her entreaties and tears. The lover was cold and indifferent to her threats. She told him he was a married man and unprincipled, and bade him beware of retribution. To her daughter, she appealed, that she might return with her, and make her home glad, which was now desolate. The passengers' feelings were manifestly on the side of the mother—but her appeals could not draw her daughter out of the cars. Meanwhile time flew, and the moment of departure came. The mother was still beseeching—the daughter pouting—the lover frowning—when dame fortune for once helped the matron and disappointed the maid. The conductor inquired if the girl had a ticket? She had not and as the rule requires passengers to be so provided, she was advised to step to the office and obtain one. She stepped out—and the scene being quite exciting, some of the passengers *happened* to be very much in the way of the lover, and he couldn't get out so easily. Finding his egress through the door strangely prevented, he rushed to the window, and with a three dollar bill between his fingers, endeavored to convey it to her. She was evidently leaving home in this man's company, without money. But he could not reach her. A tall hack driver, laying his thumb by the side of his nose, and twirling his fingers, politely informed him that he "couldn't come it." Here was a situation! The girl without, with no means to purchase her ticket; the fellow within, unable to get out—and everybody laughing at him.

It is an old proverb, "time and tide wait for no man"—neither does the train—nor for woman either. At this moment the starting time arrived, the bell tolled, the engineer let on the steam—the fireman grinned—the spectators laughed—and off went the train, with the itinerant, but *without* his victim. Then it was that the force of the girl's love broke forth. When she saw the gap every moment widening between them, she could endure the thought no longer—but set off with frantic speed in full chase after the car!—Some shouted, some opened wide their eyes, some unfeelingly cried "put on more steam my dear," a few pitied the poor girl. She soon found that her speed, even when impelled by love, was not equal to the *mail train*!—She returned dejected and in tears; to repeat the

thought of the old poet, "the course of true love never did run smooth."

**MORAL.**—Let parents be particular about the characters of those who are admitted to the sanctity of their home. Be satisfied that they are suitable companions for their daughter, before they are permitted to "steal away their hearts." Inattention to these particulars, may cause mourning in a mother's breast for life, and a daughter to be bewildered in the mazes of a misplaced affection, that shall tinge her subsequent years with sorrow.—*Portland, Me., Argus.*

#### DEBORAH GANNETT, A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

But few of our readers, we presume, have ever heard of this singular woman. Yet, she served in the armies of our country as a soldier, for nearly three years, down to the close of the Revolutionary war, and died ultimately from the effects of her wounds and exposures. In 1833, her husband, Benjamin Gannett, then a widower, petitioned Congress for a pension on the grounds of the services of his deceased wife, and a pension was granted him of eighty dollars a year from the 4th of March, 1831, to be continued for his life.

Though we ourselves would prefer the making of puddings, to the exposure of the camps, the fatigue of the march, and the strife of the battle, and suppose, too, our masters would prefer us for it, yet, as a matter of history, we deem it our duty to record this case of female soldierly patriotism. The report of the committee of Congress, in favor of the pension of her husband states, that "the whole history of the American Revolution records no case like her's, and presents no other similar example of female heroism and courage." It states that "she fought and bled for human liberty," and concludes in these words:

"He, (her husband,) indeed, was honored much by being the husband of such a wife, and as he has proved himself worthy of her, as he has sustained her through a long life of sickness and suffering, and as that sickness and suffering were occasioned by the wounds she received, and the hardships she endured in the defence of the country, and as there cannot be a parallel case in all time to come, the committee do not hesitate to grant relief."

And thus was a pension granted for life to a man who had rendered no service, on account of his deceased wife, who had.—*American Woman.*

#### SIX YEARS AND NO RE-ELECTION.

ONE of the suggestions which the recent political excitement enforces upon the mind, is, the propriety of altering the constitution, so that the President of the United States shall hold the office for six or eight years, but not be eligible for re-election. President-making costs the people of this country too much. These periodical excitements, which convulse the country through its whole length and breadth, are too frequent, too violent, and too long continued. The moment one election is over, before it is fairly known who is the successful candidate, new standards are raised in the midst of the smoke of battle, and new armies begin to be gathered and drilled for the conflict which is to come four years hence. Truly the war-horse "snuffeth the battle afar off."

But are the people never to have rest? Can any good come out of this perpetual turmoil? The conflict of parties in a Republic to a certain extent is un-

doubtedly salutary. The vigilance of one party serves in a measure to keep the other from mischief. But it is not well to have too much of a good thing, even in party strife.

The practice hitherto in politics has been to allow of only two sets of principles, whose only intelligible characteristics are that of *opposition*. Whatever is advanced on one side *must* be opposed and misrepresented on the other; until, the device of the shepherd boy is repeated on the community with like effect. From morning till evening these *lie* on one side and those *lie* on the other side—until all faith in testimony is literally banished! This is the state of things which Native Americanism found abroad in the land.

Now, we propose to introduce the old tests of *right* and *wrong*, and urge men and measures to be applauded or condemned on this distinction. We believe honest industry should be promoted. Doubtless on the first day our general parent spent outside Eden labor was felt to be a severe infliction—a curse indeed! But through descending generations its ulterior purpose stands exposed. Honorable independent labor is now a stern but honest sentinel to keep us from temptation. Indeed, you cannot make a thorough villain until all the just attributes of labor are abolished from the character. The cheerful performance of useful service reverses the original curse.

#### Song of the Office-Seeker.—A Parody.

BY ARTHUR MORRELL.

HEIGH-HO! for an office, heigh-ho!

Is there never an office to spare?

Never mind what it is, high or low,

From a hog-reeve to marshal or mayor.

I'm getting quite seedy, 'tis plain—

With my clothes all my prospects will fade;

I can't think of begging again—

I'm too lazy to work at my trade.

I once took't in very high snuff

When offered an office no higher

Than constable—now, glad enough

Would I be to get that of town-crier.

Who bids? I am versed in the creeds

Of all parties under the sun;

I will do all your small, dirty deeds—

Only pay me well when it is done.

Who bids? I will spout in key major,

For the sum of two dollars a day,

With equal effect (for a wager)

For James K. Polk or Henry Clay.

And if neither of these are in want,

For the "Natives" I then am on hand—

Although this is not, I will grant,

Exactly my own native land.

But then, what of that? I am not,

By a great deal, the first of the kind;

There are many like me who have sought

And found a *berth* just to their mind.

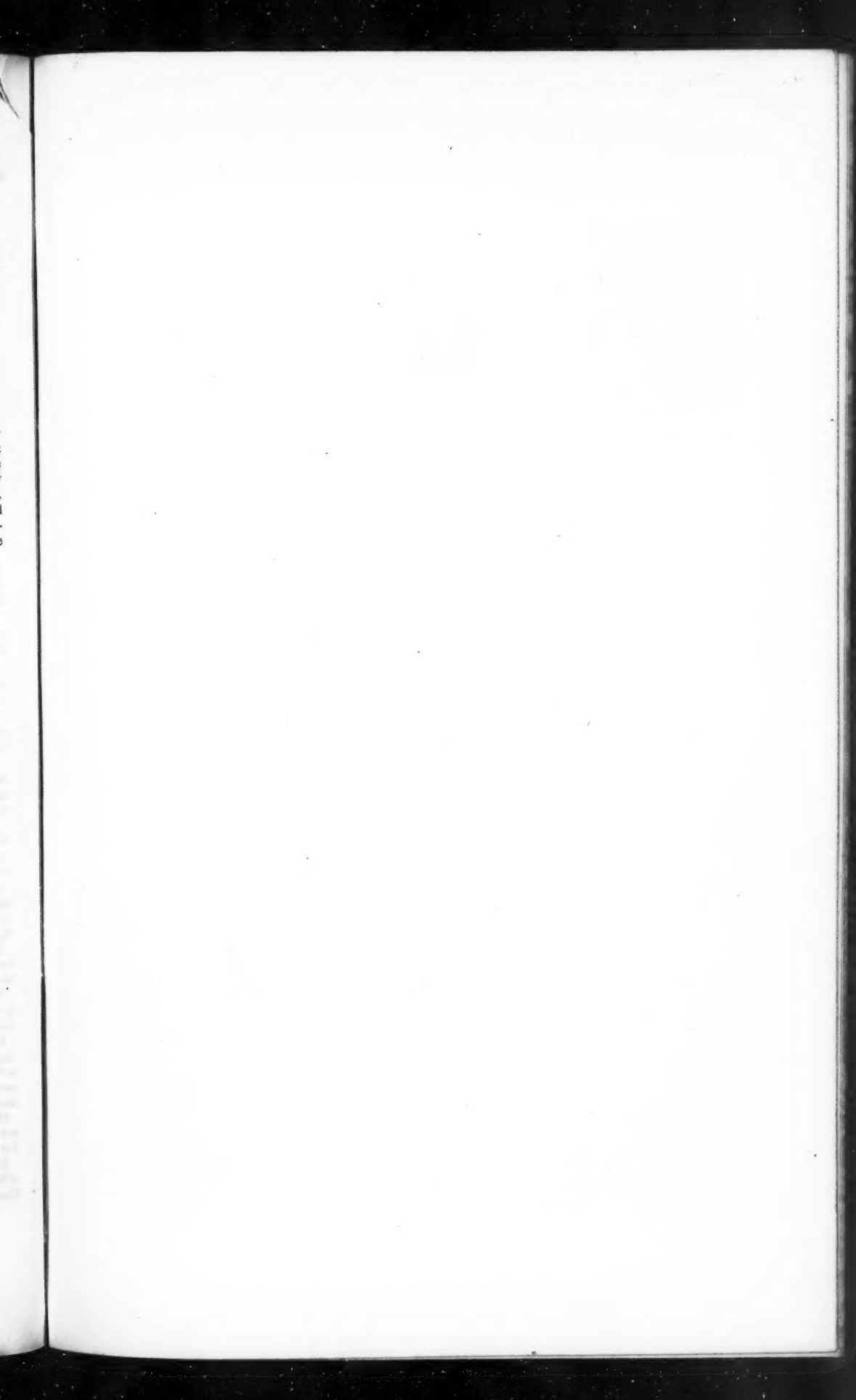
Who bids? Not a soul, I declare!

And must I to labor again?

No—I'll starve or I'll steal first, I swear,

Since I've tried for an office in vain!

For the REVER—New York, Nov. 1844.





THE GREAT BRIDGE







# THE ROVER.

## HOBOKEN.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Nobody in New York, or in this part of the country, needs to be told a word about Hoboken; but some of our distant readers perchance may not be so well informed on the subject. To them it may not be amiss to say, that Hoboken is situated opposite New York, on the Jersey shore of the Hudson, and is one of the most delightful retreats for a walk or a drive, to be found in the neighborhood of this, or perhaps any other city. It is a Dutch name, derived from an old town in Holland. Hoboken, during the summer months, is one of the most favorite resorts for the pent-up people of New York, who are panting for a breath of country air, and thousands daily visit its inviting groves and green "Elysian Fields," loiter through its unsurpassed promenades, and take a sip of fresh water from the fountain of the "Sybil's Cave."

But Hoboken has had its evil, as well as its good report. Duels and murders must stain the page of its history. The unknown fate of Mary Rogers, "the beautiful cigar girl," has thrown a tragic interest around its groves, and the fall of the great Hamilton upon these grounds will give them a sad remembrance in the patriotic hearts of the country.

"The hero falls—not by his country's foe—  
The hero bleeds—not in his country's cause—  
In single fight he meets the inglorious blow,  
Against the mandates of his country's laws."

## SPIRIT MUSINGS.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

In the lone and silent midnight,  
When the stars are glancing out,  
One by one, like holy beacons,  
Mid the darken'd sky of doubt—  
Then I feel within my spirit  
Breathings of a purer life—  
Voices of an inward music,  
Calming every thought of strife.

Light breaks in upon my darkness—  
Light that springeth not in earth;  
Low and sweet come many whispers—  
Not in fancy have they birth.  
And around me, mute and voiceless,  
Forms of more than mortal light  
Move with footsteps soft and noiseless—  
Fix on me their glances bright.

Each hath sorrow in its features,  
Yet a high and holy trust;  
Each hath soul within its glances—  
Soul that struggles with the dust.  
Each bright form that moves around me  
Brighter seems than that before—  
Less of dull and mortal seeming,  
More of light—of spirit more.

And as each one toward me turneth,  
In its mystic face I read  
My own self in heart and spirit—  
My own self from nature freed.  
VOLUME IV.—No. 11.

And with each bright glance there cometh  
Hope and trust within my heart,  
With a voice of music speaking  
That of which my soul is part.  
For the ROVER—November, 1844.

## INDIAN ADVENTURE IN OHIO.

Narrow Escape of two Scouts.

As early as the year 1790, the block house and stockade, above the mouth of the Hockhocking river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the North West Territory, now that portion of our state from the Ohio River to the Northern lakes. Then nature wore her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests interspersed with green and flowing prairies. Then the axe of the woodman had not been heard in the wilderness, nor the plough of the husbandman marred the beauties of the green prairies.

Among the many rich and luxuriant valleys, that of the Hockhocking was pre-eminent for nature's richest gifts—and the portion of it whereon Lancaster now stands, was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village, at a period so early that the "memory of many runneth not parallel thereto." On the green sward of the prairie was held many a rude gambol of the Indians; and here, too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of the most powerful tribes taking council for a war-path upon some weak and defenceless frontier post. Upon one of these war-stirring occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking, that the Indians were gathering in force somewhere up the valley, for the purpose of striking a terrible blow on one of the scattering defences of the whites. A council was held by the garrison and scouts sent up the Hockhocking, for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the foe and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and one of the balmy days of our Indian summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick flume and hazel bushes skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that most remarkable promontory, now known as Mount Pleasant, whose eastern summit gives a commanding view to the eye of what is doing on the prairies. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed from their eyrie, the horse racing, leaping, running, and throwing the deadly tomahawk by the warriors. The old sachems looked on with indifference—the squaws for the most part, engaged in their usual drudgeries; and the papposes manifesting the noisy wayward joy of childhood.

The arrival of any new party of warriors was hailed by the terrible war-whoop, which striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, was driven back into the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reverberation, and echo, till it seemed as if ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts they were but martial music—strains which waked their watchfulness and newly strung their iron flumes.

From their early youth they had always been on the frontier, and therefore were practised in all the subtlety, craft and cunning, as well as knowing the ferocity and blood-thirsty perseverance of the savage. They were not likely to be circumvented by the cunning of their foes; and without a desperate struggle, would not fall victims to the scalping knife.

On several occasions, small parties of warriors left the prairie and ascended the mount, on which occasions our scouts would hide in the fissures of the rocks, or lie by the side of some long prostrate tree, covered with the sere and yellow leaf, and again leave their hiding place when their uninvited guests had disappeared. For food they depended on jerked venison and cold corn-bread, with which their knapsacks had been well stored. Fire they dare not kindle, and the report of one of their rifles would bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain water which still stood in the excavations of the rocks, but in a few days this store was exhausted, and M'Clelland and White must abandon their enterprise, or find a new supply. M'Clelland being the eldest, resolved to make the attempt. With his trusty rifle in his grasp, and two canteens slung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the prairie, and skirting the hills to the north as much as possible, within the hazel thickets, he struck a course for the Hockhocking river. He reached its margin and turning an abrupt point of a hill, he found a beautiful fountain of limpid water, now known, as the Cold Spring, within a few feet of the river.

He filled his canteens and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of fresh water every day, and this duty was to be performed alternately. On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments, watching the limpid element as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth—the light sound of footsteps caught his practised ear, and upon turning round, he saw two squaws within a few feet of him; these upon turning the jut of the hill had come suddenly upon him.

The elder squaw gave one of those far reaching whoops, peculiar to the Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation—for if the alarm should reach the camp, him and his companion must evidently perish. Self preservation impelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws, and in such a manner as to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a panther, and grasping the throat of each, with one bound he sprang into the Hockhocking and rapidly thrust the head of the elder one under water, and made strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted.

During the short struggle, the younger female addressed him in his own language, though almost in articulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him, ten years before, she had been made a prisoner on Grave Creek Flats, and that the Indians in her presence, butchered her mother and two of her sisters; and that an only brother, who had been captured with her, had succeeded on the second night, in making his escape, but what became of him she knew not.

During this narrative, White, unobserved by the girl, had let go his grasp upon the elder squaw, whose body floated where it would not, probably, soon be

found. He now hastily directed the girl to follow him and with his usual energy and speed pushed for the mount.

They had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the spring, before the alarm cry was heard some quarter of a mile down the river. It was supposed that some warriors returning from a hunt struck Hockhocking just as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where M'Clelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians. As the prairie parties of Indians were seen to strike off in every direction, before White and the girl arrived, a party of some twenty warriors had gained the eastern acclivity of the mount, and were cautiously ascending—carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe as they glided from tree to tree and rock to rock, until the whole base of the mount was surrounded, and all hopes of escape cut off.

In this peril, nothing was left, other than to sell their lives as dearly as possible—this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians as soon as possible and tell them she had been a captive to scouts. She said "No! death, and that in the presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity. Furnish me with a rifle, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die. This spot I leave not! here my bones shall lie, bleaching with yours! and should either of you escape you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives."

Remonstrance proved fruitless; the two scouts matured their plans for a vigorous defence—opposing craft to craft—expedient to expedient—and an unerring fire of the deadly rifle. The attack commenced, in front where, from the narrow back-bone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, but where they could avail themselves of the rocks and trees. In advancing, the warrior must, however, be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form, was target enough for the unerring rifles of the scouts. After bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping them in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe made every preparation to attack them in the flank, which could be most successful and fatally done by reaching an isolated rock, lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point blank shot of the rifle, without the possibility of escape. Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation which nothing could avert, but a brave companion and an unerring shot—they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain fate resting upon them, they continued calm, and as calculating, and as unwearied, as the strongest desire of vengeance on a treacherous foe could possibly produce.

Soon M'Clelland saw a swarthy figure prepared to swing from a cover so near the fatal rock that a single bound must reach it, and all hope would be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one adventurous shot, although but one inch of the warrior's body was exposed; and that at the distance of one hundred yards—he resolved to risk all; coolly he raised the rifle to his eye, carefully shading the sight with his hands, he drew a line so close that he felt conscious it would do—he touched the hair trigger with his finger—the



hammer came down—but instead of striking fire it crushed his flint into a thousand fragments! Although he felt that the savage must reach the fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure, casting many a furtive glance toward the fearful point. Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap—and with the agility of a deer, he made a spring—but instead of reaching the rock, he sprang ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell, he fell to the earth and his carcass rolled fifty feet down the hill—he had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from below re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being foiled for the time in the most important movement. A few minutes proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught a glimpse of a swarthy warrior, cautiously advancing toward the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in the front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts, to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence and in a short time M'Clelland saw a warrior behind the cover, preparing for a leap to gain the fearful rock—the leap was made and the warrior, turning a somerset, his corpse rolled down toward his companion—again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf. The second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants; and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hill, the foe withdrew for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the scouts supposed that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or had been killed during the fight. They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from behind a rock, and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. She at once resolved to possess herself of the rifle, and crouching in the under growth, she crept to the spot and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the cross fire of the assailants and defendants. Her practised eye had noticed the fatal rock, and her's was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors had fallen—the last being the most wary, untiring, blood thirsty brave of the Shawnee tribe. He it was, who ten years previous, had scalped the family of the girl, and been her captor. In the west, dark clouds were now gathering, and in an hour the whole heavens were shrouded in them. This darkness greatly embarrassed the scouts in their contemplated night retreat, for they might readily lose their way, or accidentally fall on the enemy, this being highly probable if not inevitable.

An hour's consultation settled their plans and it was resolved that the girl, from her intimate knowledge of the localities, should lead the advance a few steps. Another advantage might be gained from their arrangement, for in case they should fall in with some out-post, the girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue would perhaps enable her to deceive the sentinel; and so the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended one hundred feet when a "whist" from the girl warned them of present danger. The scouts sunk silently to the earth,

where by previous agreement, they were to remain until another signal was given them by the girl, whose absence for more than a quarter of an hour, now began to excite most serious apprehension. At length she again appeared and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels, who were directly in their route, to a point some hundred feet distant. The descent was noiselessly resumed, the level ground, and the scouts followed the intrepid pioneer for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a small dog within a few feet, apprized them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the scout's rifles was heard by the girl, who rapidly approached them and stated that they were in the midst of the Indian wigwams, and their lives depended on the most profound silence, and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterward the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in the wigwam. She replied in the Indian language and without stopping, still pressed forward. In a short time she stooped and assured the scouts that the village was now cleared and that they were in safety. She knew every pass leading out of the prairie was safely guarded by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the very centre of their village as the least hazardous. The result proved the correctness of her judgment. They now kept a course for the Ohio, being guided by the Hockhocking river—and after three days march and suffering, the party arrived at the block house in safety.

Their escape from the Indians prevented the contemplated attack; and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Nell Washburn, celebrated in history as the renowned scout to Captain Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

The principal facts of the narrative were given by the brother of M'Clelland, to a citizen of Lancaster; and the adventures related prove that the truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

CUTTING A CHILD IN TWO.—A few days since a writ of Habeas Corpus was issued and returned before Judge Ulshoeffer, by W. J. Haskett, Esq., in behalf of Mr. Peter Anderson of this city, to obtain to body of his only daughter aged nine years; detained as alleged in his application by her grandmother, Mrs. Wesels of New Jersey. On the return of the writ, the Counsel for Mr. Anderson stated, as the lady held the child from the best motives and kind feelings for her welfare, he would consent the whole matter should be heard and determined upon her own story. The old lady with a great deal of feeling, told the Judge, that the little girl had been brought up by her from infancy, and was the gift of Mr. Anderson to her; and she could not part with her but with her life. It was then proposed by counsel to have the cause adjourned a few days, until some compromise could be effected. On the return day the parties appeared, and Mr. Haskett stated to the Judge that an amicable arrangement had been made, that he should ask for an absolute order, giving the custody of the child to her father, as it was agreed that Mr. Anderson was to have the child in the winter, and the grandmother to have her in the summer—share and share alike. The order was granted absolutely, and the parties retired from court with perfect good feeling.—*Sun.*

## The Damsel of Peru.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHERE olive leaves were twinkling in every wind that  
blew,  
There sat, beneath the pleasant shade, a damsel of  
Peru;  
Betwixt the slender boughs as they opened to the  
air,  
Came glimpses of her snowy arm and of her glossy  
hair;  
And sweetly rang her silver voice amid that shadowy  
nook,  
As from the shrubby glen is heard the sound of hidden  
brook.

'Tis a song of love and valor in the noble Spanish  
tongue,  
That once upon the sunny plains of Old Castile was  
sung,  
When, from their mountain holds, on the Moorish rout  
below,  
Had rushed the Christians like a flood, and swept away  
the foe,  
Awhile the melody is still, and then breaks forth  
anew  
A wilder rhyme, a livelier note, of freedom and Peru.

For she has bound the sword to a youthful lover's  
side,  
And sent him to the war, the day she should have been  
his bride,  
And bade him bear a faithful heart to battle for the  
right,  
And held the fountains of her eyes till he was out of  
sight.  
Since the parting kiss was given, six weary months  
are fled,  
And yet the foe is in the land and blood must yet be  
shed.

A white hand parts the branches, a lovely face looks  
forth,  
And bright dark eyes gaze steadfastly and sadly toward  
the north;  
Thou lookest in vain, sweet maiden; the sharpest sight  
would fail  
To spy a sign of human life abroad in all the vale;  
For the noon is coming on, and the sunbeams fiercely  
beat,  
And the silent hills and forest tops are reeling in the  
heat.

That white hand is withdrawn, that fair, sad face is  
gone;  
But the music of that silver voice is flowing sweetly  
on—  
Not, as of late, with cheerful tones, but mournfully  
and low,—

A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago,  
Of him who died in battle, the youthful and the brave,  
And her who died of sorrow upon his early grave.

But see, along that rugged path, a fiery horseman  
ride;

See the torn plume, the tarnished belt, the sabre at his  
side;  
His spurs are in his horse's sides, his hand casts loose  
the rein:  
There's sweat upon the streaming flank, and foam up-  
on the mane;  
He speeds toward the olive bower, along the shaded  
hill;  
God shield the hapless maiden there, if he should mean  
her ill.

And suddenly the song has ceased, and suddenly I  
hear  
A shriek sent up amid the shade—a shriek—but not of  
fear;  
For tender accents follow, and tenderer pauses speak  
The overflow of gladness when words are all too weak;  
"I lay my good sword at thy feet, for now Peru is  
free,  
And I am come to dwell beside the olive grove with  
thee."

## PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

FROM THE LIFE OF JOSHUA SLOCUM.

It was on a beautiful morning in October, that he  
resolved on making an excursion to his favorite hunt-  
ing grounds distant about four miles from the family  
mansion, and, contrary to his usual practice, took with  
him his younger brother, Samuel. Mounting his trusty  
rifle, and caparisoned with powder-horn, shot-pouch,  
and all the necessary implements of the sportsman,  
(not forgetting a plentiful supply of provisions,) they  
sallied forth at early dawn in search of game.

The forenoon wore away, and at meridian he had  
killed but a few gray squirrels, a raccoon, and some  
smaller game. Somewhat fatigued with their long  
tramp, they sat down under a large hickory tree and  
regaled themselves on the provisions they had brought  
with them. While eating they observed that the tree  
was heavily laden with nuts, and as they had had poor  
luck in gunning, it was proposed to fill the game bags  
with nuts, to carry home. As the frost had not fully  
opened them, they procured clubs for the purpose of  
beating them off, and placing the rifle at the foot of  
the tree, they both ascended it. Scarce had they com-  
menced operations, when a huge black bear emerged  
from a thicket and proceeded direct for the tree. Know-  
ing the bear's propensity for climbing, Joshua, to use  
his own expression, "for the first time in his life be-  
gan to feel streaked," and regretted that he had not  
his faithful rifle by his side. As it was, however, there  
was no alternative but to remain quiet, and watch the  
movements of his bearship.

While in this state of intense anxiety and fear, the  
bear raised himself erect upon his hind feet and moved  
direct for the tree: after passing around it several times,  
he thrust his huge paw into the bark and began to hitch  
himself up. At this juncture the younger brother be-  
came greatly alarmed, and began to cry; but Joshua  
endeavored to appease him—saying to him that they  
would be able to defend themselves with their clubs,  
and directed him to climb above; both moved higher  
into the tree.

In the meantime the bear was making rapid advan-  
ces, and when within reaching distance, Joshua aimed  
a blow at his head, hoping to stun him or drive him

from his position; but the bear parried the blow and disarmed him with the adroitness of a fencing master. He then seized his brother's club and aimed a second blow at his now exasperated enemy—but with no better success, for the bear interposed his huge paw, averted the blow, and the club fell innoxious to the ground. At this time the two brothers began to accelerate their movement to the top of the tree, while the bear kept in close juxtaposition to them. They had now all reached the highest branches of the tree, and were all on one limb, the bear beginning to lacerate the feet and ankles of Joshua.

All was now given up for lost, but just at that moment the top of the tree began to bend and crack, and finally broke, when down came Joshua, Samuel, bear and all, about thirty feet to the ground. The concussion was terrible, and they all lay insensible for some time. Upon recovering it was found that Samuel was not much injured, he having fallen partly on the bear, and the bear upon Joshua's leg, dislocating his ankle. Samuel got out of the way as soon as he could, and bruen soon afterward relieved Joshua by hitching off from his leg, evidently much injured, and began slowly to limp off, quite willing to make a draw game of it. But Joshua, although suffering greatly from his wound, determined that matters should not end so, and calling to his brother for his rifle, he discharged it at his retreating foe. The ball took effect in his left thigh.

Foaming with rage, and smarting under his wounds, the bear turned instantly upon his assailant, when a contest of doubtful issue ensued. As the bear approached, the younger brother fled, but our hero stood his ground manfully. Not having time to re-load, his only means of defence lay in the butt of his rifle. With this he encountered the foe, who now maddened to desperation, made a fearful onset.

Exhibiting the same skill he had displayed in the tree, the bear for a length of time parried the blows of our hero, who, being nearly exhausted from the pain of his wounds and the effect of the fall, began to entertain fears that he would disarm him, and, as he facetiously remarked, "give him a fraternal hug." By a fortunate and well directed blow, he finally brought him to the ground, and plunging his knife into his body, ended the encounter.

Finding himself unable to walk home, Joshua despatched his brother to the village to inform his father of his situation, who, with some of his neighbors, hastened to his relief, and conveyed him home. The bear, too, was borne in triumph to the town, and the next day the village of Franklin resounded with the exploits and hair breadth escapes of Joshua Slocum. Nor was this all. A barbecue was determined upon, and his bearship, who would fain have made a meal of Joshua the day before, was now sumptuously served up to the villagers of Franklin. Hundreds of all ages and sexes were in attendance, and joy and hilarity was everywhere predominant. Our hero was toasted in full bumpers, and the fair daughters of Franklin vied with each other in doing him honors.

ONE OF EGYPT'S PLAGUES.—The Belnap (N. H.) Gazette says that two hundred full grown frogs left their natural element the other day and paid a visit to the house of Mr. Nathaniel Roberts, in Alton, traveling some dozen or fifteen rods in a body, up quite a steep hill, and hovering upon the door stone, seeming to seek admittance into the house.

## MILLERISM IN OLDEN TIMES.

In the year 1812, it was predicted and promised that the Mediterranean Sea should be dried up, that believers should pass to Jerusalem on foot, there to build up the new city. After what we have seen in our own time, it will readily be credited that Italy was filled with pilgrims waiting the drying up of the sea, to commence their journey; and the misery which these persons suffered, and which they inflicted upon their friends and dependants by their infatuation, will easily be imagined.

In 1524, John Stoflerous, a mathematician and astrologer of Suabia, predicted a great deluge, and he was so far believed that those who owned lands near the sea sold out at a great loss. Books were published giving cheap directions how to escape the inundation; and surveyors actually consulted the stars, and pointed out what places would be least exposed to the waters. Boats were built and placed on the tops of high pillars, in which the believers sat, with their families, waiting for the water to come up and float them off. Many arches were contrived, with breathing holes in the top, in which men might live, with the waters around them, until the danger had passed away. The time fixed for the inundation proved a very dry season, and the water-proof contrivances were ruined by a continued drought. And notwithstanding the failure of this prediction, we find that Stoflerous did not lose his faith; for he then set the final destruction of the world for the year 1586, and died prophesying it.

Meanwhile, Martin Stifellus predicted the end of the world to take place in 1523, giving the day and the hour. He was in his pulpit preaching on the subject, when the time arrived, and his audience was waiting the consummation of all things, when a violent storm arose, and for a short time he and his people were full in the belief that all was over. The storm passed away, the sky was serene, the day was delightful, and the preach was dragged from his desk and almost beaten to death.

William Hackett, in 1590, predicted the destruction of England, and had not a few followers. He claimed himself to be Monarch of all Europe, and his followers proclaimed him. He was hanged for sedition, an argument which is not now used as a last error.

Walter Gostello, in 1658, foretold the restoration of Charles II., and the destruction of London. The first part of his prophecy being fulfilled, gave him some credit as a prophet. The second part, it is hardly necessary to say, is as yet unaccomplished.

Thomas Venner, who flourished about the same time declared that earthly kings were imposters, and attempting with a crowd of his followers, to take actual possession of the earth, in the name of the Lord, they were opposed by the soldiery. They fought like tigers, believing themselves invulnerable, but were overpowered by numbers, and Venner with twelve others, was hanged.

There were several such prophets in France in the 17th century—but one of the most remarkable of the seers of that era was John Mason, a minister of Water Stratford, near Buckingham, England. Mason believed himself Elias, and announced that Christ was shortly to appear on earth, and fix his throne at Stratford. An immense concourse met at the time appointed, and with fiddles and other musical instruments, with dancing and other tumultuous signs of rejoicing, awaited the coronation. Poor Mason died in 1697, a

full believer in the delusion that he had frequent conversations with the Saviour, and that his divine mission was confirmed.

Whiston, the mathematician, was a believer in the immediate approach of the millenium, and lived to see the failure of two predictions. Lord Napier, the inventor of the logarithms, also prophesied the end of the world, and outlived its term, as he had set it. Dr. Lloyd, Bishop of Worcester, at ninety years of age, went to Queen Anne, and prophesied that at the end of four years the King of France would turn Protestant, there would be a war of religion and the papacy would be destroyed.

To come down to a later time in 1761, two learned men arrived at Cologne, who conversed with the Jesuits of that city in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldean. They gave out that they came from Damascus, and were seven hundred years old; and prophesied that Constantinople would be destroyed in 1767, that the whole world would be shook by an earthquake in 1770, that the sun, moon and stars would fall in 1771, that the world would be burnt in 1772, and the general judgement take place in 1778.

In the year 1672, a hermit frightened the inhabitants of Trieste into the belief that the destruction of that city was immediately to take place; and so general was the faith in which his predictions were received, that the city was absolutely deserted to escape the destruction. But the day passed over without any calamity to any one except the unlucky prophet; for when his disciples returned to renew their business, they found the predictor of destruction had realized it in his own person. He was hanged by the proper authorities.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century, the whole court of France was thrown into terror, and the people who had never prayed before began then, in the belief that the immediate destruction of the world was at hand. As the event did not verify their fears, and the world continued to stand, they made up for temporary self denial by plunging into the worst excesses. The re-action made them infinitely greater sinners than they were before.

We have quoted these facts—few, indeed, among the very many which might be adduced, to remind the reader that this is “no new thing under the sun.” We are inclined to think that with the failure of this last, as fail it must, for the people's expectations cannot be kept up forever, delusions of this particular description will cease, and men no longer strive to be wise above what is written. Whether the end of the whole world, occurs sooner or later it is of little individual consequence to any of us; for death must happen at some time, and it is as little likely to occur soon as late; and death to the individual is an end of the world so far as he or she is concerned. We do not think of preparing for that by waiting in idleness—nor should any think to prepare for the end of all things in any other way than by continuance of the performance of our duties to our Maker, to our fellows, and to ourselves.

Since we wrote the preceding, the following eloquent passage from Mosheim, relative to the state of the Christian world in the tenth century; a period previous to these in which the instances we have quoted above occurred, has fallen under our eye:

“Among the opinions which took possession of the minds of men, none occasioned such an universal

panic, nor such dreadful impressions of terror and dismay as a notion that now prevailed of the immediate approach of the day of judgment. This notion, which took its rise from a remarkable passage in the Revelations of St. John, and had been entertained by some teachers in the preceding century, was advanced publicly by many at that time, and spreading itself with amazing rapidity through the European provinces, it threw them into great consternation and anguish. They imagined that St. John had clearly foretold that after a thousand years from the birth of Christ, Satan was to be let loose from his prison, Anti Christ to come, and the destruction and conflagration of the world to follow those great and terrible events. Hence prodigious numbers of people abandoned all the civil connections and their parental relations; and giving over to the churches and monasteries all their lands, treasures, and worldly effects, repaired with the utmost precipitation to Palestine, where they imagined that Christ would descend from heaven to judge the world. Others devoted themselves by a solemn and voluntary oath to the service of the churches, convents and priesthood, whose slaves they became in the most rigorous sense of the world, performing daily heavy tasks; and all this from a notion that the Supreme Judge would dismiss their sentence, and look upon them with more favorable and propitious eye, on account of their having made themselves the slaves of his ministers. When an eclipse of the sun or moon happened to be visible, the cities were deserted, and their miserable inhabitants fled for refuge to caverns, and hid themselves among the craggy rocks and under the bending summits of steep mountains. The rich attempted to bribe the Deity by rich donations conferred on the sacerdotal and monastic orders, who were looked upon as the immediate vicegerents of heaven. In many places temples, palaces and noble edifices, both public and private were left to suffer decay; they were deliberately pulled down, from a notion that they were no longer of any use, since the final dissolution of all things was at hand. In a word no language is sufficient to express the confusion and despair that tormented the minds of these miserable mortals on this occasion. The general delusion was indeed opposed and combated by the discerning few, who endeavored to dispel these groundless terrors, and to efface the notions from which they arose in the minds of the people. But their attempts were ineffectual; nor could the apprehensions of the superstitious multitude be entirely removed before the end of this century. Then when they saw that the so much dreaded period had passed without the arrival of any great calamity, they began to understand that St. John had not foretold what they so much feared.”—*U. S. Saturday Post.*

**A BOLD PREACHER.**—The boldness of Samuel Davies will be illustrated by a single anecdote. When President of Princeton College he visited England for the purpose of obtaining donations for the institution. The King (Geo. III.) had a curiosity to hear a preacher from the wilds of America. He accordingly attended, and was so much struck with his commanding eloquence that he expressed his astonishment loud enough to be heard half way over the house in such terms as these: “he is a wonderful man! Why he beats my bishops.” Davies seeing that the king was attracting



more attention than himself, paused, and looking his majesty full in the face, gave him in an emphatic tone, the following beautiful rebuke: "When the lion roar-eth, let the beasts of the forest tremble; and when the Lord speaketh, let the kings of the earth keep silence." The king instantly shrank back in his seat, like a school-boy rapped over the head by his master, and remained quiet during the remainder of the sermon. The next day the monarch sent for him, and gave him fifty guineas for the Institution over which he presided, observing at the same time to his courtiers—"He is an honest man; an honest man." Not one of his silken bishops would have given him such a reproof.

#### L O N D O N .

London must be seen to be justly estimated. The opinions entertained in the United States as to the wealth, extent and importance of this great city are very erroneous. And it is not surprising that I fell into error on this subject in common with all my countrymen. Without further preface I will attempt to fulfil my promise.

London you may remember, was once only two miles in circumference, and was enclosed in a space of two hundred acres. It was surrounded by a stone wall twenty-five feet high, the gates of some parts of which still exist. From this beginning, in a few centuries it has become a leviathan city. She now exceeds in extent Rome in her most palmy days. This city has been several times on the verge of destruction by fires, has been nearly depopulated by pestilences; and has suffered immensely by civil wars; all of which would have annihilated any other place. But its peculiar location, its political importance in early times, and above all, its commercial position on one of the finest rivers in the kingdom, only sixty miles from the sea, have enabled it to overcome all difficulties, and gradually to increase to its present importance. The extraordinary vicissitudes and changes which have marked the progress of London, the important events, political and commercial, that have transpired within its walls, is not my present purpose to describe. I will not attempt a particular description of the city; that is impossible in the circumscribed space of a letter; but I may perhaps amuse you by giving an outline of what I have seen in various walks and rides in the great capital.

In the first place, to enable you to form an idea of the extent of London, I will briefly state that it contains over ten thousand streets, courts and alleys, one hundred and sixty thousand houses and public edifices, and nearly two millions of inhabitants; it covers a space of eighteen square miles, and is over thirty miles in circumference. In other words, it is more than seven times as large as the city of New York.

London is the central mart of the commerce of the world; gathering its riches from all parts of the globe and centralizing the wealth of many climes. It is not surprising that its magnificence bears so close a proportion to its extent, or that all who have talent or industry to dispose of, art to exhibit, or science to teach, should so frequently make London the haven of their hope.

In my first ride to London I visited some of the splendid squares in the West End, and admired the magnificent and commodious residences which line the squares. I took a passing view of the public edifices,

theatres and great club houses, in order to get some idea of the localities, places to mark on the map, the better to understand the chart of London, so difficult to comprehend; but, after a ride of five or six hours, I returned to my lodgings, satisfied that the extent of this city, far exceeded anything I had "dreamt of in my philosophy."

The next day I made a trip on the Thames as far as Greenwich, and accordingly embarked with an American friend at Hungerford Market, above Waterloo bridge, in one of the one hundred steamers employed in carrying passengers up and down the Thames. The first objects that fixed my attention was the busy scene of steamers passing and re-passing every few minutes, shooting by each other with great rapidity. These boats bear the names of the muses, the nymphs, the graces, naval warriors, &c. They are generally about forty to fifty horse power, and are well managed. It is curious to see with what skill they contrive to pass each other among the thousand boats and vessels on this crowded river. As we left the pier we saw crowds of people waiting for or embarking or landing from steamers, intent on business or pleasure, and what is extraordinary, these crowds continue a larger part of the day. We had just passed the pier, when we saw the great blocks or piers of the new Suspension Bridge now in progress below the Hungerford Market. It will be a beautiful work when completed, and, it is supposed, will rival the great Bridge in Anglesea. Our boat passed rapidly through the arches of all the bridges, and the Custom House came into view; a very large dark stone building admirably and appropriately situated on the bank of the river. On the left the crowds of smacks or fishing-boats marked Billingsgate—famous for its Oysters and its Eloquence. Next came the Tower in full view; a very conspicuous object occupying a great deal of ground on the river bank. When I looked at it I could not but remember the imprisonments, cruelty and murders which the daring, the wise, the virtuous and the unfortunate had suffered within the walls of this famous old fortress.

We next arrived at the "Pool;" the channel left in the river at midstream being lined on both sides with shipping. The vessels in long dark lines, and the rigging and sails mingling in one long web, a confused interlacing of spars as far as the eye could reach. Ten thousand masts might be seen from the river, for we were by this time in view of the great St. Catharine and the West India docks. I cannot express my astonishment when I first saw on and near the Thames the number of vessels. The great docks for the accommodation of vessels, cover a space of twenty acres, and some of them a great deal more. The line of vessels in the West India docks extend a mile or more—and this is but one. The vaults under the wharves at St. Catharine are estimated to contain fourteen acres, are filled with wine, and resemble the catacombs at Paris, or the caves of Kentucky.

On the sides of the river I observed several large vessels without masts, with iron gratings in the port-holes and windows, which were the stations of the Thames Police. At other points on the river we saw vessels moored, having on board the apparatus for restoring persons apparently drowned; these are under the direction of the Humane Society of London, a highly respectable association.

As we progressed we saw nearly a thousand large black, burdensome barges on either shore; these are

employed in the great trade carried on here in supplying London with provisions and coal. On the way we stopped at the Tunnel pier to take in passengers; here we were directly over the Tunnel and a large ship was passing at that moment. It was a strange sight to see this great ship passing over a place, below which hundreds of human beings were busy, unconscious of the enormous weight directly over their heads. It is one of the wonderful novelties of our day, that a dry, secure path should be constructed not only across but beneath a wide and deep stream like the Thames.—*Correspondent of the Sun.*

#### THE GOODWIVES OF WEINSBERG.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Who can tell me where Weinsberg lies?  
As brave a town as any;  
It must have cradled good and wise,  
Both wives and maidens many.  
Should I e'er wooing have to do,  
I' faith, in Weinsberg will I woo!

The Emperor Conrad, on a time,  
In wrath the town was battering,  
And near it lay his warriors prime,  
And sturdy horsemen clattering;  
And, with fierce firing, rode and ran  
All round about it, horse and man.

As him the little town withstood,  
Though everything it wanted,  
So did he swear, in vengeful mood,  
No mercy should be granted:  
And thus his heralds spake—"This know,  
I'll hang you, rascals, in a row!"

When in the town was heard this threat,  
It caused a great dejection,  
And every neighbor neighbor met  
With mournful interjection:  
Though bread was very dear in price,  
Yet dearer still was good advice.

"Ah, wo for me, most wretched man!  
Great wo the siege has won us!"  
They cried—and every priest began:  
"The Lord have mercy on us!"  
"Oh, wo, wo, wo!" on all sides clang'd;  
"We feel, e'en now as good as hang'd!"

When in despair wise men will sit,  
In spite of council-masters—  
How oft has saved them woman's wit  
From manifold disasters!  
Since woman's wit, as all men know,  
Is subtler than aught else below.

There was a wife to her good man  
But yesterday united;  
And she a wise scheme hit upon,  
Which all the town delighted,  
And made them all so full of glee,  
They laughed and chattered famously.

Then, at the hour of midnight damp,  
Of wives a deputation  
Went out to the besieger's camp,  
Praying for capitulation:  
So soft they prayed, so sweet they prayed!  
And for these terms their prayer was made:

"That all the wives might be allowed  
Their jewels forth to carry;  
What else remained, the warriors proud  
Might rive, and hang, and harry."  
To this the emperor swore consent—  
And back the deputation went.

Thereon, as soon as morn was spied,  
What happened? Give good hearing!  
The nearest gate was opened wide,  
And out each wife came, bearing—  
True as I live!—all pick-a-pack,  
Her worthy husband in a sack!

Then many a courtier, in great wrath,  
The good-wives would have routed;  
But Conrad spake—"My kingly faith  
May not be false or doubted!  
Ha! bravo!" cried he as they came—  
"Think you *our* wives would do the same?"

Then gave he pardon and a feast,  
Those gentle ones to pleasure;  
And music all their joy increased,  
And dancing without measure;  
As did the mayoress waltzing twirl,  
So did the besom-binding girl.

Ay, tell me now where Weinsberg lies?  
As brave a town as any;  
And cradled has it good and wise  
Both wives and maidens many:  
If wooing e'er I have to do,  
I' faith, one of Weinsberg will I woo!

**BODY DISCOVERED IN A CAVE.**—In a limestone cavern in Virginia, known as McCoy's cave, a body of a man was discovered which must have lain there some time, and probably fell through by accident, as no one has been missing. It is probable from his dress that he must have been in the cave for a number of years. His face, hands, and legs below the knees (the rest of the body being clothed) had much the appearance of an Egyptian mummy, being dried and shrunken to the bones. It was dressed with a pair of buckskin short breeches, fastened at the knees with four buttons; stockings that seemed to have been made of yarn, but only a small portion remained. The coat was of a blue cloth entire, but so rotten that it came to pieces when slightly pulled; vest of a lighter colored cloth, and steel or iron buttons. There was no hat seen, and the hair which was a dark brown was slightly gray. The buttons of the coat were of brass, and corroded to a dark green color. In his hand was clutched a chain, with a watch attached, and a broad flat gold key with a steel barrel. In his pocket were several pieces of silver coin—three Spanish pistareens, and a smaller one, besides two trunk keys, with a ring to fasten them together. Many speculations were made as to the probable time of his death; all coincide in the opinion that he had fallen through the opening at some period long before, where, unable to get out he had perished. The body was decently interred in the burying ground attached to the Presbyterian church near Luray. No one now living can recollect having heard of any person being missing. From the character of the dress it is evident that he belonged to the past generation, and a mystery must

forever involve the affair, to be used as a subject for the future novelist, or as futile speculation.

#### AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.

JAMES STUART (commonly known by the name of "Jemmy Strength,") died April, 11, 1843, aged 116 years. He was born on December 25, 1728, at Charleston, South Carolina. His father, General John Stuart, was a near relative of the pretender Prince Charles. He left America when seven years of age, and was a spectator at the battle of Preston Pans; and witnessed the death of Colonel Gardner and the flight of John Cope. He beheld the triumphal entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh, and was a spectator at the battle of Culloden. When about 20 years of age enlisted in the 42d Highlanders, in which regiment he remained about seven years. He was an ensign in General Wolfe's army, and fought at the battle of Quebec; after that war he sold his commission, but very soon after he again entered the army and served during the American war, and was at the battle of Bunker's Hill. After this he entered the navy, and served under Rodney. He was also for several years a sailor on board of merchant vessels. About sixty years ago he settled in Berwick-upon-Tweed, or rather in Tweedmouth, and during that period he has traveled the borders as a wandering minstrel, scraping upon a wretched violin. He has had five wives and 27 children.

Ten of his sons, were killed in battle—five in the East Indies, two at Trafalgar, one at Waterloo, and two at Algiers. He was short in stature, but of remarkable strength; he is said upon one occasion, about thirty years ago, to have gone beneath a cart loaded with hay, and carried it on his back for several yards. A fund was raised some time since, which should enable the old man to spend the evening of his long and eventful life in comparative ease and comfort. He said a few weeks ago that he "hadna been sae weel aff this hunder years."

His death was caused by an injury which he received from a fall on Thursday, April 4th. The remains of this extraordinary man were on Sunday, April 14th, consigned to the tomb in Tweedmouth church-yard. The funeral was attended by an immense concourse of people, considerably more than 5,000—*English Paper.*

#### DESPERATE COMBAT WITH INDIANS.

The following account of individual bravery and endurance is one of the most remarkable in the history of the country. The Boston Pilot lately sneered at Americans for want of courage. Let the editor of that outlandish paper take up this story to fortify his position.

The pioneer who dwells in the vicinity of Indian hunting ground, forming a barrier between savage and civilized men, learns to hate the Indian because he hears him spoken of always as an enemy. Having listened from his cradle to tales of savage violence, and pursued with interest the narrative of aboriginal cunning and ferocity, and numbering also, among the victims of some midnight massacre, his nearest and dearest relation, it is not to be wondered at that he should fear and detest the savage. While the war-whoop is sounding in his ears, the rifle is kept in readiness, and the cabin door secured with the return of evening.

Among those thus born and reared, one Thomas

Higgins, of Kentucky, stands pre-eminent. During the war of 1812, he enlisted at the age of nineteen in a company of rangers, and came to Illinois. One of the most remarkable events of that war occurred near Vandalia, in which Higgins participated.

A little fort, or rather a block-house, having been erected about twenty miles from Vandalia, late the capital of Illinois, and about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, to protect the frontier settlements from the Indians, Lieutenant Journey and twelve men were assigned as its garrison. Of the latter, Higgins was one.

The surrounding country was, at that time a continuous forest; and the little hamlet of Greenville a frontier town.

On the 26th of August, 1814, strong indications of savages being in the neighborhood were apparent, and at night a party of Indians were seen prowling about the fort.

On the morning of the 31st, before daylight, Lieut. Journey, with the whole force under his command, sallied forth in pursuit of them; they had not proceeded far before a large party of savages—seventy or eighty in number—rose from their ambush, and at the first fire the Lieutenant and three of his men were killed and another wounded. Six returned in safety to the fort, and one (Thomas Higgins,) lingered behind in order to have "one more pull at the enemy."

The morning was sultry. The day had not yet dawned; a heavy dew had fallen during the night, and the air being still and humid, the smoke from their guns hung like a cloud over the awful scene.

By aid of this cloud the companions of Higgins escaped to the fort. Higgin's horse having been shot in the neck, fell upon his knees; he rose however again. Higgins, supposing him to be mortally wounded, dismounted, and was about to leave him. Perceiving soon thereafter his error, and that the wound was not dangerous, he determined to make good his retreat, but resolved before doing so to avenge the death of some of his companions.

He sought, therefore, a tree, from behind which he could shoot with safety. A small elm, scarcely sufficient to protect his body, was near. It was the only one in sight, and before he could reach it, the smoke partly arose and discovered to him a number of Indians approaching. One of them was in the act of loading his gun. Higgins, having taken deliberate aim, fired, and the foremost savage fell. Concealed still by the smoke, Higgins reloaded, mounted his horse, and turned to fly, when a voice apparently, from the grass, hailed him with, "Tom you won't leave me, will you?"

Higgins turned immediately around, and seeing a fellow soldier by the name of Burgess lying on the ground, wounded and gasping for breath, replied, "No, I'll not leave you—come along."

"I can't come," said Burgess; "my leg is all smashed to pieces."

Higgins dismounted, and taking up his friend, whose ankle had been broken, was about to lift him on his horse, when the latter taking fright darted off in an instant, and left Higgins and his wounded friend behind.

"This is too bad," said Higgins; "but don't fear; you hop off on three legs, and I'll stay behind between you and the Indians, and keep them off. Get into the

tallest grass and crawl as near the ground as possible." Burgess did so and escaped.

The smoke soon cleared away, and he resolved if possible to retreat. To follow the track of Burgess was the most expedient. It would however endanger his friend.

He determined, therefore, to venture boldly forward, and if discovered, to secure his own safety by the rapidity of his flight. On leaving a small thicket, in which he had sought refuge, he discovered a tall, portly savage near by, and two others in a direction between him and the fort. He paused for a moment, and thought if he could separate and fight them singly, his case was not so desperate.

He started, therefore, for a little run of water hard by, but found one of his limbs failing him—it having been struck by a ball in the first encounter, of which, till now, he was scarcely conscious.

The largest Indian pressed close upon him—and Higgins turned round two or three times in order to fire. The Indian halted and danced about in order to prevent his taking aim. Higgins saw it was unsafe to fire at random; and perceiving two others approaching, knew he must be overpowered in a moment, unless he could dispose of the forward Indian. He resolved, therefore, to halt and receive his fire. The Indian raised his rifle, and Higgins, watching his eye, turned suddenly as his finger pressed the trigger, and received the ball in his thigh, which otherwise would have pierced his body.

Higgins fell, but rose immediately and run. The foremost Indian, certain of his prey, now loaded again, and with the other two, pressed on. They overtook him—Higgins fell again, and as he rose the whole three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose again—and the Indians, throwing away their guns, advanced upon him with spears and knives. As he presented his gun at one or the other, each fell back.

At last, the largest Indian, supposing Higgins' gun to be empty from his fire having thus been reserved, advanced boldly to the charge. Higgins fired, and the Indian fell.

He had now four bullets in his body—an empty gun in his hand—two Indians unharmed, as yet, before him—and a whole tribe a few yards distant. Any other man but Higgins would have despaired. Napoleon would have acknowledged himself defeated; Wellington, with all his obstinacy, would have considered the case as doubtful—and Charles of Sweden have considered it one of peril. Not so with Higgins. He had no notion of surrendering yet. He had slain the most dangerous of the three; and having little to fear from the others, he began to load his rifle. They raised a savage whoop, and rushed to the encounter; but kept at a respectable distance when Higgins' rifle was loaded, but when they knew it was empty they were better soldiers.

A bloody conflict now ensued. The Indians stabbed him in several places. Their spears, however were but thin poles, hastily prepared for the occasion, and bent whenever they struck a rib or a muscle. The wounds they made were not, therefore, deep, though numerous, as his scars sufficiently testified. At last, one of them drew his tomahawk. It struck him upon the cheek, passed through the ear, which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of the head, and stretch-

ed him upon the prairie. The Indians again rushed on; but Higgins, recovered his self-possession, and kept them off with his feet and hands. Grasping, at length one of their spears, the Indians, in attempting to pull it from him, raised Higgins up, who, taking his rifle, smote the nearest savage, and dashed out his brains. In doing so, however, his rifle broke, the barrel only remaining in his hands.

The other Indian, who had hitherto fought with caution, came now manfully into the battle—his character as a warrior was in jeopardy. To have fled from a man thus wounded and unarmed, or to have suffered his victim to have escaped, would have tarnished his fame for ever.

Uttering, therefore, a terrific yell, he rushed on, and attempted to stab the exhausted ranger; but the latter ward off his blow with one hand, and brandished his rifle with the other.

The Indian was yet unarmed, and under existing circumstances by far the most powerful. Higgins's courage, however, was unexhausted and inexhaustible. The savage at last began to retreat from the glare of his untamed eye to the spot where he left his rifle. Higgins knew if the Indian recovered that, his own case was desperate: throwing his rifle barrel aside and drawing his hunting knife, he rushed upon his foe. A desperate strife ensued; deep gashes were inflicted on both sides. Higgins, fatigued and exhausted by the loss of blood, was no longer a match for the savage. The latter succeeded in throwing his adversary from him, and went immediately in pursuit of his rifle. Higgins at the same time rose and sought for the gun of the other Indian. Both, therefore, bleeding and out of breath, were in search of arms to renew the contest.

The smoke had now passed away, and a large number of Indians were in view. Nothing it would seem, could now save the gallant ranger. There was, however, an eye to pity, and an arm to save; and that arm was a woman's!

The little garrison had witnessed the whole combat. It consisted of but six men and one woman; and that woman was of herself a host—a Mrs. Pursley. When she saw Higgins contending, single handed with a whole tribe of savages, she urged the rangers to attempt his rescue. The rangers objected, as the Indians were ten to one. Mrs. Pursley, therefore, snatched a rifle from her husband's hand, and declaring that "so fine a fellow as Tom Higgins should not be lost for want of help," mounted a horse and sallied forth to his rescue. The men, unwilling to be outdone by a woman, followed at full gallop—reached the spot where Higgins fainted and before the Indians came up; and while the savage with whom he had been engaged was looking for his rifle, his friends lifted the wounded ranger up, and throwing him across a horse before one of the party, reached the fort in safety.

Higgins was insensible for several days; and his life was preserved by continual care. His friends extracted two of the balls from his thigh—two, however, yet remained, one of which gave him a great deal of pain. Hearing afterward that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, he determined to go and see him. The physician (whose name is spared) asked him fifty dollars for the operation. This Higgins flatly refused, saying it was more than half a year's pension. On reaching home, he found the exercise of riding had made the ball discernible; he requested his wife, therefore, to hand him his razor. With her assistance, he



deliberately laid open the thigh, until the edge of the razor touched the bullet; then inserting his two thumbs into the gash, "he flirited it out," as he used to say, "without costing him a cent." The other ball yet remained; it gave him, however, but little pain, and he carried it with him to his grave.

Higgins died in Fayette county, Illinois, a few years since. He was the most perfect specimen of a frontier man in his day, and was once door-keeper of the House of Representatives of Illinois.

**A VEGETABLE MAN.**—Among the many curious specimens of art and nature exhibited at the State Fair, was a figure which, says a contemporary, would have made a stoic or a misanthrope split his sides with laughter. Here is his portrait drawn by an eye witness:

It was a perfect vegetable man, or perhaps I should say woman—for I believe it was called the "Hindoo Goddess." It was composed of vegetables, the face only excepted. The head was a huge cabbage, large enough to furnish a small family with a winter's supply of sour-kraut. Then came the mask face. The ear-rings were composed of fine strings of beets; the arms were a compound substance, being composed of about equal parts of onions, beets and carrots; around the neck was strung a necklace of peppers; the body was a huge pumpkin, so large and tempting in appearance, that it seemed to say, "Come and eat me." Two muskmelons served as thighs, heads of celery for the knee parts of the legs, and crook-necked squashes made no mean imitation of a Chinese shoe! This antique and valuable statue was perched upon a pedestal composed of several cargoes of pumpkins and squashes. The curious looking production was a handiwork of the family of General Davies, of Poughkeepsie. One could not blame the ignorant Hindoo for worshipping such a goddess, for the idol, unlike the great mass of its kind, could at least be eaten, and thus contribute, of its substance, to his bodily support.

#### A TOUCHING LITTLE STORY OF ROMAN ATTACHMENT.

Among the incredible number of persons who were proscribed under the second triumvirate of Rome, were the celebrated orator Cicero and his brother Quintus. When the news of the proscription was brought to them, they endeavored to make their escape to Brutus, in Macedon. They traveled together for some time, mutually condoling their bad fortune; but as their departure had been very precipitate, and they were not furnished with money and other necessities for the voyage, it was agreed that Cicero should make what haste he could to the sea side to secure their passage, and that Quintus should return home to make more ample provisions. But, as in most houses, there are as many informers as domestics, his return was immediately made known, and the house, in consequence, filled with soldiers and assassins. Quintus concealed himself so effectually that the soldiers could not find him. Enraged at their disappointment they put his son to torture, in order to make him disclose the place of his father's concealment; but filial affection was proof in this young Roman against the most exquisite tortments. An involuntary sigh and sometimes a deep groan, were all that could be extorted from the generous youth. His agonies were increased, but, with

astonishing fortitude, he still persisted in his resolution not to betray his father. Quintus was not far off, and it may better be imagined than it can be expressed, how the heart of a father must have been affected with the sighs and groans of a son expiring in torture to save his life. He could bear it no longer! but quitting the place of his concealment, he presented himself to the assassins, beseeching them with a flood of tears to put him to death and dismiss the innocent child, whose generous behavior the triumphs themselves, if informed of the fact, would judge worthy of the highest approbation and reward. The inhuman monsters, however, unmoved by the tears of the father or the son, answered that they both must die—the father because he was proscribed, and the son because he had concealed his father. Upon this a new contest of tenderness arose who should die first, which however, the assassins soon decided by beheading them both at the same time.

#### BUY SOME MATCHES?

"Will you buy some matches, sir?" said the voice of a boy, as we were seated in our sanctum, in a mood contemplative, about eight o'clock a few nights ago.

"No," we answered, in a tone that might not have been altogether courteous or good-natured, because the same question had often been asked us before, twenty times a day. This answer we gave without looking at the child, or giving a second thought to the matter.

"Please, sir, buy some matches," said the youth; "I'll give you five boxes for a bit."

"But we have no use for them, boy, or we would purchase of you."

"Yet you will have use for them by-and-by, sir; and you don't know how much good even a playuncle would do my poor mother and little sister at home, just now. I haven't sold a box of matches to-day. Please, sir, will you give me a dime for six boxes?"

The tones of the child's voice were so plaintive, his manner of speaking and his pale haggard countenance bore such evident marks of truthfulness and honesty, and his bearing was so manly, that we could not, if we had tried, do otherwise than listen to his tale.

"How many sisters have you?" we asked.

"Three, sir."

"Are they either of them able to assist your mother?"

"Oh, bless you, no sir! Mary is but seven years old, Pauline only four, and little Kate can barely toddle across the floor. Mary, though, takes care of Kate some of the time, and that saves poor mother some trouble."

"And what," we asked, "does your mother do for your support?"

"She binds shoes, sir. Ma sends me to the shop with them every morning, and the boss is cross sometimes, and says things that make me mad. And then I go home and tell mother, and she says I shouldn't get angry, for it is perhaps her fault that he is ill-tempered; but I don't think so, sir, do you? Poor mother! she never in the world said or did anything that wasn't right and proper."

We bought of the boy matches enough to last us for a year, and stopped his voice of gratitude by promising soon to call at the home of his mother, and see to the welfare of Mary, Pauline, and "little" Kate.

Poor match-boy! would that every heart was as pure as thine. The storm of adversity may rage around thee,

its chilling breath may penetrate through the thin covering poverty has left thee, but it can never take from thee that invaluable honesty a good mother has instilled into thy youthful heart. Cheer up, then, boy! Be patient, be virtuous, frank, manly, and honest, as now, and a time will come, though it may be afar off, when you need not ask, "buy some matches?"—*New Orleans Tropic*.

#### EVILS OF FAMILY INTERMARRIAGE.

Another source of human deterioration, is a long series of family intermarriages. Be the cause what it may, both history and observation testify to the fact, that the issue of marriages between parties related by consanguinity, always degenerate. They become enfeebled in time, both mentally and corporeally. This practice, which is fostered and principally by the false pride of rank, has reduced almost to dwarfishness the nobility of several nations, especially Portugal. It has likewise added not a little in not only deteriorating but nearly extinguishing most of the Royal families of Europe. The case is strengthened and rendered more expressive by the fact, that the ancestors of those families were the real *procores* of natural nobles of the land: men peculiarly distinguished in their day, as well for corporeal stature, strength, and comeliness, as for mental excellence. Yet, I repeat, that a long line of family intermarriages, has contributed much to reduce below the average of mankind, the descendants of these ancient nobles, whose high qualities alone gave them station and influence. In this the human race are analogous to our domestic animals, which are deteriorated by breeding constantly from the same stock. Even among the people of certain sects of religion, much mischief is done by the continued intermarriages of the members with each other. The condition of the Jews and Quakers affords proofs of this. Those two societies are more afflicted with some form of mental derangement, in proportion to their numbers, than any other in Christendom. They are also unusually deficient in distinguished men. This is no doubt, attributed, in no small degree, to their seldom marrying out of their own sects.—*Caldwell's Physical Education*.

#### "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

The merry, merry Autumn winds

Again are sweeping free,

But I am sad—for things are not

As once they used to be,

When all the girls wore homespun gowns,

And shoes with leather strings,

And never thought of *bishop sleeves*,

And such outrageous things.

Old father time ha'n't changed a whit

Since I was five years old;

His autumn coat is just the same—

A crimson mixed with gold;

He whistles just the same old tune

That he did years ago,

And he is quite as merry now,

As he was then, I know.

I used to love to spend a day

Among the forest trees,

When chesnuts by the bushel, fell

With every passing breeze;  
I reached my home at supper time,  
With bag and basket full,  
And found the mug of cider there,  
For me to "take a pull."

And there were pleasant things at night,  
In very frosty weather,  
When we before the blazing fire  
Were seated all together;  
The women with their knitting work,  
The boys with each a book,  
The dog asleep upon the hearth,  
And puss within the nook.

But now I spend my autumn nights  
Beside my fire alone,  
I hear no more the hearty laugh  
At jokes in "banter" thrown;  
I gaze into my Lehigh fire,  
And picture *old times* there,  
Then wake and find the scene is but  
A castle in the air.

Oh, how I long for those good times  
That once I used to know,  
When I wore neckcloths without starch,  
And tied them in a bow:—  
For everything I know, is changed,  
In name, if not in look,  
Excepting Time—the Testament,  
And Webster's Spelling-Book!

New England Weekly Review.

#### THE LION'S ROAR IN THE DESERT.

EARLY in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to cast its rays on the sandy billows of the desert, the royal animal rises from his lair to sally forth in quest of prey. His voice may then be heard in the distance: it commences with a low murmuring, which gradually increases, until it at last becomes a fearful and terrific roar, like the rolling of thunder, and is audible at a distance of two miles. The whole animal kingdom tremble and evince the greatest fear when the king of beasts is heard; the sheep tremble as if attacked by the ague, place their heads together, and endeavor to hide themselves; and the dogs hurry away as fast as they can to find a place of refuge. In fine, all the beasts are seized with the most unequivocal terror when the lion makes his approach known. Should a caravan happen to be near the spot, it is impossible to keep the camels together, they leap about in all directions, and are scattered abroad under the influence of fear. I myself once had the opportunity of witnessing a scene of this kind. On arriving in my travels at the wells of Semmeria, we suddenly heard a murmuring noise afar, resembling the rolling of balls in an empty barrel; but we were soon acquainted with its true cause when it gradually increased to the terrible thunder-like roar. With the first perception of this noise, the camels belonging to our caravan suddenly took fright and instantly separated in all directions. The men and the cases were thrown off, and if one of the riders happened to keep his seat at the first alarm, he was subsequently necessitated to leap down to avoid being felled by the branches of the trees; for we were unfortunately near a forest of mimosas, and every one was in danger of being torn by their large thorns.

This confusion, however, did not last long, for the lion took quite an opposite direction to the route of our caravan, but a whole day was lost in collecting the goods that had been thrown off, or torn down by the trees, and one of the camels strayed to a great distance.

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From the Bunker Hill.

Now the uproar about *election* is over, it's time to begin to think about Thanksgiving and pumpkin pies. I see Governor Bouck has fixed on the 12th day of December for Thanksgiving here in New York. So I 'spose I shall have a chance this year to see how the Yorkers get up Thanksgivings. But I don't believe they can do it up as slick as they do "down east" where they make their pumpkin pies in brown arthen milk pans that hold two gallons apiece.

I do long for one of them are pies most awfully. I don't know how I can get through thanksgiving without it, and I must write to Aunt Keziah and get her to make me one of her best and largest, and get Uncle Joshua, being he's Post Master, to frank it to me through the mail.

I've noticed most always a few weeks before thanksgiving, the papers go at it to see which can tell the biggest stories about great beets, and great turnips, and great potatoes, and great squashes, and great pumpkins, and so on. I gess the Boston Mercantile Journal will get the premium this year for the biggest story. His yarn, I mean his pumpkin vine, is as follows:

#### A GREAT PUMPKIN STORY.

The season for Thanksgiving is approaching, and the newspapers abound in paragraphs, chronicling the existence of monstrous apples, enormous beets, mammoth squashes, and pumpkins approaching in size to young mountains. Some of these accounts seem almost incredible—but none that we have seen are hardly so marvelous as a description of a pumpkin, which grew on the banks of the Swamscot river in New Hampshire, and which was related to us by a gentleman of undoubted veracity.

A farmer accidentally dropped a pumpkin seed on some rich alluvial land on the bank of the river, and a few weeks after, he was surprized to find an enormous vine growing there, with leaves as large as a dining table, and stem as large round as a hoe handle. He did not visit the spot again until September, when he found that the pumpkin vine had increased amazingly, and had extended across the river, (which was about twenty rods wide in this place) and was lost in an alder swamp. He remarked that it was "mighty strange," and thought no more of it until the following Spring, when he crossed the river on the pumpkin vine, and found at the distance of about forty yards from the river, surrounded with bushes, a pumpkin of monstrous size, indeed! He gazed upon it with astonishment, and on drawing toward it, he heard some rather strange sounds, which seemed to proceed from the heart of this enormous vegetable. Being rather a timid man, he hastened to some of his neighbors, told them the awful story, and requested their assistance. They armed themselves with axes, clubs, and pitchforks, and accompanied him to the spot. The pumpkin was still there, and most appalling noises seemed to issue from its entrails. But being resolute men, they resolved to fathom the mystery, and forthwith assaulted, and after about fifteen minutes hard labor,

cut open the pumpkin, when out bolted a monstrous sow, followed by her off-spring, consisting of nine beautiful, thrifty pigs, about six weeks old. It appears that the farmer had missed the sow, then a poor, puny creature, in the Fall, and after much search, had given her up for lost. Subsequent events, however, proved that she had crossed the river at that time on the pumpkin vine, and had eaten into the pumpkin, which, furnished her with a habitation and food, and for her little ones too, until she was so unceremoniously turned out of house and home.

#### CITIES TO COME, AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

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London is an old city, but has by no means got its growth. It is so far from having arrived at maturity, that it is increasing now more rapidly than ever. New York city doubles its population every fifteen years, and has for a hundred years past. Suppose London to double its population every *thirty* years, in a hundred years from this it would contain nearly *twenty millions* of inhabitants, or an equal number to the whole population of the United States. This is a startling idea, but startling as it is, it may be verified. The world will undoubtedly see cities, for some centuries to come, such as it has never seen before. The human race is making rapid advances toward mighty results. The wonderful improvements of every kind which the progress of the age is developing, and particularly the great facilities for traveling, and transportation, will have a tendency to build up immense cities, such as could not possibly have subsisted in former ages of the world. London will very probably reach ten and perhaps twenty millions. And the time will come, and at no very distant day, when this little Island of Manhattan, called New York, with its suburbs on Long Island, Staten Island, and Jersey shore, will number from five to ten millions of inhabitants. If it does not reach the smaller number in one hundred years from this time, any person who at that day shall possess a file of the *Rover* or *Bunker Hill*, bequeathed to him by his great grandfather, and shall happen to cast his eye upon this paragraph, shall be at full liberty to set the editor down as a false prophet.

But New York will not be the only large city in these United States, and perhaps not the largest.

Very probably are cities destined to spring up in the great valley of the Mississippi that will far outstrip her. Within two centuries there will probably be more than half a dozen cities within the territory of these States, that will each be larger than London is now. How little will then be known of the present generation, that is now so important and fills such a space in our own eyes! The general history of our times will be preserved in condensed forms and faint outlines; but how will the mass be lost in the shadow of the countless millions that will come up and fight their way to eminence and distinction, leaving, in their turn, the world full of the records of their doings. How few names of this day will be known in that. How small a space will the literature of the present generation occupy. It may be found, perhaps, by the curious antiquary, in the large and well filled library of a hundred alcoves, snugly stowed away in some corner, upon a single shelf.

What then is the value of post-humous fame—

"A fancied life in other's breath,

A thing beyond us, e'en before our death—

Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,  
The same, my lord, if Tully's or your own."

We were led to this train of thought by the following paragraph in reference to the present growth of London, which is now said to be about forty miles in circumference and contains more than two millions of inhabitants.

"It is stated, in a recent report to the government, that "in little more than twelve years, twelve hundred new streets have been added to London, which is at the rate of 100 streets a year."

These 1200 new streets "contain 48,000 houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort." With all this wonderful increase, it is said, "that the demand for houses instead of diminishing, continues to increase," and that while in many towns of the interior, the number of unoccupied houses is augmenting, "scarcely is a new street in London, finished, before almost every house in it is fully occupied."

#### HEROIC WOMEN OF AMERICA.

Among the American ladies who have distinguished themselves in the course of our revolutionary war by the sacrifice of self-interest to the public welfare, none is more celebrated than Mrs. Jacob Motte, of Carolina. The action by which she sacrificed her own property to the demands of patriotism, was so graceful, so generous and free, that it has occasioned her praises to be celebrated in all the histories of the time. The incident took place in the year 1781, when General Greene and the active partisan officers, Lee, Marion and Sumpter, were disputing with Cornwallis and Rawdon the possession of the Carolinas. The first battle of Camden had already been fought, when the celebrated siege of Fort Motte took place.

The new mansion house of Mrs. Motte, situated on a high and commanding hill some distance above the junction of the Wateree and Congaree, had been made the principal depot of the convoys from Charleston to Camden, Fort Granby and Ninety-Six. It was surrounded by a deep trench, which was defended by a strong and lofty parapet erected along its inner margin. Captain M'Pherson commanded the garrison, which usually consisted of about one hundred and fifty men, but which was now increased by the accidental arrival of a small detachment of dragoons. This body, on its way to Camden with dispatches for Lord Rawdon, had entered the fort a few hours before the appearance of the American forces, led by Marion and Lee, to besiege it. On another hill, opposite to the north side of the new mansion, stood an old farm-house, in which Mrs. Motte had formerly resided, and to which she had been dismissed by Captain M'Pherson. Upon this height Lee was stationed with his corps, while Marion occupied a position on the eastern declivity of the ridge on which the fort stood. A six-pounder, dispatched by Greene to the aid of Marion, was mounted on a battery by that officer for the purpose of raking the north side of the enemy's parapet, which Lee was preparing to attack. By the 10th of May, the works were in a state of such forwardness that it was determined to summon the commandant. On the same day Rawdon had evacuated Camden and proceeded to Nelson's Ferry, for the purpose of crossing the Santee and relieving Fort Motte. Greene, on the other hand, advanced to the Congaree to cover the besiegers. Under

these circumstances, M'Pherson, though destitute of artillery, replied to the summons that he should continue to resist to the last moment in his power. In the evening, a courier arrived from Green, informing Marion of Rawdon's movements, and urging upon him redoubled activity.

On the 11th, the British general reached the country opposite Fort Motte, and at night encamped on the highest ground in his route, that his fires might convey to the besieged the certainty of his approach. The large mansion in the centre of the trench left but a small part of the ground within the works uncovered; burning the house, therefore, must force them to a surrender. The preparation of bows and arrows with missive combustible matter was immediately commenced. Lieutenant-Colonel Lee and every officer of his corps daily experienced the most cheering and gratifying proofs of the hospitality of the owner of the beautiful mansion doomed to be thus destroyed, while her tenderness and her active benevolence extended to the lowest in the ranks. The destruction of private property was at all times peculiarly distressing to the two gallant commanders, and these considerations gave a new edge to the bitterness of the scene. But they were ever ready to sacrifice their feelings to their duty, and Lee forced himself to make a respectful communication to the lady respecting her destined loss.

When the intended measure was imparted to her a complacent smile, which settled on her features, at once dispelled the embarrassment of the agitated officer, while she declared that she joyfully gave her house to the good of her country, and should delight to see it in flames. Shortly after, seeing accidentally the bow and arrows which had been prepared, she sent for Colonel Lee, and putting into his hands a splendid bow, and its apparatus, which had been presented to her husband by a friend from India, begged his substitution of them, as probably better adapted to the purpose than those provided. Lee was delighted with this opportune present, and quickly prepared to end the scene. The lines were all manned, the force at the battery doubled, and Doctor Irwin was sent with a last summons to surrender. Brown listened patiently to his explanations, but remained inflexibly fixed in his determination to hold out to the last. It was now midday of the 12th, and the scorching sun had prepared the shingles for the conflagration. When Irwin returned, three arrows were successively fired at different parts of the roof. The first and third kindled into a blaze. M'Pherson ordered a party to repair to the loft of the house and stop the conflagration by knocking off the shingles. But Captain Finley's six pounder completely raked the loft, the soldiers were driven down, and the brave Briton hung out the white flag and surrendered unconditionally. The conquerors and the conquered soon after repaired to Mrs. Motte's, where, by invitation, they partook together of a sumptuous dinner, in full view of the smoking ruins—the unaffected politeness of the patriotic lady soothing the angry feelings which the conflict had engendered, and obliterating from the memory of the gallant whigs the recollection of the injuries she had unavoidably sustained at their hands. When Rawdon finally effected the passage of the river, he found a ruined post and paroled officers, the captors having divided their forces and moved off. Lee against Fort Granby and Marion to Georgetown.—*Lady's Book.*



## MAN IS A FASHIONABLE ANIMAL.

In all the definitions of man which we have met with, we do not recollect to have seen him called the *fashionable animal*, and yet it appears to us that no definition could be more peculiarly appropriate. Of all his innumerable *wants*, a very large portion must be charged to the account of fashion.

"For some his interest prompts him to provide,  
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride."

A pamphlet recently published states, *five hundred millions of dollars* are spent annually in the United States for such articles of dress as are subject to the fluctuation of fashion. Of this sum it is computed that 16 millions are spent for hats, probably about 20 millions for caps and bonnets, and for other articles of dress not less than 400 millions!

So that not far from a million and a half dollars are spent *daily* for clothing; of which if the calls of fashion claim but ten per cent. (but probably she receives double that sum,) one hundred and fifty thousand dollars are sacrificed *daily* at the footstool of the fickle goddess, by the enlightened citizens of the United States!

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From the Bunker Hill.

## BETTING ON THE PRESIDENCY.

A paper out west tells the following queer story about betting on the presidency. I think the Hoosier would have been entirely on the safe side, if he had offered the same bet on every state in the union, considering how a majority of the states has gone; for I heard a wrathful Whig say 'other day, that the whole United States had gone to the —'.

"A MILLERITE STUMPT BY A HOOSIER.—We hear of a 'good one,' which took place the other day, on board the Louisville and Jeffersonville Ferry Boat. It runs as follows: 'Our Glee Club were returning from enlivening our Hoosier neighbors, with some of their soul stirring songs, accompanied by several Hoosier Whigs, among whom was a very pert talkative chap. There were a good many others aboard, some Loco-focos, and among them a Millerite. No sooner had all got aboard, than a political discussion arose between a Whig and a Loco, which drew a crowd around. The no doubt sincere looker for the end of all things, seeing the opportunity, advanced and expostulated thus: 'Friends, it is useless for you to be bothering yourselves with politics! None of you will see either Clay or Polk elected. Christ will be the next President, and rule over us all.' The antic Hoosier interposed, and drawing himself up to his full length, and at the same time thrusting his hand into a real sink-hole of a breeches pocket, made the following tart reply: 'Stranger, since you appear to be in earnest about the world's coming to an end, and that Christ will be next President, I'll just go you a V he don't get Indiana no how.'"

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THE WORLD AS IT IS.

## RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS, &amp;c.

JAMES K. POLK of Tennessee is elected President of the United States. Returns are received from most of the states, sufficient to make the result certain, and when all are received we will publish the vote of the several states as a reference.

GUNPOWDER NULLIFIED.—It is a singular fact that a French officer has discovered a method of taking

away the explosive properties of gunpowder, to be restored again a pleasure. It is merely to mix the powder with finely powdered charcoal or black lead, filling up the interstices between the grains; and if in this state it is set fire to, it merely fuses, but does not flame. In a recent experiment, two barrels of the powder thus mixed, were placed one upon each other, and the lower one lighted. It burnt in about twenty minutes, but the caloric developed had so little force, that the upper barrel was but lightly charred, and its contents uninjured. The powder is at any time rendered serviceable by sifting it.

AWFUL CRASH.—Kennett's shot tower at St. Louis fell on the 2d instant, with a tremendous crash. It had been raised 160 feet, and was to be raised 40 feet higher. It is truly wonderful that such a vast column should fall without loss of life. The loss to the builders will be very considerable. Its erection had already cost nearly ten thousand dollars.

FOREIGN NOVELS.—The New York True Sun says—"After a storm comes a calm." The publishing houses, which for the last two years have been showering re-publications of European works of fiction among us, have suddenly 'held up.' Competition pushed to a ruinous extent, and the satiated appetite of the public, are the causes of this abrupt cessation. We have 'supped full' of French licentiousness and English namby pambyism, and after feeding so long on froth and feculence we begin to have a relish for more solid food."

FEASTING A COMPOSITOR.—A letter from Hamburgh of the 4th October says: "Last Saturday all the persons engaged on the daily journal, the *Correspondent Impartial de Hambourg*, celebrated by a dinner the sixtieth anniversary of the entry of one of the compositors named Hein on the paper. During that long period he had not missed his work a single day. He is now eighty-eight years of age, enjoys excellent health, and does his work like a young man. There were 220 persons present at the dinner, including all the master printers of the place. One of these gentlemen, M. Bodecker, sent 100 pine apples, 400 lbs. of fine grapes, and an immense quantity of flowers for the feast."

THE BOOKSELLERS TO JANE PORTER.—A gentleman, who has had a part in many good enterprizes in this city and elsewhere, has in his hands a subscription paper, headed by his Honor the Mayor, for the purpose of presenting in the name of the bookselling craft, a gold inkstand to Jane Porter. This admirable writer is now in her 80th year, and such a tribute from the booksellers of a land just emerging into independence when she first won the public ear, cannot fail to gratify her, while it attests their good taste and good feeling.

The present was subsequently changed to an elegant rocking chair. The chair is of rosewood, elaborately and tastefully carved, and is lined with crimson velvet.

The Evening Mirror publishes the following interesting outline sketch of the lives of Miss Jane Porter and her equally gifted sister, Anna Maria: "Miss Porter was the daughter of a gallant English officer, who died leaving a widow and three children, then very young, but all destined to remarkable fame—Sir Robert Ker Porter, Jane Porter, and Anna Maria Porter. Sir Robert, as is well known, was the celebrated his-

torical painter, traveler in Persia, diplomatist and author, lately deceased. He went to Russia with one of his great pictures when very young, married a wealthy Russian Princess, and passed his subsequent years between the camp and diplomacy, honored and admired in every station and relation in life. The two girls were playmates and neighbors of Walter Scott. Jane published her 'Scottish Chiefs' at the age of 18, and became immediately the great literary wonder of her time. Her widowed mother, however, withdrew her immediately from society to the seclusion of a country town, and she was little seen in the gay world of London before several of her works had become classics. Anna Maria, the second sister, commenced her admirable series of novels soon after the first celebrity of Jane's works, and they wrote and passed the brightest years of their life together in a cottage retreat. The two sisters were singularly beautiful. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the unsuccessful suitor to Anna Maria, and Jane (said by Sir Thomas Shree to have been the handsomest woman he ever saw) was engaged to a young soldier who was killed in the Peninsula. She is a woman to have but one love in a life time. Her betrothed was killed when she was twenty years of age, and she has ever since worn mourning, and remained true to his memory. Jane is now the only survivor of her family, her admirable mother and sister having died some twelve or fourteen years ago, and Sir Robert having died lately after revisiting England after many years diplomatic residence in Venezuela. Miss Porter is now near sixty. She has suffered within the last two or three years of ill health, but she is still erect, graceful and majestic in person, and possessed of admirable beauty of countenance. The Dowager Queen Adelaide is one of her warmest friends, the highest families of the nobility contend for her as a resident guest, distinguished and noble foreigners pay court to her invariably on arriving in England, she has been ennobled by a decree of the King of Prussia, and with all this weight of honor on her head, you might pass weeks with her (ignorant of her history) without suspecting her to be more than the loveliest of women past their prime, and born but to grace a contented mediocrity of station."

RECENT AMERICAN BOOKS IN ENGLAND.—Mr. Prescott's "*Conquest of Mexico*" has reached its second edition in London. It seems to have won "golden opinions" from all sorts of men in Europe. Its classical character is distinctly admitted by European critics, who rank him with Hume, Robertson and Gibbon as a historian. Sydney Smith inquired in his famous article in the Edinburgh Review, "Who reads an American Book?" We may now answer him after the fashion of our countrymen by inquiring, "Who does not read Irving and Cooper, Bancroft and Prescott?" The English critics also commend very liberally Kendall's "*Santa Fe Expedition*," and Mayer's "*Mexico*."

Folsom's "Letters of Cortes" is also very popular in England. Mrs. Child's "Girl's Own Book" has gone through thirteen editions in England. Mrs. Lee's "*Three Experiments of Living*" has gone through twenty editions. Her "Log Cabin," published by the Appletons, last summer, has commenced a similar career of popularity, being reprinted in London a few days after it first appeared in this country. Mrs. Lee is now traveling in Europe with her daughter and son-in-law.

#### Domestic Happiness.

Two or three girls, and two or three boys,  
Dirty and ragged, and making a noise;  
Some calling for this, and others for that;  
One pinching the dog—another the cat;  
And Bill, the sly rogue, with a sorrowful phiz,  
Bawling out that Sam's bread has more butter than his!

And then the sly urchins all covered with grease,  
Sitting down on the hearth to examine each piece!  
And if one is the widest, or thickest, or longest,  
Let him that's the weakest beware of the strongest;  
A battle ensues, and a terrible clatter,  
The mother cries out, what the deuce is the matter?  
Each tells his own story, and tries to defend it;  
"It wont do, you young rogue; a boxed ear must end it."

A WESTERN ORATOR ON NATIVEISM.—If the orators out West preach after this fashion, there's no danger but what we shall carry the day, for them's our sentiments exactly. This report of a speech is from a Western paper.

"Americans! This is a great country—wide—vast—and in the southwest, unlimited. Our America is yet destined to *re-annex* all South America—to occupy the Russian possession of those British provinces, which the prowess of the old thirteen colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham! all rightfully ours to *re-occupy*. Ours is a great and growing country. Faneuil Hall was its cradle! but whar-whar will be found timber enough for its coffin? Scoop all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed would not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse. And yet America has scarcely grown out of the gristle of boyhood. Europe! what is Europe? She is no whar—nothing—a circumstance—a cypher—a mere obsolete idea. We have faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, larger creeks, bigger plantations, better mill privileges, broader lakes, higher mountains, deeper cat-racts, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, braver men, handsomer *women*, and more money than England dar have! [Thunders of applause.] Who is afraid?"

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.—This office at Washington, where letters are opened and read, (the owners of which cannot be found,) that cannot be forwarded according to address, is full of curious interest. A writer in the Baltimore Sun says the amount of money found in such letters is very great. The sum received during the quarter ending the 30th of September last, is \$4470; but how much of this amount is counterfeit is not yet ascertained. In every case where money, good or bad, (or other valuables) is found in letters, it is carefully re-enclosed and sent to the Post Master of the place whence it was transmitted, with directions to that officer to use every effort in finding the writer of the letter, to whom he should deliver it, and obtain a receipt. In this way, about nine-tenths of the amount reverts annually to the owners. If the owner cannot be found within forty days, it is again returned to the department, where it remains subject to the order of the owner at any subsequent period.

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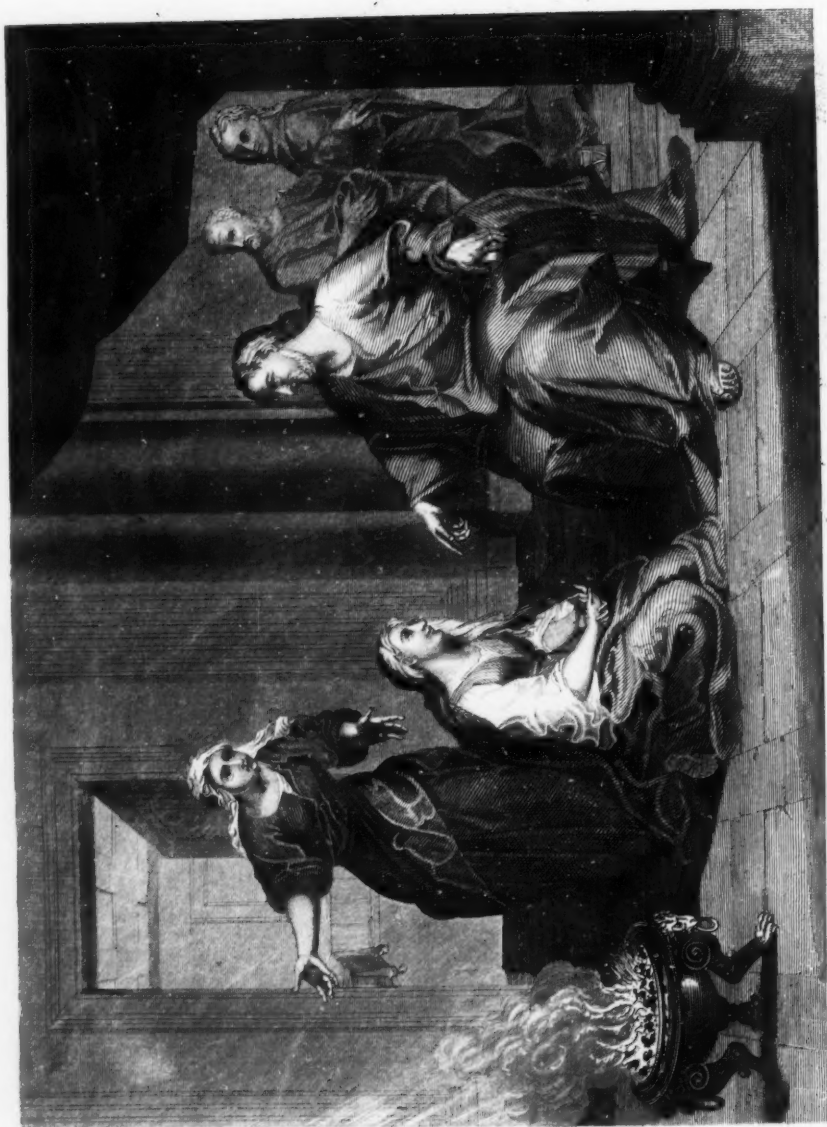
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Mary held when that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.  
Engraved expressly for the Christian Annual.







# THE ROVER.

## MARTHA AND MARY.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Now it came to pass as they went, that he entered into a certain village; and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus's feet, and heard his word.

But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me.

And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

But one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.

SAINT LUKE.

## THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I NEVER was a favorite—

My mother never smiled

On me, with half the tenderness

That blessed her fairer child:

I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek

While fondled on her knee;

I've turned away to hide my tears—

There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all

My little store of sense;

I strove to please, and infancy

Can rarely give offence;

But when my artless efforts met

A cold, ungentle check,

I did not dare to throw myself

In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!

Love watches o'er their birth;

Oh beauty! in my nursery

I learned to know thy worth;

For even there, I often felt

Forsaken and forlorn;

And wished—for others wished it too—

I never had been born!

I am sure I was affectionate—

But, in my sister's face,

There was a look of love that claimed

A smile or an embrace.

But when I raised my lips, to meet

The pressure children prize,

None knew the feelings in my heart—

They spake not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt

The anguish of neglect:

I saw my sister's lovely form

With gems and roses decked:

I did not covet them; but oft,

When wantonly reprov'd,

I envied her the privilege

Of being so beloved.

VOLUME IV.—No. 12.

But soon a time of triumph came,

A time of sorrow too—

For sickness o'er my sister's form

Her venom'd mantle threw:—

The features once so beautiful

Now wore the hue of death;

And former friends shrank fearfully

From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,

I watched beside her bed,

And fearlessly upon my breast

I pillowed her poor head.

She lived!—she loved me for my care!

My grief was at an end;

I was a lonely being once,

But now I HAVE a friend.

## LEAP YEAR; OR, WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON.

"And if aunt Milly is 'courting the men,' to repeat your inelegant phrase, Miss Bella, she is but using the immunities of the season; for the present year is Leap Year, when unmarried ladies are privileged to pop the question to tardy swains and undeclared admirers."

"Leap year, mamma?" said the pretty maiden, while a conscious blush attested the interesting nature of her parent's remarks.

"Yes, miss," said Mrs. Grainger, good-humoredly; "and let me advise you and your sisters to exercise a portion of your sex's privilege sufficient to insure husbands before the year expires. Your papa finds business getting worse every day, and I am tired of having a crowd of single girls filling up the table when there are so many young bachelors looking out for eligible wives."

"Mamma, mamma, the men will not marry in these hard times. Mr. Billy Semple told me last week at the Spraggses' party, that money was so scarce he could not afford to pay even his addresses."

"Billy Semple, indeed!—a young beginner without capital!—His own family proves the falsity of his assertion, for his four ugly red-headed sisters are all settled in life, and in tolerably advantageous positions, too, considering the times."

"But, mamma, that was before the 'pressure;' and consider how industriously Billy Semple worked to get husbands for his sisters. Every available young man in the city was invited to the house to hear 'Stella sing and play, or to read Cely's poetry—though no one believes she wrote it, or to examine Mary's geological specimens, and Tilly's cases of bugs and butterflies. And the old gentleman, too, brought home every single southern or western merchant that entered the store; and Billy always had play and concert tickets for the whole party; and the young men who were seriously inclined were asked every Sunday evening to hear sacred music by the young ladies, assisted by the three blind men from the asylum. And then, how the mother talked about her darlings!—the vocabulary of goodness was daily exhausted in their praise! It was impossible to keep single in that family. All the girls

married before they were eighteen; and when a squinting cousin came on a visit from Salem, the old folks, to keep their hands in, patched up a marriage between her and the doctor who operated on her for strabismus."

"Miss Bella, you give your tongue too great a license. The Sempls are wordly people, and have sacrificed their children at the shrine of interest. I should be happy to have my daughters settled in life, but would rather see them die old maids than match unhappily."

"Mamma, it is not fair to joke us girls about being single, when we have no chance given us to pick up a decent beau. We have no brother Billy to work for us. Papa invites no one to the house but forbidden clerks, quakers and gray heads. There are no balls given now-a-days; the theatre is unfashionable; and parties are so few and far between that a flirtation is frozen to death before the next meeting smiles upon us."

"Your sister Maria married a respectable man, without having recourse to any of the Semple adjuncts."

"Now, mamma was poor, dear consumptive George a husband worth having? Didn't he die seven weeks after the ceremony, and his widow came back to her father's house before half her acquaintances knew that she had quitted it?"

"Take care, my pretty miss, that the widow is not married a second time before her unattractive sisters receive the first proposal," said the mother, jokingly, as she quitted the room.

"Unattractive!" murmured Bella; and the pouting beauty ran to the mirror, and arranged her glossy ringlets with her taper fingers as she gazed on the reflection of her charms. The contemplation seemed satisfactory. "Unattractive! Mamma could not mean that for me!" and the pleased maiden sat down to cogitate on the conversation with her parent.

In a few minutes, Bella had resolved upon her course; and running up stairs to her sister's room, summoned her, with the widow and a spinster aunt who resided in the family, to a council of deliberation.

Bella detailed the offensive portion of Mrs. Grainger's remarks, and enlarged with virtuous indignation on the unjust nature of the maternal sneer at their single blessedness, when nothing was done to help them to a change of condition. She repeated the argument which she had advanced to her mamma; joined regrets with the spinster aunt at their constrained absence from Saratoga for the two last seasons; agreed with her sister Charlotte that there was positively "nobody" at the sea-shore last year; alluded pathetically to her papa's tyranny in snubbing off a whey-faced light-haired medical student, who carried a thick stick past the house for six weeks, staring with lack-lustre eyes at the windows, and chewing sweet cavendish with a perseverance peculiar to the contiguity of Mason and Dixon's line; and, finally, complimented the young widow on her escape from the shame of celibacy, and her likelihood of lighting Hymen's altar with a double torch ere she, Bella, had extinguished the vessel fire.

Leap Year and its privileges were then mentioned by the young lady, who ironically declared her intention to avail herself of her sex's rights. She was not to be reproached for being "unattractive," she would take her mamma at the word, and pop the question to any available beau who had the hardihood to venture in her propinquity. Miss Charlotte made common cause with Bella, and joined in her declarations. Aunt Milly, as Miss Matilda Mildred was generally termed, who owned to eight-and-twenty, and had done so for

the last four years, applauded the girl's resolve; and, praising the usages of the Bissextile, proclaimed her readiness to aid and assist all proper plans and plots, although the ardent appeals of a certain male friend would render unnecessary her availability of the principle so necessary to the welfare of the sex. The widow promised her assistance, silly hinting that it was worth while seeing if she could not keep her vengeance in this Atalanta race. In short, the four ladies entered into a bond of alliance, with one common purpose and intent—marriage to all the parties before the expiration of the present year.

The reader must not expect a detail of the various and minute stratagems practised by the belligerents in this holy war against single blessedness. It would be placing fresh weapons in the hands of those who are already too powerful, and too well acquainted with the acts of subjugation. The ladies succeeded in their object, of course, as ladies always do when they are resolved to gain a point, and can back their resolution with the united services of youth and beauty; but Dan Cupid did not relish being dragooned into obedience—he preserved the immaculate nature of his divinity; and, despite of feminine plots and plans, he proved the potency of his sway ere he suffered his saffron-robed friend, Hymen, to control the destinies of his disciples.

The details of a confidential dish of chat at an accidental tea-drinking at Mrs. Spraggs', about three months after and the formation of the conspiracy, will save the reader some considerable length of explanation.

"You must come and see us," said Mrs. Grainger to the lady of the house. "Come without ceremony or particular invitation. It is but a step, you know, and Spraggs can look in for you in the evening, and take supper with us and a glass with the gentlemen."

"You have company now nearly every evening in the week, I believe?"

"Every evening. Since Mr. Grainger found it necessary to increase the firm, in consequence of the extensive nature of his western contracts, Mr. Singleton, the new partner has been almost entirely at our house. He is a bachelor, and dislikes living at the hotels. His brother, from Kentucky, is now in this city, and spends most of his time with our family. Mr. Grainger's uncle, Mr. Cremorne, is also with us."

"We shall have the young ladies getting married soon, I presume. I have frequently observed them attended home by two handsome young men with elegant moustaches."

"New Yorkers, but wholly ineligible. Mr. Grainger gave them their dismissal last week. Uncle Cremorne overheard them tossing up for first choice of the girls, and the winner of the largest fortune was to pay the expenses of the wedding dinner."

"The reprobates!" sighed Mrs. Spraggs. "And Count Rooster catcher, from Molly—something—who saw Miss Charlotte at Baltimore, and followed her home?"

"Roosti-kaacher, from Moldavia. Oh, my dear madam, foreign counts are so direfully below par, now-a-days, that Mr. Grainger considered it degrading to have him seen about the premises. Uncle Cremorne thinks he recollects Roosti-kaacher as a barber at New Orleans."

"Only to think," said the astounded Spraggs. "But



Miss Bella seems partial to that young midshipman who—"

"My dear Mr. Spraggs," said the mamma, who perceived that her neighbor had made good use of her parlor window, "you must not suppose that every flirtation is bound to end in marriage, or that girls, possessing the advantages which grace the Misses Graingers, are compelled to accept every young fellow who offers them his attentions. Mr. Frederic is of good family, and wears the U. S. button; but he is nobody, positively nobody at all. He has never figured in a duel; and uncle Cremorne tells us that a midshipman now-a-days is considered a mere nonentity till he has faced his man at eight paces, and shot a friend or two."

"Goodness! why, you don't?" said the simple Spraggs. "I thought the navy people were to fight the enemy, not one another. Well, I never—"

It will be perceived, that although the fair conspirators had, from fortuitous circumstances, been surrounded with beaux, not one of them had accepted an offer, a clear proof that they did not consider their spinster-doom a certainty. By the terms of their compact, they were to aid and assist each other in their designs, but the natural selfishness of love, and the cross purposes inseparable from the individuality of their schemes, rendered nugatory that part of their compact; and each lady forthwith essayed her share of the project "on her own hook,"—a trite but expressive idiom in the present case, where each fair angler believed in the potency of her bait, and congratulated herself on catching a tolerable share of dangles.

Mr. Cremorne, or uncle, as he was termed by the whole family, was related to the Graingers by some marriage connection of so remote a nature that neither party had been able to trace the propinquity. He was, therefore, perfectly "eligible" in a consanguineous degree, as a suitor, for the hand of any one of the ladies, and defied the denunciations which the sectarians had recently promulgated against family unions to the extreme verge of fancied relationship. He was a starch, unbending bachelor of fifty, with a supreme contempt for the opinions of every other human being, and a veneration for the habits and manners of the days of his childhood. He cherished a semi-*queue* of doubtful length, half hidden by the high collar of his old-fashioned coat. He pertinaciously persisted in wearing *subligaculi* that buttoned at the knee, and allowed an exhibition of his stalwart calf in a clean white stocking. He truly believed that the worst effect of the French Revolution was the *sans culotte* invention of trousers. His point of admiration in the fine arts was Trumbull's enormous leg piece; he gloated over this pedicular portraiture with an enthusiasm "that knew no ebb, but kept due on." He valued not as he ought the patriotic devotedness of the act performed by the assembled wisdom of the land; he pointed to the calves depicted by the painter as a proof of the manliness of the race, and sighed to think that he had been born too late to trust his sinewy extremities among the seventy-two legs belonging to that august body.

Uncle Cremorne had quitted his rural solitude with a determination to end his bachelor miseries in the arms of the first "eligible" maiden he encountered among his civic acquaintances. The sparkling eyes of Bella Grainger seriously affected the old man's midriff, and he trotted after her for several days with a devotion worthy a pet spaniel. The damsel was exercising her Leap-Year prerogative, and the fascina-

tions vainly applied to an impenetrable beau drove the "blind-bow-boy's butt shaft" deep into the affections of Uncle Cremorne. Satisfied that she was pure in spirit as she was lovely in person, he resolved to pop the question; but following the usages of the old school, he determined to obtain the father's consent before he consulted the affections of the maid. He sought his friend Grainger in his store on the wharf, believing that a private conversation could be more readily obtained in the counting-house of the merchant than in the much frequented parlors of the private residence. He arrived in the midst of the execution of a large order at a short notice. His preluding remarks to the father were interrupted by the details of business: the charms of Bella were mixed with meats' tongues, pigs faces, and mess beef; encomiums on the sweets of married life were drowned in sugar-house molasses; bags of indigo clouded his prospects of happiness; and just as he was about boldly to declare that he well knew the consequences of the step he was resolved to take, he was silenced by a junior clerk "telling off" a small invoice of horns, gunpowder, brimstone, and pickles.

"Mr. Grainger," said Stapleton, the new man, leaning over the desk and whispering to his principal, "Smivers wishes us to renew his note for twelve hundred, in our favor, due 27th proximo, for twenty per cent. down, and another note at three months for the balance, with interest."

"We must not do it, sir, without another name on the new note. Mr. Smivers is bound to fail—he has just married an extravagant flirt almost young enough to be his grandchild. The note must be met. He cannot ask us to pay for her frolics or his foolery."

Uncle Cremorne put on his hat and walked home. "What is the matter with uncle, this morning?" said Mr. Grainger to himself. "I do believe that the old gentleman has been taking a glass or two of wine. He seems mightily pleased with Bella—perhaps he means to leave her his property."

Mr. Grainger was not singular in his opinion. The ladies favored the idea, with the exception of Miss Matilda Mildred, who, with the sagacity of experience, guessed pretty accurately the old gentleman's feelings. This ancient lady, disappointed in her designs upon the more "eligible" of the Grainger acquaintances, resolutely set her cap at Uncle Cremorne, and for a time fondly hoped to achieve her share of the joint resolution relating to Leap Year. She ransacked the stock of every tobacconist in the city, till she discovered a supply of that variety of the weed which uncle loved to smoke. She presented him with a dozen pair of super extra fine white stockings with double heels and toes, for his peculiar wear. She requested him to teach her the mysteries of double dummy, which every one else had laughed to scorn. At last she considered her position sufficiently tenable. One evening, therefore, when the family were at the theatre, she mixed the bachelor a glass of hot toddy, and placed his long Dutch pipe on the table in the back parlor. In the hope of drawing forth an explanation, she bantered him respecting his attachment to her niece; and before the old gentleman recovered from this unexpected broadside, she threw a Paizhan shot plump into his magazine by declaring that a person of his age ought to select a woman of maturity for a wife, not a chit in her teens unable to appreciate the value of the sacrifice he made.

The shot told fearfully, but the good ship Cremorne did not immediately explode, although the volume of smoke foretold that a blow up was inevitable. After an awful pause, for Aunt Milly was afraid to continue her fire, he placed his pipe upon the table, and in a deep tone of voice, said—

"I understand you, Miss Mildred, and it is time that you should understand me. I am a plain man, and must speak what I feel. I see what you are driving at, but you are too old to become my wife."

"Old!" shrieked the horrified spinster, at this extraordinary specimen of plain speaking. "Old! Become *your* wife? What is the man thinking of! Old Why you are ancient enough to be my father! Marry you! Old! Well, I'm sure."

"You were a grown girl when Grainger married your sister, and that is twenty-three years ago."

"An infant!—a child in a frock and a pink sash!" said the indignant lady.

"A full grown girl in a short-waisted spencer and an Angouleme straw bonnet, as big as a modern coal scuttle," said Uncle Cremorne.

"Too young to be admitted to the wedding party!" insisted the lady.

"You acted as bridesmaid. I was there, and remember that you complimented me on my appearance in a new pair of fashionable cream-colored leather breeches."

"Mr. Cremorne, are you mad? Do you wish to insult me?"

"If age is an unpleasant subject, why did you broach it? I repeat it, madam, that you are too old, or I should be proud to meet your views. A man is in his prime at fifty—a woman at five and twenty, or, at most, thirty; consequently I have barely climbed to the top of the hill, while you have passed over it, and are very considerably down on the wrong side."

"Oh, you wretch."

"Facts, madam, should never be disguised. I have seen many a young couple, of equal ages, b. y. and girl, 'made for each other,' as the wiseacres say, pair off in the spring of life. In twelve years or so—and you and I, madam, both know how soon a dozen of years roll over our heads—in twelve years or so, the boy has become a man, but the girl is an old woman—and what is the inevitable result? The husband becomes dissatisfied, curses his lot, and neglects her whom he has sworn to cherish until parted by death. Knowing all this, madam, I have refrained from marriage until I attained a sufficient age to warrant me in uniting myself to a partner who will grow old with me, and not before me. If I take up with you, my long bachelorship has been foolishly spent, for I might as well have had you when you were the short spencer and the big bonnet—and I must confess that you were, then, a very pretty looking girl; but twenty-three years work fearful changes, you know."

The gentleman's compliment was as unsatisfactory as his argument. The offended spinster retired to her room, and Uncle Cremorne finished his pipe in silence.

Mr. Frederic Murray, the young midshipman, mentioned by the chatty Mrs. Spraggs, persevered in his attentions to the lively Bella, notwithstanding the hints of the papa and the rude bluntness of the uncle, who looked at him through spectacles of green and yellow hues. While his extreme youth rendered him the fittest mate for Bella, this capricious beauty slighted him, and every other unmarried lady in the house

courted his society. Aunt Milly, as if in obstinate opposition to Uncle Cremorne's doctrine, pretended to believe that he was not too young to make her an excellent husband. The widow bent the whole force of her artillery against the juvenile middy; and the sedate Charlotte did not hesitate to declare that she had no higher ambition than to be a captain's lady. But he remained true to his flag—Bella was the centre of his affections; he dodged her steps, watched her glance, hung with rapt attention on her speech, and exhibited such unequivocal signs of deep devotion, that Mrs. Spraggs was not the only person who supposed that the marriage of Bella and the sailor was a settled thing.

William Singleton, Mr. Grainger's new partner, was in every respect a gentleman and a ladies' man. Well made, with a pleasant, intelligent countenance, thoroughly educated, possessing a readiness and ease only to be obtained by worldly abrasion, and well versed in the accomplishments and habits of polite life, he commanded the good opinion of the sex, and materially added to the popularity of the Grainger parties. The Bissextille conclave, in accordance with a wish expressed by papa, had appropriated him to Charlotte, and the lady was not slow in hinting his attachment to the friends of the family, or in awarding encouragement to her share of the general civilities. Aunt Milly also smiled benignantly on the handsome merchant, and persisted in singing "She never blamed him, never," every musical evening, because he once praised the song in her presence. Robert Singleton, his brother, was a book-worm—a philosopher—an unimpressible character. He was tolerably good-looking, younger than the merchant, and said to be rich; the widow essayed his heart, but study was his mistress, and the prerogative of Leap Year was felt to be a dead letter in his presence.

Matters remained in this position until the autumnal tints of the street foliage were mingled with the mud of a wintry gutter. But few weeks remained before the Christmas bells would toll the knell of the departed year, and the conspirators had not effected a single match. Bella flirted with all the beaux, yet seemed to give her energies to no decided point; the widow had her own especial views, and Charlotte stuck to her appropriation with a resolution that plainly said she meant to unite the firm of Grainger and Singleton by a nearer and a dearer tie. If a walk was proposed, she took William Singleton's arm, as if it was an understood matter; when he knocked at the door, she always anticipated the servant, and opened the portal with a gracious smile; she sat next him at dinner; sung only at his request; innocently coupled their names in conversation, and then blushed at her boldness; in short, she proved herself an adept at Bissextille, and fervently relied on the ultimate success of her attentions.

The brothers were in conversation at the parlor window, just after breakfast, one morning, when, using a few words in a low tone of voice, William took the book from Robert's hand, for Robert was never without a volume, and glanced over its contents. Miss Charlotte glided to his side, and leaning playfully on his arm, inquired if it was the last new novel. Robert moved away from the window, and William Singleton, taking Charlotte's hand, said, in an agitated voice—

"I wish to have half an hour's conversation with you to-day, on a very important subject. Oblige me

by not joining your sisters in their morning's promenade. May I look for you in the drawing-room about twelve o'clock; we shall not be interrupted then?"

Charlotte nodded assent—she was too excited to speak.

At the appointed hour, the gentleman entered the room, and found the lady reposing on a fanteuil in the most approved style of dishabille. She was pale and nervous. William Singleton, after a few prefatory and very encouraging "hems," commenced a series of murmurs in somewhat the following strain:

"— About to broach—tender nature—should I fail—poignant regret and endless misery."

A sob from Charlotte.

"Charming family—never so happy—united in trade—marry—union—bliss."

A squeeze of the hand from the gentleman, and an almost imperceptible response from the lady.

"A fortune beyond the control of trade—fiery passion—no other woman—earth made heaven—adoration—despair."

Strong symptoms of hysterics on the side of the lady. The gentleman raised his voice.

"Yes, dearest Charlotte, there is one man who loves you with a singleness of heart which must insure a life of joy. You have not been blind to his deep devotion—you have appreciated the intensity of his love, and will not suffer the weak vanity of your sex to trifle with the happiness of your adorer. Say, dearest girl, may he hope?"

The lady, with a convulsive throb, threw herself in his arms, and hid her blushing cheek amid the curling luxuriance of his sinister whisker.

"Dear, dear Charlotte! how happy this will make your almost despairing lover. Come in, Robert, come in, and receive your Charlotte from my hands."

And Robert Singleton, the pale, bashful book-worm, rushed into the apartment, and caught the wondering maiden in his arms. William silently quitted the room.

Before Charlotte could recover from her unfeigned surprise, the real lover proved how unnecessary was all intercession in his behalf. A flood of lava-like eloquence burst from his lips—he painted his adoration, his sickening despair, his never-dying hope! In a word, he awoke a lively interest in the bosom of the lady, who duly considered the advantages of the match and the positive certainty of failure in the other quarter. Robert followed up his declaration by the tenderest assiduities; love seemed to have given him new life; the father was consulted; the lady proved willing; and in one short month from the brotherly intercession, the marriage day was duly fixed.

The morning after the announcement of the above fact, Bella was sitting in the parlor, at her piano, with the devoted midshipman at her side. He was evidently bent on some bold act, for he bit his lips, contracted his brows, and paced the room with the most alarming strides. Aunt Milly was busy at an adjoining table, copying some choice culinary precepts from an invaluable family manuscript belonging to our old friend Spraggs. Frederic had given several broad hints respecting her absence, but aunt suspected his intentions, and having experienced a slighting of her charms, now resolved upon retaliation.

Miss Bella commenced Bayley's popular ballad—"Why don't the men dropose?" The midshipman, at the end of the first verse, sighed forth—

"I am every day expecting an appointment to one of our frigates about to start on a three years' cruise. Could I bring my wishes to bear, I would leave the service, and devote my days to your disposal."

"My disposal, Mr. Murray?" said Bella.

"You cannot be ignorant of my love—a love which, like the ocean,—ah, Miss Grainger, how can I image its great intensity, its boundless depth?"

"Put half a pint of water in a tin pot," repeated aunt Milly, as she wrote the extract in her recipe book.

"How can I describe the flames which have so long consumed my heart?"

"Wrap it in a sheet of paper to prevent its being scorched," continued the aggravating spinster.

The middy persevered.

"Think not that fortune influences my wishes. It is your love alone that I desire."

"A poor dish without plenty of rich seasoning," still continued the aunt.

"If I am fortunate enough to gain your parents' consent, may I not offer you my heart?"

"Your heart, Mr. Murray? Lud, sir, what could I do with it?" said Bella.

"Sprinkle it with sweet herbs and put it in a clean plate."

Bella caught herself tittering, but a short flirtation with the keys of her piano smothered the ominous sound.

"A sailor's heart, Miss Grainger, is generally considered tough —"

"Stew it tender with his legs and wings."

"But it is stuffed full of honor and affection," said the middy, with a perseverance that deserved better treatment; but he was in the hands of a coquette and a slighted woman working her revenge.

"What is it to me, Mr. Murray, what your heart is stuffed with?" said the provoking minx.

"Stuff it with sage and onion," muttered the antiquated miss.

Frederic gulped down a rising oath. He saw Bella vainly endeavoring to smother a laugh, and he regretted that aunt Milly was not of a kickable sex.

"You do not doubt my love?" said the innamorato.

"I dare not say," replied Bella. "Cupid is a wicked youth, and how are we to prevent his rambles?"

"Run a skewer through both his wings and cut him tall off."

Bella could not restrain her cachinnations. The unlucky sailor burst open the parlor door, and without waiting for his hat, rushed into the street.

He left the city that afternoon, and in due time sailed on a three years' cruise. Aunt Milly was seriously grieved at his departure; she wished to break off his engagement with Bella, not to drive him from the house. The ancient lady knew her chance among the household forces to be desperate in the extreme. Uncle Cremorne had savagely repulsed her advances; the book-worm Robert was engaged to her niece Charlotte; and the pretty midshipman had left the city. The only remaining beau, William Singleton, treated her with a constrained politeness that evinced a respect for her age rather than a regard for her charms.

Uncle Cremorne had still a hankering after the pretty Bella; although, as Mr. William Lackaday says, "being in the wale o' years, winter was spreading its snow on the top of his head," still his heart was juvenile, and in the young heart's vocabulary, says another

respectable, but very different dramatic authority, "there's no such word as fail." The elderly bachelor observed with much pleasure that his soul's darling was yet disengaged, notwithstanding the various couplings in *casse* and *posse*, and resolved to try a little diplomacy in the settlement of his suit. Bella was evidently very partial to her sister Maria, and the lively widow seemed as devotedly attached to the giddy romp. A set of amethysts propitiated the services of the widow in uncle Cremorne's behalf, although the bashfulness of the bachelor in the detail of his wishes almost brought about another *contre-temps*, as the widow was very willing to believe herself the object of the old gentleman's declarations of love, despite her *tendresse* toward William Singleton.

On the morning of the wedding of Charlotte and Robert, the whole family assembled in the drawing-room to an early lunch, preparatory to the marriage ceremony. As uncle Cremorne placed his hand on the door knob, the pretty pretty widow suddenly appeared by his side, and whispered—

"Bad news! I have sounded Bella; she can never accept your proposal!"

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense—maiden whims and virgin foolery! Try her again. I must have a wife, I tell you; and I will have a young one. There is a beautiful diamond at Bailey's waiting your acceptance. Try again, I say."

They entered the room. My fair readers will not expect me to describe the bridal party. That the ladies were pretty and well dressed, is certified in the knowledge that they were Philadelphians born; and the gentlemen looked as all men do at a wedding, ridiculously stiff and stupid, excepting uncle Cremorne, who presented bouquets to the ladies in the spirit of '76, and insisted upon fitting various pairs of kid gloves on the digital extremities of the ladies with the grace of a *preux chevalier*.

"Pray, Miss Bella, do you remember our conversation at the commencement of the present year, Leap Year?" said Mrs. Grainger, to her youngest daughter, in a tone of good-humored irony. "Was I not right, Miss, in my divinations?"

"La, mamma, what do you mean?"

"You were rather discontented in the appreciation of your position, and spoke slightly of your parent's exertions in your behalf. I was compelled to remind you of your sex's privilege; and in answer to your grumblings, supposed the possible chance of your widowed sister's second marriage before you had achieved your maiden offering at the shrine of Hymen. Mr. Cremorne's attentions and the suit of garnets worn by your sister Maria, can lead to but one conclusion—that she has accepted his offer, the result of their recent close conferences. Charlotte is on the point of being united to Robert Singleton, a most eligible match, but the *unattractive* Bella remains single—without even a supposititious beau in her train."

"Ah, my dear mamma, how severe are your remarks! My sister Charlotte is not married yet, and Maria has not announced her acceptance of uncle Cremorne."

"Ridiculous evasion! Confess yourself beaten, and return to your allegiance. I will lend you assistance, your sisters shall give you instruction, and by next Leap Year a husband may be secured—"

"Oh no, mamma, not so soon as that."

"So soon! What does the girl mean? Would she die an old maid?"

"There is little fear of that, my dear madam," said William Singleton, the handsome elder brother, Mr. Grainger's partner, who had listened with evident interest to the above dialogue; "I have had the happiness to call this lady my wife for the last two months."

"Dearest mamma," said Bella, throwing herself on Mrs. Grainger's neck, "forgive the only act of disobedience ever committed by your child. The man most desired by my sisters, as they owned in our private councils, neglected them and privately avowed himself my lover. You called me unattractive. I was a spoiled and petted girl. I refused William's application, unless he aided me in my revenge, and promised to keep the matter secret. Papa joined the plot; he knew you had no objections to the match, and he wanted to tease you a bit. Dear mamma, do forgive me—own I am not unattractive—and I'll never do so any more!"

Mrs. Grainger fumed, fretted and blustered; and, in strict accordance with the rules laid down by the sex on such occasions, burst into tears and left the room. Her husband followed, with Bella, and the bride and bridegroom, leaving uncle Cremorne and the widow in proximity and in a pretty predicament.

"Thus ends your hope," said the lady; "Bella is lost to you and the diamond ring is lost to me."

"I don't know that," said uncle. "The lady is gone, beyond a doubt. You, I believe, had some designs upon the gentleman. We are both flung from our saddles, and severely kicked in the descent; but there's no use in owning ourselves beaten. You heard what Mrs. Grainger surmised about our engagement; let us declare it a fact. I want and will have a wife; you are still young and pretty enough for my purpose, and I'm not as old as I look. What say you—yes or no? Look sharp, and let us settle it before the snivelling is over."

Of course, the lady consented to the proposal; the disclosure did not much surprise the party; and, to make it look like an old affair, they were united that very day by the same functionary who officiated for Charlotte and Robert Singleton. Mr. Grainger made his peace with his wife by presenting her with a figured velvet dress of peculiar richness; and when Bel entered the drawing room, on her wedding day, which occurred within the year, attired in a simple robe of virgin white, the little gipsy once more stood before the vast mirror that leaned from the mantle-piece, and viewing her ripe and pouting lips, her large moist blue eyes, her arched brows, overshadowed by the glossy ringlets where "the blind boy-god" would not disdain to dwell, her swelling bust, with "scarce an eagle's talon in the waist," she turned archly to her mamma, and said—

"Do you really think me unattractive?"

Aunt Milly retired with her cookery books to Bucks county, and is, at this moment, desperately engaged in an attempt to subjugate a Dutch farmer, devoted to his pigs and his pipe, and who declines marriage till the stock of the United States Bank is again at par.

A ROUND BILL.—Tom presented his bill to Joe, for services rendered. Joe looked it over and expressed surprise at the amount. "Tom, it strikes me that you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I am sensible it is round," quoth Tom, "and I have come for the purpose of having it squared."



## TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTH DAY.

MELOR, my daughter dear,  
This is thy natal day,  
And fears that oft oppressed me  
At length have passed away;  
Thy cheeks with health are blooming now,  
They were not always so,  
And the sufferings of thy little life  
None but thy parents know.

I see thee as thou wert,  
A weak and helpless child,  
With fever parched, until thy brain  
And feeble pulse ran wild;  
I hear thy soft imploring tones,  
Beseeching us in vain,  
To alleviate thy suffering,  
And ease thee of thy pain.

I see thy mother dear,  
Press thee fondly to her breast,  
And, in the fulness of her love,  
Call thee her angel guest.  
I hear her on a bended knee,  
In the stillness of the knight,  
Give up her only child to God,  
And say that "all is right."

I see thee on the ocean waves,  
When they run mountain high—  
And where the noble sycamore  
Throws its branches to the sky;  
Where Afric's sable children  
Toil beneath a burning sun  
In slavery and wretchedness,  
Until their sands are run.

Where the Mississippi rolls  
Its torrents, wild and free—  
And the Alabama pours its floods  
Into the open sea  
Near Withlacoocha's bloody stream,  
Where the savage in his lair,  
Still lurks with ready rifle—  
Oh, I often see thee there.

And I see thee, too, in northern climes,  
When Aurora throws her light  
In flashes bright and beautiful,  
Throughout the summer's night.  
Where now, like cold ingratitude,  
The air is sharp and keen,  
And the fields are drear and desolate,  
As my heart hath often been.

'Tis thus I see thee, daughter dear,  
Though blinded now with tears,  
And a little age it seems to me,  
Though but *ten* little years  
Have passed away, since I first clasp'd  
My darling to my breast,  
And on the tablet of my heart  
Thy lineaments impress'd.

Oh! what thy future lot may be.  
I may not wish to know;  
But should thy path be strewed with flowers,  
Or with the thorns of wo,  
Alike, lean on thy mother's faith,

Let her counsels be thy guide,  
And walk in wisdom's pleasant ways,  
With thy Saviour for thy guide.

For I would—at least I think I would—  
Much rather see thee lie  
In the cold and silent churchyard,  
Than from his fold to stray,  
Or be less pure than thou art now  
On this thy natal day.

A. S. H.

For the ROVER—Eilerslie, N. Y., Nov., 1844.

## ANDREW KNOX AND HIS FIVE DAUGHTERS.

Or Grace versus Whim.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

FORTY years ago on one of the lesser highlands of the Hudson stood a low-built house with many gables indicating a cluster of rooms built up for the convenience of a household, and to meet its many wants rather than in reference to any ideas of architectural beauty. Irregular as it was, with low windows, doors and stoops at all possible angles, the effect was picturesque in the extreme. Old trees in their unmolested redundancy of foliage, willows with long pensive limbs and huge proportions clustered around it, and the vine embraced it on every side. A small river chafed in the gorge at the base of the hill, and then lost its coquettish discontent in the Hudson.

Here Andrew Knox, a gentleman of moderate fortune and simple pretensions, had lived for many years. His father had obtained a considerable grant from the early proprietors of the soil, and a few slaves were sufficient to develop the resources of the land and meet all the wants of the family. Andrew was an only child, his mother having died in his infancy. At twenty he found himself at the head of the establishment, his father being in fact prematurely old from grief at the loss of his wife.

The youth had lived a miscellaneous life, hunting and fishing, and reading the books that fell in his way, but with no sense of responsibility whatever. The whim of the moment, the incitements of the few companions of his age, or the state of the weather had decided the nature of his pursuits, and a moment of forethought had scarcely ever obtruded upon his brain.

Once, however, as he sat in a cozy nook patiently dallying a fly that was to beguile the unwary fish, he lifted his eyes to the bank upon the opposite side, and beheld Lucy Schuyler dipping a picher into the stream which sent the eddies quite across, and then she lifted up her comely person, blushed at the sight of Andrew, smiled, and was gone.

"By George, 'what a figure she has!'" was his unconscious exclamation. Truth to say, Lucy had a form for an empress, tall, slender, yet round and elastic as that of a fawn. Andrew, till now, had only observed a tall girl with freckles upon her face, and an immense quantity of reddish brown hair. This was very true of Lucy; but the freckles were slight blemishes upon a skin of wondrous whiteness, and the hair was

"Of brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun."

Andrew arose from the rock on which he had been seated, and for the first time in his life looked at his own reflection in the water beneath.

"Six feet! what a pair we should make! Lucy Schuyler! why, so many times as I have gone to the

mountain with Lucy Schuyler; never had to help her over a ditch, nor up a craig, always wide awake, laughing like a bob o-link,—leaping and skipping as she had no weight to her, strange I never saw what a girl she is."

Thus he mused as he mechanically put up the fishing rod, and wended his way homeward. We have only thus much to do with his early history, and we note this much only as the point of life when fixed ideas began to gather in the mind of the man. From that time forth Andrew Knox began to conceive an extravagant admiration for comely proportions and stately figures; and when in the course of events Lucy Schuyler became Mrs. Knox, and in the course of years four queenly daughters graced his board, and swept by on prancing steeds to church, great was the exultation of the worthy Andrew.

Lucy was still fresh, blooming, and though now of more matronly proportions, was still most gracefully dignified, and sustained in her elegant form. Andrew had no tendency to rotundity, and by manly exercise, and hardy adventure, looked like a second Hardicannute, so

"Stately stepped he the wa', and stately stepped he west."

Great had been his anxiety respecting the fate of these four nobly-proportioned girls. Beautiful were they in their healthful womanhood, with no single defect of form and feature, alike and yet unlike, as the various beauties of either parent were softened and commingled in marvelous harmony.

Andrew, who but for this one worship of an ideal physique, might have lived and died with no single motive to life, from the time that Lucy Schuyler dipped the pitcher into the stream, and thus scared the fishes from his hook, had lived with this one thought perpetually before him. Air, exercise, diet, whatever concerned health or ministered to beauty, became to him a subject of intense interest.

As the superb forms of his daughters, with their clear complexions, abundant hair, dark, indolent eyes, and rich, swan-like motions, year after year floated before him, he experienced an exquisite satisfaction difficult to be conceived. They were the tallest women of the country, and fairer than all others.

After admiring so long the stateliness of wife and daughters, with a complacent gratulation, inwardly sustained over his own stout manliness of figure, the transition was an easy one to another sort of hobbyism, namely, that his girls should never marry other than tall, handsome men.

Such a state of feeling at the hall soon went abroad, and accordingly every lover far and near, learned to grade his hopes of success with the splendid girls of Knox Hall, by the height of his person and breadth of chest. The girls laughed at the whim of their father, but with a pleasant compliant laugh, that showed a world of easy recognition of the thing. Truth to say, they had been educated, as a matter of course, into the same way of thinking, and were hardly likely to see much of manly attractiveness in a youth less in height than their goodly father.

Fortunately that mountainous region is favorable to a graceful and vigorous growth, and all the dreams of Andrew Knox were realized in the grand forms of his sons-in-law. Four such youths and maidens were never before seen in all the country, and long will it be before such may be seen again, unless, indeed, another

Andrew Knox, as careful to train, and as warm an admirer of a fine physique, should again arise.

One condition of a union with his daughters, Andrew made, was that a portion of each year should always be passed at the Hall, and hence, the many angles of the building, with their quaint appellatives of Anna's bower, Margaret's, Hester's, and Kate's. There were merry holidays, and long Christmas rejoicings, and stately dancings in those good old times; and the ebony faces of the negroes grew broader and more shiny as they bent time to the fiddle and shared the general cheer of the patriarchal household.

Every story must have a dark shade to relieve its brightness, and so must that of Andrew and Lucy Knox. We have spoken of four daughters. There were, in fact, five; but we have forbore to speak of the youngest, because herein lay the great grief of Andrew and a slight shade of mortification on the part of Lucy.

This last daughter was five years younger than Kate—she was called Lucy, but the family most frequently addressed her by some term supposed to characterize her mood at the moment. Thus she was most generally called Teeney, from her size, or Ninny, on account of her quick sensibilities, which her better sustained and queenly sisters regarded as a weakness. Yet with all this, Lucy was the pet of the household. Indulged as child never was, caressed and teased, and kissed and laughed at, like a very child, and this even when the depth of womanhood had entered her very soul.

All this, because poor little Lucy had not been cast in the splendid mould of her tall sisters. True, she was proportioned like a very sylph, was light as an embodied zephyr, and the last curvings of grace swayed in the slight roundings of her exquisite form, and the airy lightness of her nature. Yet, alas! Anna was more than a half head taller, Hester a full head, and as to Margaret and Kate, they counted their inches more: of course Lucy was always called "little Lucy," and "dear little Ninny," and "pretty Teeney," and all sorts of diminutives.

In the process of time the four girls being married, Andrew learned to regard the smallness of Lucy with less of regret. Her never-failing vivacity contrasted not unpleasantly with the graver character of her sisters. Then her tenderness, her ready sensibility grew upon his imagination till a wildness of paternal love almost oppressed him.

She was his constant companion, and he was never weary with watching her elastic step as she threaded the mountain path, and the infinite grace that seemed to pervade the very atmosphere she inhaled. Teeney was the pet, the ideal of grace in his mind's eye; yet after all this soul-felt admiration of her exceeding levelness, a soft compassion would ultimately mingle with his tenderness, as the cherished standard he had so long preserved came back to his fancy, and he would press his lips to her forehead, exclaiming,

"Poor, poor, dear Teeney, God forgive me, but I would give all I have in the world to see thee taller."

Then Lucy would laugh and curvet her palfrey, and wheel around with such graceful sauciness, and such pretty mock regret, that Andrew laughed again and declared that she was a "changeling," that some spiteful fairy had stolen away his should-be tall daughter, and left her in its place, and Teeney found this ample apology for all sorts of freakishness.

But now Lucy had been moping as much as one so gay could mope, for many month. Her father seemed bent as much as ever upon seeing her married to a tall husband like her sisters. Lucy threatened to marry a dwarf; she would make love to the shortest man in the country. She even ventured upon sentiment, wondered how her sisters could make size a rule of judging; for her part, truth, soul should decide with her.

Andrew chuckled her under the chin, and contented with frowning medium sized youth out of the house, except a hale thin young man, who came every week to ride with Andrew and Lucy; but he was so shy, rarely even spoke to Teeney; and besides, he wrote verses, not one word of which was intelligible to Andrew, and of course would be less so to Lucy, who even had been seen to blush for him, as she read his rhapsodies.

But now poor little Ninny was often found in tears: she even grew petulant, scolded the maids, and then cried about it: refused to ride, tore up the verses of Mark Stewart, and called her antic little palfrey a "lazy beast."

Andrew was at his wit's end. One day he saw her in tears, and Mark was pressing her fingers to his lips, while she was hurriedly repeating.

"That's it, Mark, I'll do it; he will never consent to the union, so completely is this ridiculous idea in his head, (dear, good father, I am wicked for saying that,) he'll never consent. But I'll do it; I will go to him now, and tell him I *will* have my own way, I *will* have Dick, Jordan, half dwarf that he is; I *will*, dear Mark."

"No, by George, ye don't exclaim the indignant Andrew; "no, never, ungrateful changeling that ye are."

"But, father, you worry me to death with your ugly monsters; I am tired at the sight of them. No wonder I should go to the other extreme and love a dwarf, when you talk only of giants."

"Teeney, Teeney, poor little Teeney," said the old man compassionately, "thy soul is stunted as well as thy body; but Ninny, dear, don't break my heart."

Lucy flung her arms about his neck. Andrew raised her like an infant under one of his and approached Mark.

"Ye see how it is with her. She'll disgrace the family, Mark, you're a nice youth, leaving out the size, could ye."

"Father, father, for mercy's sake what are you saying?" and she darted from his arms.

It was astonishing to observe the change wrought in Mark by these few words. Teeney had left one shoulder just visible in the door-way, and now a slight, graceful laugh burst upon the ear, and then she proposed a ride, and never were such blushes as grew upon her cheek as Mark caught her hand to his lips, and called her "a dear Nanny."

## THE BRILLIANT LOCKET.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

### CHAPTER I.

It was in the autumn of the year 1800, when the Republican army under Ney, Moreau, Cyr, Lamb, and others of its bravest generals, was pursuing its victorious career, and laying waste some of the most important towns in Germany, the circumstance we are about to relate took place.

The frequent want of stores, amunition and money, in the Republican armies, and the hope of plunder then so frequently held out to the French soldiers, as the reward of victory—caused no inconsiderable alarm in the breasts of the more peaceable inhabitants of those places which were considered likely to become the theatre of hostilities.

Among these, the inhabitants of a German town of considerable importance—and which for distinction we will call Ebristien—had ample reasons of their misgivings: the daily, almost hourly, approach of the French being expected.

The family of Paul Kinmayer, a merchant citizen of great wealth, was among those most agitated by the afflicting intelligence, his household consisted of his wife, an only daughter, and a few domestics in whom he could place confidence. His daughter, was the spring which regulated every action of the merchant's life; she was the apple of his eye, the sunshine of his shady places; it was for her he had accumulated his wealth, that her rare beauty might win with it a station of rank and influence; and now the hope of a whole lifetime might be wrecked in a few brief hours.

His wife was the first to suggest a plan for the concealment of their treasures. Their mansion was situated near the extremity of the town, and from it a secret passage communicated with a bower in the garden adjoining; from thence, in the evening, a man might easily steal unperceived to the adjacent woods; and there she proposed that the merchant should, at night, bury his treasure; or, at any rate, that he should proceed through the forest and deposit it with a relation, who was to be trusted, who would not be suspected of possessing so much wealth, and who resided about two days' journey from the place.

For a time Paul Linmayer resisted every importunity of his wife. Who would protect them should the anticipated attack take place in his absence? the domestic was old and infirm, and they would be too much alarmed for their own safety to care much for others not akin to them. But when his wife spoke upon the future; when she impressed on him that it was wealth only that would be required of them; and that, deprived of that, all for which they had so long struggled would be scattered in a moment, his resolution gave way.

"I go," he said, "and I leave you in the trust of One whose all-powerful hand will protect you: unless, indeed, in his infinite wisdom, he deems it fitting that the innocent should fall as an example and terror to the guilty."

Collecting all that was most valuable into a small packet, as the evening approached, the merchant was prepared to depart. One jewel only remained behind—it was his own miniature, set in a locket, with diamonds of great value. It was his wedding gift to Amelia, and with it he hesitated to part: and he placed it again around her neck with the same fervor and affection that he felt when he first presented it. To her and to his daughter, the namesake of her mother, he gave some necessary directions for their welfare during his absence, and taking an affectionate farewell, he departed, unknown to any but themselves.

It was on the evening of the fourth day after the merchant had departed, that the roll of the drums, the shrill voice of the trumpet calling to arms, and the tumult among the inhabitants without, proclaimed to

the inmates of the mansion that the enemy was fast approaching. The town was, indeed, filled with Austrian troops, but these had been so often and lately harassed and defeated by the victorious arms of the French, that it was not without reason the citizens felt strong misgivings in their prowess.

All chance of the merchant being enabled to reach his house, or even to obtain admittance within the town previous to the termination, was now entirely shut out. The wife had little doubt that his reputed wealth would not permit the house to pass unmolested; and, after causing all the doors to be barricaded, and the windows and shutters secured, she proceeded, with her daughter, to the innermost apartment of the mansion.

## CHAPTER II.

On the return of the merchant, the French army was evacuating the place, carrying with them the trophies they had wrested from the conquered Austrians, and a large supply of stores and plunder from the devoted town. Paul's heart died within him as he stealthily entered the suburbs, and proceeded toward the place of his own residence.

Within the town all was confusion and dismay; here were open store-houses rifled of their contents, the very doors torn from their hinges; there, the trim gardens of the richer classes broken down and trampled over; in the market-places were groups of the middle and lower classes, loudly complaining of the excesses of both Austria and France. Still Paul stopped not to join the general outcry; his only anxiety was his own home. At length he reached his dwelling. With what a pang of intense anxiety, he rushed through the open portal! The servants had evidently fled; the stairs bore the marks of heavy footsteps. Paul stopped not to examine them, or he would have seen that they were traced with gore.

With the speed of thought he rushed into their accustomed sitting-room, and there a horrid spectacle awaited him. On the ground lay his wife, stabbed through the heart; one hand had fallen back as if to protect her from the attack of the assassin, while the other grasped tightly a few links of the slight gold chain to which had been attached the diamond mounted portrait.

Of his daughter there were no traces. Loudly did he call and wildly did he seek, first in his own house, and then through the whole town, until it was whispered abroad that he was mad; but anxiety brought weariness and repose led to reflection.

How deeply Paul Kinmayer reproached himself for not taking the miniature with the other valuables, need not be related, since the little doubted that his wife's resistance to part with it had led to the fatal catastrophe. One redeeming thought only flashed across his mind; that by its agency—if indeed she had not shared the fate of her mother—he might be enabled to discover the missing daughter. To this end he resolved to devote the whole of his future existence; and after the funeral of his wife, he disposed of his house, the wreck of his household goods, and prepared to travel; whither he knew not, but anywhere to fly from the scene where all his hopes of earthly happiness had been blighted by the ruthless hand of the destroyer.

"And these," he said, as he turned from his native town and home, "these are deeds perpetrated under the sacred banner of liberty! Alas! how is the divine attribute desecrated! How little, but the name exists in the blood-thirsty dynasty of France.

## CHAPTER III.

Shall we follow the steps of Paul Kinmayer for twelve years? Shall we relate how he traveled in strange lands, even in the wake of the French army—sometimes in disguise—how minute, but yet how cautious were his inquiries, and alas, how fruitless? Shall we say how the hale man grew grey and feeble, as though half a century had passed over his head in scarcely more than the tithe of one. No; for we could relate nothing that could interest the reader—nothing but the patient suffering of a bereaved man; hoping, but hopeless, seeking, but finding not; until it almost seemed that the faculties of the wanderer had ceased to embrace the original object of his mission; but they did not—they only slumbered.

It was something beyond twelve years after the event related in our second chapter took place, that a French officer was reciting in one of the principal cafes in Paris, to an eager crowd of listeners, the particulars of an inglorious retreat from Russia, of which he was one of the few survivors. His age could not have exceeded thirty, but the dreadful hardships of the Russian campaign had told fearfully upon his hardened features. War, however, had not tamed, but had evidently added to, a naturally ferocious disposition; for he was detailing with savage satisfaction, the horrid torments of the enemy, already forgetful of the severities he had just escaped, and to which so many of his comrades had fallen a sacrifice.

Among those who listened most attentively was a stranger, who sat almost unnoticed, smoking in an obscure corner of the room; an involuntary expression of disgust at length betrayed him, and all eyes were immediately turned to where he sat.

"I'll wager a Napoleon," said the officer, "that the old German never smelt powder but on a review day, and never saw more smoke than that which proceeded from his own meerschau." "

"Better if others were like me; who, remembering only that they are soldiers, forget that they are men."

"How!" exclaimed the officer, starting on his feet, "such sentiments here are dangerous, but you Germans are very mystical. However, I'll tell you a German adventure, so, gargon, another bottle of coil rotl, and then—"

"Do you happen to know the German town of Ebristen?" inquired the officer.

The dull eye of the stranger seemed suddenly lit with a liquid fire, as he answered in the affirmative.

"It was my first campaign," continued the other; my father had been one of the bravest (he meant the most bloodthirsty) leaders of the revolution. His influence obtained for me a commission; and, crowned with success, I found no difficulty in earning for myself a promotion. In the action I alluded to, we were allowed but two hours to make what pillage we could in the town of Ebristen before we proceeded onward to greater and more glorious victories. Well, there was a jeweler of great wealth, whose house, which was pointed out to me by an Austrian prisoner, we entered, but in which neither jewels nor portable valu-



bles could we find. The servants fled on our first entrance, the wife and daughter alone remained. The latter had locked themselves in a room, which we soon burst open; we demanded of them their valuables; the trumpets had already sounded "to horse," and I was preparing to leave the house, when a gold chain around the neck of the elder female attracted my attention. There was attached to it—

"A portrait?" asked the stranger with ill concealed anxiety.

"Don't interrupt me," said the narrator, "the story is much *droller* than any would imagine."

The blood of the stranger came and went rapidly, and, putting down his pipe, he was observed, for the moment, feeling about in his pockets, as if he was in search of some missing article.

"You're right; it was a portrait, and in a most valuable setting. Provoked at obtaining no booty, I demanded it of her; she should have had the worthless miniature, but she was obstinate. I tried to force it from her, but she resisted; nay, more, she tried to seize a pistol from my belt, and, in the heat of my passion, I stabbed her."

"Have you that portrait still?" asked the German.

"I have; though it has been taken from the setting, in which one of my own now glitters. You said you knew *Ebrieten*?"

"I did, years ago."

"And probably the original of the picture?" said the officer, producing it.

"Well, well!"

"Ah, is he alive?"

"He is—to be the *Avenger*!" And before the movement was observed by the bystanders, Paul Kinmayer had, with fatal precision, leveled a pistol at the French officer, and shot him in the breast.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mortally wounded, but not dead, he who had braved the heat of a hundred battles, and whom death had spared that he might make a more suitable atonement for his guilt, was carefully removed to a more private apartment.

Paul, who might have escaped in the confusion did not attempt to do so, and he was, of course, taken into custody, and incarcerated in one of the dungeons of the police.

The following morning he was led forth for examination; the wife of the fallen officer, he was told, would be his accuser. But he walked with a firmer step, and a lighter heart than usual. One part of his mission had been accomplished; he had avenged his wife's murder; but he had found no traces of his daughter.

On reaching the place of examination he was commanded to stand forth, a shriek—a long, agonizing shriek—was heard, and the prosecutrix fell senseless to the floor.

Restoratives were immediately applied, and on her recovery, the cause of her agitation was soon apparent.

"It is my father!" she said, and breaking through the crowd, she again fell senseless in his arms.

The impetus of her fall caused a locket to drop from her bosom, where it was still suspended by a chain.

Paul Kinmayer snatched it up. Yes, it was the same—the same circlet of brilliants; but it now contained the portrait of whom?—of his daughter's husband—the murderer of his wife!

Passing her to one of the attendants, the old man smote his breast, and called aloud in his trouble—

"Was it for this thou wert preserved, my beautiful—my pure?"

In consequence of the state of the witness, the examination was postponed, and the same evening the dying man requested that the prisoner together with the chief of the police might attend him.

On their arrival, life was ebbing fast. The confession of the officer was brief; he admitted the murder of Paul's wife, and the justice of his retribution; he further confessed that the daughter, being almost a child, was carried away by the common soldiers to the rear of the army, that she was forced from the apartment previous to, and knew nothing of her mother's fate; and that, repenting of his act, he had her conveyed to Paris, and educated at his own charge. With her years her loveliness increased; and she knowing him only as a benefactor, at last consented to marry him.

This confession was attested and forwarded to the Emperor. Meanwhile the friends of the officer came forward as prosecutors, his wife refusing to do so. The murder in the latter case was fully proved, and Paul was sentenced to death.

On the morning appointed for his execution, he was relieved, and suffered to enter a monastery, where he soon sunk under a broken heart.

With his wealth, which was considerable, he founded a convent for the "Sisters of Mercy," and in the still beautiful abbess, whose piety and benevolence so many have, with justice, lauded and admired, may be discovered the unfortunate daughter of Paul Kinmayer.

#### THE ICE TRADE.

It is a little remarkable that New Yorkers have not entered into this peculiar and profitable branch of commerce. Many of the Yankees, particularly the Bostonians, are making fortunes out of it. There are sixteen companies in Boston engaged in transporting ice to the East and West Indies and various other places in warm climates. The merchants of Boston talk as understandingly about their ice crop as the planters at the south do of their cotton and sugar crops. We see something said in the papers lately about a crop of ice of two hundred thousand tons.

The expense of cutting and shipping the raw material is a mere trifle, and the receipts are said to be more than three millions of dollars. It is stated that a single firm in Boston freighted over a hundred vessels with ice in one year. Mr. Tudor, who has a splendid country residence at Nahant, was the pioneer in this branch of commerce, and has made a large fortune out of it. He has a wide spread fame in the warm countries where his numerous ice vessels have gone, and where he has acquired the title of the "Ice King."

The following article on this subject is from a late number of the *Liverpool Standard*.

#### A CHAPTER ABOUT AMERICAN ICE.

As we are henceforth to have this cooling luxury regularly supplied to us, and its great superiority, both

in clearness and thickness over the home article (owing to the precarious nature of our winters and other causes) is acknowledged by all those who have tried it, a short notice of its uses, the manner of keeping it, and of cutting and securing it in America, may prove interesting to our readers.

Ice has become a great article of export from America. Sixty thousand tons are annually sent from Boston to southern parts, the East and West Indies, &c.; and as sawdust is solely used in packing, a large trade is also carried on in that article. The ice-houses near the lakes and ponds, are immense wooden buildings, capable of holding 10,000 to 20,000 tons each; some of them, indeed, cover half an acre of ground. They are built with double walls, that is, with an inner wall all round, two feet from the outer one; and the space between is filled with sawdust—a non-conductor—making a solid wall, impervious to heat and air, and of ten feet in thickness. The machines employed in cutting the ice are very beautiful, and the work is done by men and horses in the following manner:

The ice that is intended to be cut must be kept clear of snow, as soon as it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight of the men and horses to be employed, which it will do at six inches; the snow is kept scraped from it until it is thick enough to cut. A piece of ice is cleared of two acres in extent, which, at a foot thick, will give about 2000 tons, by keeping the snow off it: freezes thicker, as the frost is freely allowed to penetrate. When the time of cutting arrives, the men commence upon one of these pieces, by getting a straight line through the centre, each way. A small hand-plough is pushed along the line, until the groove is about a quarter of an inch in width, and three inches deep, when they commence with "the marker"—an implement drawn by two horses—which makes two new grooves parallel with the first, 21 inches, the gauge remaining in the first groove. It is then shifted to the outside groove, and makes two more. The same operation goes on in parallel rectangular lines, until the ice is all marked out into squares of 21 inches. In the meanwhile the plough is following in these grooves, drawn by a single horse, a man leading it; and he cuts up the ice to a depth of six inches. The outer blocks are then sawn out, and iron bars are used in splitting them. These bars are like a spade, of a wedge form. In dropping them into the grooves the ice splits off, and a very slight blow is sufficient to separate them; and they split easy or hard, according to the weather, in a very cold day. Ice is very brittle in a keen frost; in comparatively softer weather it is more ductile and resistible.

Platforms, or low tables, are placed near the opening made in the ice, with an iron slide reaching from them into the water; and a man stands on each side with an ice-hook, very much like a boat-hook, but made of steel with fine sharp points. With these the ice is hooked with a jerk that throws it on the platform on the sides which are of the same height. On a cold day everything is covered with ice, and the blocks are each sent spinning along, although they weigh two cwt., as if they weighed only a pound. The slides are large lattice-work platforms to allow the ice to drain, and three tons can be easily run in one of them by one horse. It is then carried to the ice-houses, discharged upon a platform in front of the doors, and hoisted into the building by a horse. Forty men and twelve horses will cut and stow away 400 tons a day. If the weather

be favorable, 100 men are sometimes employed at once; and in three weeks the ice crop, about 200,000 tons, is secured. Some winters it is very difficult to secure it, as a rain or thaw will come that will destroy the labor of weeks and render the ice unfit for market; and then it may snow and rain upon that, before those employed have time to clear it off; and if the latter freezes, the result is *snow-ice* which is of no value, and has to be planed off.

The operation of planing proceeds in nearly the same manner as that of cutting. A plane guaged to run in the grooves made by "the marker" and which will shave the ice to the depth of three inches at one cut, is drawn by a horse, until the whole piece is regularly planed over. The chips are then scraped off. If the ice is not then clear, the work is continued until the pure ice is reached, and a few nights of hard frost will make it as thick below—inch for inch—for what has been taken from above.

The ice is transported on railways. Each ice-house has a branch railway from the main line; and is conveyed in properly constructed box wagons to Boston—a distance of (as the locality may be) 10 to 18 miles. The tools, machinery, &c., employed, and the building the houses, and constructing and keeping up the railroads, &c., are very expensive; yet the facilities are such, through good management, that ice can be furnished at a very trifling cost per pound; and the failure of the ice crop in America would be a great calamity.

It would appear that, for the procuring, preserving and use of this new article of import—though but *water* in its natural state in the frigid zones—a variety of mechanical and scientific operations are brought into play. The guaging, squaring, and (sometimes) the planing appear to belong to the joiner, aided by the mathematician; the ploughing to the agriculturist; the transport over land to the civil engineer; the import to our navigators; the preservation to our philosophers; and the use and economy to our medical men and our housewives.

#### NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY of this interesting and valuable institution was celebrated on Wednesday evening Nov. 20, by a public address at the church of the Messiah, on Broadway, and a dinner at which some four or five hundred sat down, at the new New York Hotel, opposite the church.

The address at the church, which is spoken of as being highly interesting, and bringing out many new and striking historical facts, was delivered by Mr. Broadhead, who has been to Europe under the auspices of the society and the patronage of the Legislature, to collect materials for the early history of New York.

The company at the dinner presented one of the most interesting literary and social gatherings that have been witnessed in this city. *John Quincy Adams* and *Albert Gallatin* were present, and many other eminent and distinguished persons.

The venerable President, Mr. Gallatin, presided for the early part of the evening, and was succeeded by the Vice President, W. B. Lawrence, Esq. Grace was said by the Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester, Mass. The Rev. Dr. De Witt, of this city, returned thanks. Letters were received and read from Dr.

Samuel Miller, Mr. Van Buren, Judge Story, Silas Wright, Millard Fillmore, and W. H. Seward; they were received and not read from George Bancroft, W. H. Prescott, James Savage, of Boston, Hon. G. M. Dallas, Chancellor Kent, H. G. Otis, Hermanus Bleecker, Bishop Eastburn, Ambrose Spencer, Gov. Marcy, Dr. Potter, of Union College, Hon. Mr. Berrien, Rev. Dr. Bacon, Josiah Quincy, Hon. G. P. Marsh, M. C., Rev. J. Broadhead, G. C. Brownson, Judge Beardsley, Chas. W. Upham, E. Washburn, of Worcester, Jared Sparks, John Pickering, R. C. Winthrop, Wm. Johnson, Judge Davis, Francis C. Grey, Dr. Dewey, Commodore Jones.

Many brilliant and interesting addresses were made in the course of the evening, but we have only room to notice the following.

Hon. Luther Bradish rose, and paid a high compliment to Hon. John Quincy Adams, as one of those whose history is the history of his time. Such a one, he said, honored this occasion with his presence—an example alike of public and private virtue. Long as had been his career, no patriotism, however disinterested—no integrity, however pure—no wisdom, however unerring, had been able to exempt him from the fate of them who devote themselves to the good of their country. There had been malignity base enough, and uncharitableness cold enough to slander and to detract from his fame. But Justice had asserted her empire. Already does that individual enjoy in his lifetime the awards of impartial history, the eulogy of a grateful posterity.

He then proposed his health, which was drunk standing, and with great applause.

Mr. Adams then rose and said—

Gentlemen—If I do not sink under the honor conferred upon me by the observations of the gentleman who has just resumed his seat, it is not that I do not feel the want of support. They are observations which it may become me to be altogether silent upon. If any part of these observations can excuse my making reference to them, it is that in which the gentleman has referred to circumstances in my life, not by any means peculiar to me, but illustrating the fate of all men, public and private, whether statesmen, or poets, or philosophers, who have ever attracted, in any degree, the notice of the age in which they have lived—the extent to which I have suffered, during my somewhat varied career, from the effects of slander and detraction. I will only say, sir,—for I see and feel the necessity of being brief—that I am willing to appeal, on this point, to the end for which this Society, and all similar associations were founded in this country. And what is that end? What is that great object? It is to collect the materials of historical Truth. This is the end and this is the object of the societies; the instruments and the agents of procuring and making permanent the triumphs of Truth over slander!—(Great applause.) A gentleman by my side has enumerated the names of several individuals who had a share in rearing and founding this association. They all deserve the eloquent award which that gentleman [Mr. Lawrence,] has given them: and I take this occasion to introduce to your recollection the name of one who was, indirectly, the founder of this and other similar societies in the United States: for he was the first who ever laid the foundation of a Historical Society in our country. A man of whom the nation may well be proud. He was the author of the History of

New Hampshire, which was so highly thought of by his cotemporaries, that a distinguished French historian, alluding to it, called it "the precious history of New Hampshire." I mean Mr. Belknap. [Applause] He was also the author of a valuable volume of biography, and of a collection of psalms and hymns, which are still used in some of the churches of New England, and have improved greatly the taste in poetry and music of those by whom they are used. It is not long since the fiftieth anniversary of the Massachusetts Historical Society was celebrated, and it is encouraging to note the fact that, since that time, the State of Georgia, Kentucky, and others have founded similar institutions. [Applause.] And, my countrymen, if you shall ever suffer under the shafts of calumny and detraction I recommend to you to rely with confidence on these societies to vindicate your character and your reputations, in all after times. [Great cheering.]

I have not time now, Mr. President and gentlemen, to enlarge here on the utility of these associations; they appear to me to be among the most valuable institutions of our age; and when we cast our eyes back upon the history of our country, from the period of its discovery by Christopher Columbus, and glance along the intermediate pages of its annals, it seems but the record of uninterrupted progress in the improvement of man upon earth. [Renewed applause.] Gentlemen, I must request of you to excuse me from making any further observations on this occasion, and to permit me to close by giving you the following sentiment:

AMERICAN HISTORY—Of the Past, commenced with heroic enterprise; of the Present, progressing constantly in the work of human improvement; of the Future, may it fulfil the prediction of Berkley:

"Time's noblest offspring is the last!"

This sentiment (as the whole of the venerable gentleman's remarks had been) was received with the warmest applause, in the midst of which he resumed his seat.

HON. B. F. BUTLER then rose and said that the agreeable duty had devolved upon him of alluding to the progress of the Pennsylvania Historical Society in carrying on the good work that both this and that were engaged in. He then went on to allude, in a high eulogistic manner, to William Penn, the founder of that great Commonwealth, who was, he said, without a parallel among all uninspired lawgivers and founders of states; to Franklin, whose name, next to that of Washington, filled the page of universal history, and of whom it might be truly said, "Eripuit coelo fulmen;" and he proceeded to say that it was on the soil of Pennsylvania that "the father of his country" had first discovered that consummate wisdom and courage—that indomitable spirit of endurance, which had marked him out as the saviour of his native land—[applause.] For it was on the banks of the Monongahela that he had distinguished himself in saving the remnant of his suffering army: and from that soil had emanated the Declaration of American Independence—[cheers]—the immortal instrument to which the illustrious father of the venerable gentleman who had just resumed his seat had affixed his signature—[great cheering]—and thence too was issued the pride and glory of the land, the Federal Constitution—[applause.] Robert Fulton was a native of Pennsylvania, and spent the first twenty years of his life there: and Thomas Godfrey, the improver of the quadrant, and John Fitch, who, in 1752, had produced a steamboat upon the waters of the Delaware;

and Oliver Evans, who, in 1804, invented a steam-wagon, and predicted that some who lived then would see the day when the journey between Philadelphia and New York would be performed by steam in less than twelve hours! And now the delegation which had honored the Society by coming from that city to this, to-day, to join in this celebration, had come in five hours and a half! [Cheers.] And who, looking down the vista of time, can venture to predict when and where these improvements would stop? and what would be the "Ultima Thule" of progression? Mr. Butler concluded by offering the following sentiment:

FITCH, GODFREY AND EVANS, of Pennsylvania—Early and honorably connected with scientific improvements in our country: let History see to it that their names and deeds are never forgotten.

After the applause with which this sentiment was received had subsided,

The Hon. Wm. B. Read then rose and said—I return my sincere thanks, Mr. President and gentlemen, for the honor you have done me in honoring the memory of those distinguished men born in my native state. (Cheers.) There are times, sir, when a Pennsylvania man should be very careful how he moves when merited compliments are floated about. (Cheers and laughter.) And, indeed, a Pennsylvania man now-a-day should be very grateful when he receives any compliment at all. (Cheers and laughter.) I thank you for referring to the days of the manly industry and ingenuity of my state. That is a chapter which we may well be proud of. (Cheers.) But there is a chapter in our history which we may as well manfully refer to at once. (Cheers.) It is a chapter, I trust, not yet concluded. (Cheers.) But it is one which a Pennsylvania man abroad is sure to have met him full in the face—it is one in which we failed to pay our honest debts. (Cheers.) But that chapter has yet to be concluded. (Cheers.) And that day of our shameful regrets has soon to pass away. (Cheers.)

I do not speak as a prophet, sir, but I speak as a hopeful man. (Cheers and laughter.) And I do honestly believe that before a few months shall have passed away, the dishonor of Pennsylvania will be as a thing long since passed and gone. (Loud and continued cheering.) Mr. President, there have been darker periods in our history than this, sir. (Laughter.) I saw a letter a day or two since, written by a distinguished man in Philadelphia to his friends in this state, the 17th of August, 1781, saying that the legislature had just adjourned, and there was not money enough in the treasury to pay a 10*l*. warrant. (Cheers and laughter.) And yet in eleven years after this the corner stone of a house was laid in Philadelphia for the President of the United States, and Pennsylvania was happily out of debt. (Cheers.) And this happened in less than 12 years—many of them years of war and severe sufferings. And to none did Pennsylvania so much owe her release from embarrassments as to the citizen of a frontier county—who by his talents and enterprize—got her out of debt! I mean our fellow citizen, Albert Gallatin. (Immense cheering.) His report of February 1792, was the foundation of his well-earned fame, and the foundation of the credit of Pennsylvania. (Cheers.) One word as to the associations that should bind Pennsylvania and New York together. A few years ago and we were the metropolis, and you were the country town—(Laughter.) And the idea of a Southern merchant coming to New York to buy his

goods was just as preposterous as it would be now for one of your Indians to come up between the capes of the Delaware. (Cheers.) When George Foll, in 1656, traveled through these capes to the Providence Plantations, New York was a village of huts, and Philadelphia was not; and a clergyman in 1759, traveling through the United States, wrote a book, now in your library, in which he says that these colonies never will be united, their interests are so opposed; and that Pennsylvania and New York never can be friends, for that they will always be rivals for the trade of New Jersey. (Loud cheers and roars of laughter, in which Mr. Adams joined.)—And I may as well state that this was the Rev. Mr. Barnaby. And yet within fifteen years a common danger and a common cause united these states in a bond of union never to be dissolved. (Cheers.) And Pennsylvania hallowed all your soil with their blood shed freely in defence of your freedom. The names of Miles and Attle and Parker and Piper must be known, and others who shed their blood between Gowannus and Brooklyn, fighting against the British troops on the 29th of August, 1776. And there is not a spot from — Hill to Harlem Heights but can attest the gallantry of Pennsylvania soldiers fighting to defend New York. (Immense cheering.) And it is a comfort this day, when dishonor weighs down my native state, to think and speak of her days and deeds of honor and renown. (Cheers.)

There is one thing connected with the history of Pennsylvania that should be told on this occasion. It was in the State House yard of Philadelphia, when walking in an hour of perplexity and trouble, with cares beyond all human ken upon his shoulders, that John Adams suggested the name of George Washington as the American Commander-in-Chief. (Here three loud cheers were given.) And if that great man had done nothing more for his country than this one act, great should be our gratitude therefor. But there is another fact that also entitles him to our solid and lasting esteem. It was the same John Adams that proposed George Washington Commander-in-Chief, that made John Marshall chief justice of the United States. (Here the cheering was absolutely deafening, and lasted some minutes.) Not to detain you long, Mr. President, I give you—

"History of the good old times and its conservative influence—it will keep us as a nation when every other link is broken."

MR. ADAMS' SECOND ADDRESS.—HIS COMPLIMENT TO MR. GALLATIN.

In the course of the evening the venerable "old man eloquent" was called up again and made the following remarks:

Mr. Adams said, that while seated here within the last five minutes, a paper had been put into his hand from a gentleman unknown to him, containing one of the coins of the State of Massachusetts. The coin was known as the first of the state, and was called "the Pine Tree Shilling." The coinage was made in 1652, and its issue was of itself an act of independence. England, like every other foreign country, had declared the issuing of coin an act of high treason. Notwithstanding the declaration, the coin was issued, and passed currently until within my own time and remembrance. I have seen and passed these coins myself. Notwithstanding its date, it continued to be issued and to pass current for a long time after. Its antique date was, perhaps, that those who had issued



it might not be subjected to the charge of high treason. It was issued until after the restoration of the Stuarts. I present the coin to the society as worthy of its reception.

Mr. President, I take this opportunity to say a few words which I intended to have uttered when I before addressed you, but impressions were so strong upon me as to deprive me almost entirely of the power of utterance. I feel the more liberty to say now what I intended to have said before, because the object of my remarks—the venerable president of your society—is no longer present. I conceived it to be a great honor to have received an invitation to be present with you when reading your letter of invitation. I am here in a double capacity, therefore, as an individual in answer to your letter of invitation, and as one of five delegates chosen by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Your venerable president was pleased, in the letter of invitation, to add a word of his own. He said, (Mr. Adams remarked with so much feeling as to create a marked impression, with all present.) “I shall be glad to shake hands with you once more in this world.” With such an invitation, I determined to be present.

Those words, indeed, would have compelled my attendance, and nothing could have prevented me from being here with you. I have lived long—have long been connected in public office with the honored and distinguished men of the country, and it has been my fortune to have been long associated with the illustrious president of your society. I have known him for nearly a half century, and during that time I know not that there is a man during that time with whom I have differed more upon great questions of public policy. I know not that we differ upon any question now, but whether we do or not, before he and I separate on this earth, to go like birds of passage, to that warm and more genial clime whither we are bound, I will say that I have never known a more honest or a more honorable man. (Immense applause.)

#### THE WORLD AS IT IS.

##### RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS, &C.

**LATEST EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.**—The Steamer *Britania* at Boston has brought London dates to the fourth, and Liverpool to the fifth of November.

**REPUDIATION DISGRACING AMERICANS IN LONDON.** It is now positively stated that Americans are excluded from the large and fashionable clubs in London, because some of the United States have not paid their debts. One of the London Journals gives a particular case as follows:

“We have heard it mentioned, as a positive fact, that an American gentleman of the most unblemished character was refused admission into one of the largest clubs in London on the ground that he belonged to a republic that did not fulfil its engagements. All possible pains were taken to convince the gentleman that there was not the slightest personal objection to his admission, and that his own reputation was such that the club would have had the greatest pleasure in receiving him, had he belonged to a more creditable government. In fact, the whole affair, and the manner in which it was done, may be considered as reflecting quite as much honor on the gentleman himself, as it conveyed a deep reproach to America. From the feeling with which we have heard this object mentioned in the city, it is not too much to expect, that the ex-

ample will be followed in other establishments. No distinction as we understand, has been made as to the State to which an individual may belong, but the whole United States are looked upon as equally tarnished.”

**THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE,** in the city of London, was opened by Queen Victoria in person on the 4th inst., amid great feasting and rejoicings. The *European Times* says: “the state of British commerce now, as compared with the struggles of the infant Hercules, some three centuries ago, when her Majesty’s predecessors, Queen Elizabeth, visited the city on a similar mission, has been expatiated upon at length in the editorial columns of the daily press. The retrospect is flattering to the energy and the enterprize of the British character; but the eulogists forget there is another great commercial nation, watered by the Atlantic, which springing into existence as an independent country during the memory of man, has gone ahead in the way of maratime prosperity, of which no example in the history of mankind affords any parallel. The United States sound harshly in the ears of John Bull at the present moment, and will continue to do so until the dollars owing by Pennsylvania and the other repudiating States, are forthcoming; but, humbling as it may be to British vanity, that is the country of all others most likely to interfere with and cross our path.”

**A NEW CITY AND IMMENSE DOCKS.**—Another event, which was the occasion of great rejoicing, transpired at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, on the same day with the opening of the Exchange; we mean the opening of the foundation of the vast and gigantic docks projected there, and which are to be on a scale so extensive that the area of one of them will be equal to the whole dock accommodations of the port of Liverpool! A new city is rapidly springing up on that bleak and barren shore, which threatens, at no distant day, to transcend in wealth and commercial importance even Liverpool itself.

**BERKENHEAD DOCK.**—One gentleman in Berkenhead is reported to have cleared 200,000*l.* by land speculations, 100,000*l.* of which was cleared in one day! Another is said to have netted 80,000*l.* by similar speculations.

Manchester has been made a port, and a Custom House has been established, with the necessary officers. On Saturday, the first cargo, consisted of wines and spirits, was brought from Liverpool in bond, and bonded at Manchester.

By the monthly official returns just published, we perceive that the Bank of England has commenced diminishing its issues as nearly as possible to the amount of drain upon its gold bullions; and what is still more worthy of attention, its deposits are increasing, while its paper currency is also decreasing.

Money is abundant, and “fancy stocks” are coming into vogue in London. The Liverpool market for American provisions is active.

**O’CONNELL AND IRELAND.**—There is a lull in the agitation of Repeal in Ireland, the Liberator since his declaration in favor of Federalism remaining in quiet at his mountain home of Derrynane.

Mr. O’Connell says in a late letter: “For my part, I feel that my first duty is to combine the people of Ireland—all the people of Ireland, in our peaceable, legal, and constitutional struggle to restore Ireland to her domestic Legislature, without which there is no

prospect before us but of increasing misery and accumulating discontent.

Protestants of Ireland! non-Repealers! we hold out to you the hand of perfect conciliation, and there is a heart in that hand."

**NEW TARIFF IN BRAZIL.**—The decree of the Emperor of Brazil, promulgating a new Tariff, seems to have caused quite a shock to the commercial interests of Great Britain. It was to go into effect on the 11th of November, and imposes an ad valorem duty of thirty per cent. upon most of the manufactured goods of Europe, though on some articles a specific rate of duty is imposed.

Macready arrived in England by the Caledonia, and left for Paris, to sustain a round of characters in the French metropolis, supported by Miss H. Faucit, and the best available talent, under the patronage of Louis Philippe.

*Galignani's Messenger* states that her Majesty and Prince Albert have promised the King of the French to visit Paris in the course of next year.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

**EVENING HOURS;** a collection of Poems, by Thomas R. Whiting. *New York: Leavitt, Trow & Co.*

This is a volume of something more than a hundred pages of new poetry, which appears to present very respectable claims to public favor from its intrinsic merit as well as the neat dress in which it appears. Take the following as a specimen:

##### THE PAST.

THERE was a time when I did taste  
The sweets of life, but it is past;  
And sorrow's vell, with sudden haste,  
Is o'er me cast.

THERE was a time when I did know  
Affection's joys, but they are fled;  
The heart from which their streams did flow  
Is with the dead!

THERE was a time when life had charms  
To win my love, but they are gone;  
No mellowing tint the landscape warms—  
I am alone!

THERE was a time when bright-eyed Hope  
Before me smiled, bedecked with flowers;  
The future now seems but a group  
Of weary hours!

From life's absorbing joys, defend  
The yielding heart, ere 'tis ensnared!  
Each love must with bereavement end;  
Be then prepared!

**HARPER'S BIBLE.**—The beautiful Pictorial Bible published by Harper & Brothers has reached the twelfth number, and every way fully sustains the high expectations raised in its commencement. The wood engravings by Adams are executed in the finest style of the art, and many of the original designs by Chapman are full of spirit and beauty; while the paper and

typography of the work have hardly been surpassed in the country. In every respect we consider the undertaking of bringing out this unrivalled edition of the Bible worthy of the great success which has thus far attended it. It is expected to be completed in about fifty numbers, and is sold at twenty-five cents a number. No family who can afford it should be without it.

**THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.**—There were in this country fifty years since, but one bishop and twenty-five priests, of this denomination, with a few scattered churches. There are now twenty-one bishops and nearly one thousand priests, with seven hundred churches and about five hundred missionary stations. They have forty-eight academies twenty-one ecclesiastical seminaries, thirty-six houses for religious women, and twenty-six Orphan Asylums. Their increase is at the ratio of nearly 100 per cent. every ten years, being of course largely aided by emigration. The increase of the general population is thirty-four per cent. There are two societies in Europe, whose principal object is to convert this country to the doctrines of the church, viz: the Leopold Foundation in Austria, and the society of St. Charles Borromeo in Lyons. The latter transmitted to this country in 1840 \$163,000, and in 1842 \$177,000.—(*Philadelphia North American*).

**THE INFIDEL IN THE GALE.**—During the late gale on Lake Erie, the steamer Robert Fulton, among many other vessels, was wrecked. On board that boat, as was related by a passenger and published in the Religious Herald, was an infidel with a box of books to distribute at the West. He was loud and clamorous in proclaiming his infidelity till the gale came on, but then like the rest, he was silent, and waited with trembling anxiety the uncertain fate of the ship. At length they drew near the shore, and attempted to throw out their anchors, when the whole forward part of the boat broke away, and the waves came rushing into the cabin. At once the infidel was on his knees, crying for mercy; his voice could be heard above the raging elements, begging the Lord to forgive his blasphemies, till a heavy sea swept over the deck and carried him and his books to the bottom.

**THE PHILOSOPHER AND WIT.**—A philosopher and a wit were at sea, and a high swell rising, the philosopher seemed under great apprehensions lest he should go to the bottom. "Why," observed the wit, "that will suit your genius to a title; as for my part, you know, I am only for skimming the surface or things."

**REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.**—It is said the Post Master General has at last come to the conclusion that a reduction of postage is expedient, and that he will recommend reducing letter postage to five cents under five hundred miles, and ten cents for a greater distance. So far, so good.

**DEAN SWIFT SAYS.**—"It is with narrow souled people as with narrow-necked bottles, the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

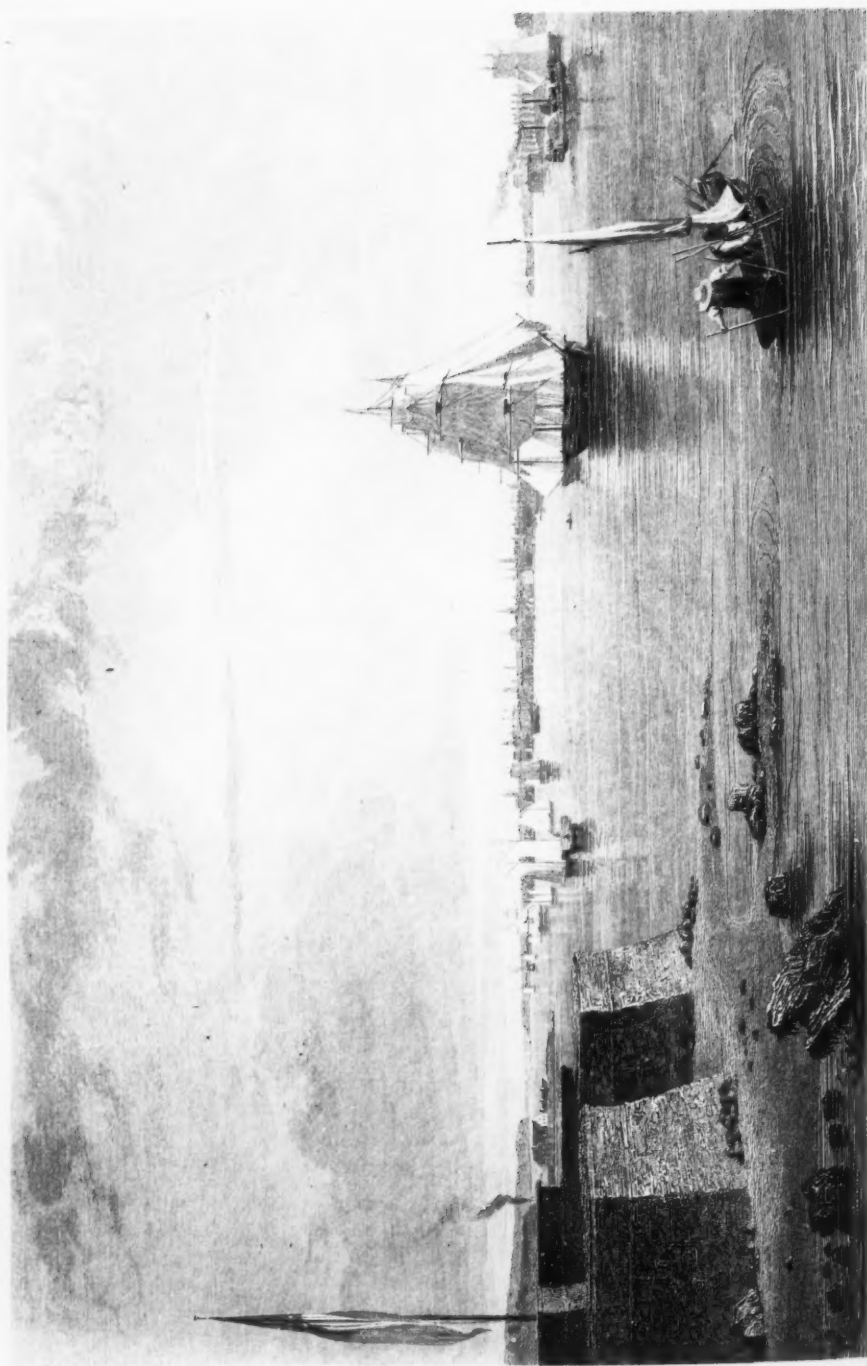
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Engraved by James Smith

*New York from Battery - August 18*

Printed by John C. Thompson



New York from Bradburn & Co.



# THE ROVER.

## NEW YORK, FROM BEDLOW'S ISLAND.

Our engraving this week presents a good view of New York bay and city, as seen from Bedlow's Island. This is a small island between one and two miles distant from the Battery toward the Jersey shore. The government has a fortification upon the island, and within a year or two past the whole sea wall around it has been rebuilt and repaired to prevent its being washed away by the tides.

On the centre of the plate is a distant view of New York; on the right hand side is Brooklyn and the East River, or entrance into Long Island Sound; and on the left, Bedlow's Island in the foreground, and in the background Jersey shore and the North River. Such plates as these are not only interesting as pictures, but valuable as accurate landscape views.

## LINES SUGGESTED BY THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF A DEAD CHILD.

BY A. A. WATTS.

I saw thee in thy beauty! bright phantom of the past;  
I saw thee for a moment—'twas the first time and the last;

And though years since have glided by of mingled bliss and care,  
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair!

I saw thee in thy beauty! thou wert graceful as the fawn,  
When, in very wantonness of glee, it sports upon the lawn;

I saw thee seek the mirror, and when it met thy sight,  
The very air was musical with thy burst of wild delight!

I saw thee in thy beauty! with thy sister by thy side:  
She a lily of the valley, thou a rose in all its pride!  
I looked upon thy mother—there was triumph in her eyes,  
And I trembled for her happiness—for grief had made me wise!

I saw thee in thy beauty! with one hand among her curls—

The other, with no gentle grasp, had seized a string of pearls;

She felt the petty trespass, and she chid thee, though she smiled,

And I knew not which was lovelier, the mother or the child.

I saw thee in thy beauty! and a tear came to mine eye,

As I pressed thy rosy cheek to mine, and thought even thou could'st die!

Thy home was like a summer bower, by thy joyous presence made;

But I only saw the sunshine, and I felt alone the shade!

I see thee in thy beauty! for there thou seem'st to lie,  
In slumber resting peacefully, but oh! the change of eye—

VOLUME IV.—No. 13.

That still serenity of brow—those lips that breathe no more,  
Proclaim thee but a mockery fair of what thou wert of yore.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy waving hair at rest,

And thy busy little fingers folded lightly on thy breast;  
But thy merry dance is over, and thy light race is run;  
And the mirror that reflected two, can now give back but one.

I see thee in thy beauty! with thy mother by thy side—

But her loveliness is faded, and quell'd her glance of pride;

The smile is absent from her lip, and absent are the pearls,

And a cap, almost of widowhood, conceals her envied curls.

I see thee in thy beauty! as I saw thee on that day—  
But the mirth that gladdened then thy home, fled with thy life away.

I see thee lying motionless upon the accustomed floor—  
But my heart hath blinded both mine eyes—and I can see no more!

## FIRST MARTYR TO AMERICAN LIBERTY.

THE following article is full of strong and stirring interest, as well as valuable historical information. It is from the pen of C. F. Hoffman, and has just been published in Sparks's American Biography. We have made large extracts from the narrative portion of the article, and have divided them into sections with headings referring to the subject.

It is melancholy to reflect now that it is not even known where the remains of Leisler rest. He was executed in the Park, near where the fountain now plays. Years afterward, when the English government removed the attainder from his memory, his remains were removed with great parade to the South Dutch Church, which was destroyed in the great fire of 1835.

## ROMANCE OF NEW YORK.

(Extracts from the new volume of Sparks's American Biography.)

### THE FIRST REVOLUTION OF NEW YORK.

The year 1689-9, as all readers of American history are aware, was marked by great political excitement throughout the colonies generally. The province of New York had been grievously harassed by the misgovernment of the broken-down courtier, whom the profligate Charles, and his feeble-minded brother, had sent to rule over it. Andros, the last of the race, had, for the present, been disposed of by the spirited Bostonians. Nicholson, his Lieutenant Governor, held the reins of power in his stead; an object of suspicion to the people from his connection with the unpopular government of James the Second of England, but strongly supported by the richest and most influential men in the province, who, filling its prominent offices, held them by the same tenure.

The public mind was in a state of strange agitation. There were rumors of popish plots, rumors of republican cabals. Those in authority complained, that the revenue could not be collected, and that the government officials were insulted. Those out of power believed, that the minions of power were busy in strengthening its hands. There were reports of men marching upon the city of New York from the east end of Long Island, to seize upon the fort, and hold it for the Prince of Orange. There were reports of men being already within the walls of the town, who, on an appointed day, would rise upon the people, when collected in their churches, and, by a general massacre, give the most desperate proof of their adherence to King James.

The early emigrants to New York of every nation, came chiefly through the ports of Holland. They spoke her language; they intermarried with her children; and they brought with them associations springing from these ties of blood and language, which were due alike to the protection which they received from the once powerful flag of that country, and to their freedom from all personal molestation, whatever their religious sentiments might be, in a Dutch community on either side of the Atlantic. When it was proclaimed, therefore, upon these shores, that WILLIAM OF ORANGE was to be their king, the spontaneous rising of the people of New York to hail the new government requires no ingenious metaphysical theory of the present day to explain it. The elevation of the Protestant prince to the British crown was, indeed, hailed with hopeful enthusiasm by the friends of liberty throughout all our northern colonies. But while, in Boston, the reception of the glad tidings called out an instant movement among the *leaders* of the people, it was in New York, that *THE PEOPLE* themselves in their might, and, with one voice, created the first really republican ruler that ever attained to power in America.

That man of the people, the first and only political martyr, that ever stained the soil of New York with his blood, was JACOB LEISLER.

#### CHARACTER OF LEISLER.

There was a merchant of New York, whose personal qualities and public conduct, on several occasions in past years, while raising for him more than one powerful personal enemy, had endeared him alike to the esteem and the affections of the province generally. This man, unlike other enterprising characters of that period, instead of attempting to build up an estate for himself and family, by the acquisition of a large landed property, with the attendant grant of manorial rights, the great prize of provincial ambition at that day, had devoted himself to commerce with equal energy and success, and had become one of the principal proprietors of merchant ships trading with Europe, at that time owned in New York.

The first mention of the name of JACOB LEISLER by the historian belongs to the year 1675. He was at that time a resident of Albany, where, probably, as was the case with many of his compatriots, the basis of his fortune, which he afterward came to New York to improve, was laid in the fur trade, of which Albany was then and long afterward the emporium, as Montreal and St. Louis have been in later times.

Leisler was, it seems, at that date, one of the magistrates of the present capital of the state, and, in con-

nection with other associates in the commission of the peace, had incurred the displeasure of Sir Edmund Andros, the governor of the province, for the high-handed measures he and his associates ventured to adopt, to prevent, as they thought, the spread of popery, the great political bugbear of the day. The associates of Leisler conciliated the governor by promptly giving the bail that was required of them for their interference with his authority; but Leisler preferred being led to jail to the abandonment of what he considered a principle.

The firmness evinced in this affair was, from the circumstances under which the trait of character was called out, calculated to make its full impression upon the popular mind. But Leisler also exhibited personal qualities of an equally spirited and more endearing description, upon an occasion less questionable, and which, in a community small as was that of New York at that time, sank deep into the affections of men.

A family of French Huguenots was landed on Manhattan Island, so poverty-stricken, that a public tribunal decided they should be sold into slavery, in order to pay their ship charges. The original respectability of the parties, and the touching relation of a widowed mother and her only son, could not shield these forlorn strangers from the dreary destiny which threatened them. But the benevolent spirit of Leisler came between them and their fate. He did not wait till they should have suffered the humiliation of being exposed to sale like cattle, and then brand them with the doubtful obligation of being manumitted as *his* property. He forbade the sale by purchasing their freedom before it could begin; and the family thus rescued from this cruel species of degradation subsequently enrolled among its members some of the most valuable citizens in New York.

These incidents, as I have related them, were well calculated to affect the dispositions of men both kindly and strongly toward the spirited and liberal merchant, who thus set at naught both his person and his purse in the assertion of either public or private liberty.

Years passed on, and Leisler, unconnected with public employment, save when, for a brief period, he held the office of Judge of Admiralty, and aloof from the petty intrigues, which were continually going forward, for the aggrandizement of particular families by means of sycophancy toward the governor, or of political countenance from abroad, grew steadily in favor with his townsmen. He was one of the very few men in the province, who, raised above the mass by their wealth, still sympathized with them in their interests, and in their strong local pride and home attachments; the sentiment of *inhabitiveness*, once so characteristic of New Yorkers, and still most marked among those descendants of its early settlers, who nestle in many a quiet nook along the tide waters of the Hudson. Again, the men whose equal personal qualities and superior attainments might have made them the successful rivals of Leisler in the popular favor, were, for the most part, continually looking toward England as the source of honor and power; and, instead of seeking to identify themselves with the land in which their lot was cast, it was their pride to claim *there* a matrimonial and political connection with persons of rank and influence. Moreover, official station in provincial governments, where the appointing power resides in the parent country, always lifts the incumbent above the sympathies and beyond the confidence of his



brother colonists. Now, the representatives of almost all the leading families of that day in New York, and not a few of their junior members, were more or less connected with and dependent upon the obnoxious government of James the Second. Leisler, the merchant, seemed the only prominent individual perfectly identified with the community of which he was a member, to whom that community could look as its representative and its leader in the impending struggle.

There is yet one relation in which I have not viewed Jacob Leisler, and which, though of slight import now, had, doubtless, in those times, its full influence in placing him in the elevated station where we shall shortly be called upon to judge his actions and character.

The military force of the city of New York, in the year 1689, consisted of five free companies, embraced in a colonel's command. These citizen soldiers were, with the exception of a sergeant's guard of royal troops, which garrisoned the fort, the only defence of the town. Nicholas Bayard, the commandant of this regiment, who likewise filled a prominent civil station, was deemed, if not hostile to the people, a favorer, at least, of the party of King James. Leisler was the eldest, as well as the most popular, of the five captains, who were ranked under Colonel Bayard; and upon him, as will be seen hereafter, the others, with one consent, conferred the full command when the moment for action had arrived.

We thus see, that to energetic talents for business, unflinching firmness of principle, and liberality of feeling far in advance of his day, Leisler united a degree of that military prestige which is so highly important to the leader of popular movements.

In none of these attributes did he afterward prove deficient. But his mental attainments were by no means commensurate with these substantial qualities of character. Credulity suspicion, and blind confidence will ever, by turns, distract the councils of honest ignorance in high position; and talent itself often becomes mischievous to the possessor, when not guarded by intelligence. Leisler himself was fully sensible of this deficiency, and has left a simple record of his vain effort to supply it by reposing upon some more enlightened friend.\* Still, embarrassed as he was by this defect of education, his errors, his failures, and his fate, so far as his memory is responsible for them, can be mainly traced to those very qualities, which so commended his character to the esteem and affection of his partisans; the stubborn firmness of his will, and the confiding benevolence of his disposition.

#### THE RISING OF THE PEOPLE.

It was on the evening of the 3d of June, 1689, that the people of New York, roused and excited by the circumstances already detailed, (the confusion at the custom-house, the movement of the Long Island forces, the rumors of the seizure of the fort by the adherents of King James, and the report of the threatened massacre,) rose as if by one consent, and with tumultuous action, assembled in arms to overthrow the existing government. Their numbers and unity of sentiment

\* Upon a medal, still in possession of one of his descendants, he scratched with his knife, while in prison, the popular distich,

"Remember well, and bear in mind,  
A faithful friend is hard to find."

gave instant energy to their purpose. Their act was one of revolt merely; but it carried with it, at its very inception, all the vigor of revolution. No orator was needed to stir them to patriotic action. No demagogue was there to pervert the single-minded intention that hurried them forward by one impulse. There was no machinery of party, no jugglery of committee-men, in that primal meeting of "the democracy" of New York. Their councils were announced by acclamation. Their movement was that of one big heart, where a thousand pulses beat the alarm of action.

They would seize upon the fort, they would place their most valued citizen, the oldest captain of the train-bands at their head, and he should lead them on to the citadel. "*Tot Leisler, tot Leisler, tot het huys van Leisler!*" "To Leisler, to the house of Leisler!" was the cry; and, clashing their arms as they rushed through the streets, the thronged multitude were soon pressing around the house of the merchant. The door was thrown open, and the light from within fell first upon the features of a few grave citizens, who, surrounded by the rabble, stood there, cap in hand, to address him. But even as he uttered his words of refusal to share in a movement so tumultuous, the tramp of the free companies, who marched in the rear of the multitude, was heard approaching, and silent as was their tread, the gleam of corselet and hargreaves gave a sterner animation to the scene. Leisler withdrew to arm himself, and, within the hour, received the keys of the fort, of which his townsmen had meanwhile taken possession.

The next movement is singularly characteristic of the confidence of the people in their leaders. It was that night determined that the five captains of the city band should alternately relieve each other, and garrison the fort from day to day with their respective companies. And how completely these captains acted in concert, and with the approbation of the citizens, was sufficiently proved on the morrow, when, their colonel venturing to appear upon parade, and ordering them to disperse, his authority was set at naught, and he himself compelled to consult his safety by withdrawing. Alarmed at this successful out-break of popular feeling, Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson convened his council, and, calling upon all public magistrates to unite with him, he demanded the government money, which, being kept in the fort, was now in possession of the adherents of King William. But the friends of Leisler were fully prepared to maintain the ground they had so boldly taken. Of those in arms, four hundred men unanimously signed an agreement to hold the fort "for the present Protestant power that reigns in England," while a committee of safety, composed of ten freeholders of the city whose names, as they have come down to us, represents in equal ratio, the Dutch, the French, and the English population of that early period, assumed the powers of provisional government, of which they declared Jacob Leisler to be the head. They constitute him "captain of the fort or citadel;" they proclaim, that "the said Leisler shall have all aid from the city and county, to suppress external enemies of the peace, and preserve the order of the province of New York; and they authorize him to use the power and authority of Commander-in-Chief, until orders shall come from their majesties; and he is authorized to do all such acts as are requisite for the good of the province, taking counsel with the militia and civil authority as occasion may require."

And now, after receiving a congratulatory deputation from New England, who, in their recorded approval of his acts, address him as the "loyal and noble Captain Leisler," he proclaimed King William, by sound of trumpet, to the rejoicing people.

#### CONDUCT OF THE TORIES.

While such was the attitude of the now dominant popular party, the Jacobites were by no means disposed to acknowledge the new ascendancy without a struggle. Love of power and jealousy of the people were, with them, emotions full as strong as loyalty to a prince. They felt, that they had too long deferred the acknowledgment of the House of Orange, and were overwhelmed with confusion and dismay at the vigorous measures of Leisler and his associates. Still, they determined to make yet an effort to retain the public offices. Governor Nicholson, as we have seen, convened his council in the midst of the disturbances, and demanded the public moneys which were kept in the fort. The same council, according to one of their own witnesses, "about a week after the reports came from Boston," acted upon "his majesties proclamation, and pursuant thereto, Matthew Plowman, being a Papist, was forthwith suspended;" and they appointed three commissioners, Bayard, Richards, and Haynes, to receive the revenue, until orders should arrive from England.

"These worthy commissioners of the revenue," says a contemporary writer, "sate in the custom-house; but Captain Leisler, with the inhabitants, who had got possession of the government and the fort, demanded of them by what authority they pretended to act; who refusing to give Captain Leisler any account, they offered to turn him out of the custom-house by force; on which tumult, (made by those Jacobites,) a guard of inhabitants from the fort came to defend the captain. And the people in the streets were so enraged at Colonel Bayard, (who, they knew, was as inveterate as any Papist against the revolution,) that they had certainly torn him to pieces, had not the good temper of Captain Leisler been his protection, who was the only person capable of saving him in that extremity, and favored his escape, and let him live to have afterward a hand in the murdering his deliverer."

Bayard, who was a man of education and fashion, fled to Albany, after this rough handling by the populace, while Nicholson, leaving his other adherents to take care of themselves as they could, got on shipboard as quickly as possible, and sailed for England.

#### THE BATTERY.

The next act of Leisler was to write a private letter, with his own hand, to the king, giving him an account of everything that had been done, describing the present state of affairs and future prospects of the province, stating the repairs he had deemed necessary to commence in the fortification of the city, and detailing the consequent expenditures of the public money that he had found. Among other things, he told the king, that, foreseeing the war with France, that must ensue from William's accession to the throne of England, he had, for the protection of the harbor against the enemy's cruisers, erected a new battery of six guns to the west of the fort. From that battery, the noble pro-

menade, which the city of New York thus incidentally owes to Leisler, derives its name.

#### SCENES AT ALBANY.

Colonel Milbourne, an Englishman, and the son-in-law of Leisler, arrived from England about midsummer, and was straightway appointed secretary to the Commander-in-Chief. The rank and position of Milbourne made him the fitting representative of Leisler in the north. The city of Albany was, at that time, agitated with fears of a threatened invasion of the French and Indians from Canada. She had applied to New York for assistance of men and money; but, as all the officers of Albany, both civil and military, had been commissioned under James the Second, Leisler instructed Milbourne to withhold the assistance which he carried with him, unless his followers were admitted in the name of King William, and he himself recognized as an officer of the provincial government below.

Colonel Milbourne embarked upon his delicate mission; but a voyage to Albany was a different affair, in those days, from what steam has made it now. Colonel Bayard and Major Van Cortlandt, with other leading Jacobites, who had refused to submit to the popular voice, and uphold the rule of Leisler, were in Albany, fomenting public feeling against what they termed the usurpation of the governor. The first Robert Livingston, who held some three or four offices under the old provincial government of Andros, used all his active talents, his ample means, and commanding opportunities, to oppose the executive appointed by the people. Albany was filled with rumors of armed men, who were coming up from New York to make themselves masters of the fort and the city, and exercise martial law on its inhabitants. The gallant SCHUYLER, though declaring for William, was so wrought upon by the local excitement, that he brought his bands of friendly Indians into the town, as if to garrison it against foreign invasion. A convention of citizens of Albany, appointed from the different wards, was daily in session, and the public agitation had reached its height, when, one evening, about sunset, a messenger announced, that three vessels filled with armed men, and one of which bore the king's jack at her mast-head, were descended from the heights, and were rapidly cleaving their way among the islands below the town.

A committee, consisting of four members of the convention, was deputed to board the foremost vessel, and ask of its commander, "*on what account they had come.*" Milbourne replied only by asking another question, "*was the fort open for his men to march in that night.*" The answer was, "No;" that the mayor of the city had possession of the fort, and was then commander. Milbourne, however, though now he must have known how untoward were the circumstances under which he made his appearance, did not hesitate to land alone; and, accompanied by the committee, to introduce him to the convention, he entered the City Hall, where the deputies were assembled, and a crowd of people gathered to listen to their discussions. Though armed, he stood there alone among the multitude, and, undismayed by the coldness of his reception, he addressed them in terms, which, though familiar to us now, were probably then for the first time heard in North America. He told them, that the charter of the city, being

given by King James and his servant Andros, was null; that now "the people had the power to choose their officers, and that their present officers, holding by an illegal tenure, ought to be subjected to a free election."

This bold appeal involved a principle so startling that it met with no response from the burghers of Albany; and in the absence of the mayor, who refused to leave his post at the fort, Milbourne presented his credentials to the recorder. They were embraced in a letter, purporting to be from a committee chosen by the free and open elections of the freemen in their respective counties, stating that they, the signers, had sent "Colonel Milbourne with a military force suitably armed, for the defence of his majesty King William's forts and subjects, that the enemy may not take advantage of any disputes or differences among the people of the province."

Milbourne's men were then duly billeted among the citizens. But the differences between the representative of Leisler and the official powers at Albany by no means ended here; and circumstances which occurred during this visit of Milbourne had, perhaps, much to do in further exciting that acrimony of feeling, which ultimately so fearfully manifested itself in the most cruel judicial sacrifice, that our country has ever witnessed.

The city of Albany was at that time surrounded with a wall of palisades, one of the gates of which opened opposite to the fort, the nearest bastion of which was within musket shot of the town. Flinging open this gate, Milbourne stepped without the protection of the walls, and, advancing near enough to the fort to be heard, commenced reading a paper addressed to those who held it. His men, drawn up behind him, offered too tempting a mark for Schuyler's Mohawks to resist the opportunity of shedding blood. They insisted upon firing on the New Yorkers, and Schuyler had such difficulty in restraining them, that Milbourne was compelled to withdraw, with his followers, to avoid bloodshed between those over whom the worst horrors of foreign invasion were at that time hovering. I allude to the terrible massacre of Schenectady, that most fearful event of all our border wars, and which is so clearly traceable to the internal dissensions of the province at that time.

#### CONDITION OF PARTIES.

It was evident to Milbourne, that the military power at Albany was opposed to the pretensions of his party in New York; and of the civil officers, the sheriff alone seems to have taken the popular side; and he it was, who, after Milbourne's return to New York, wrote a letter to him, which, when communicated to Leisler by his secretary, induced those decided measures, upon the part of the acting governor, which through the vindictive foes they created, ultimately brought him to the scaffold. The language of the worthy sheriff is so characteristic of the political gossip of the times, that I shall quote the most important passage *verbatim*. "About the beginning of April last past, Robert Livingston told me, 'there was a plot of robbery gone out of Holland into England, and the prince of Orange was at the head of it; and he might see how he got out of it, and should come to the same end as Monmouth did.' This I can testify." This

letter, which is signed by Sheriff Pretty, bears date January 15th, 1690. It induced Leisler to issue a warrant against Livingston as a rebel. Livingston at once fled to New England; nor, though excessively active in intriguing against Leisler, does he afterward appear upon the scene, except to receive the bitter reproach and unearthy challenge of Milbourne at the scaffold.

Against Colonel Bayard, Leisler instituted criminal proceedings, upon grounds that must have come more nearly home to himself. The letter, which Leisler had written to King William, had never been answered; but while it was on its way across the Atlantic, the government of William had addressed an official despatch to "Francis Nicholson, Esquire, or, in his absence to such as, for the time being, takes care for preserving the peace, and administering the laws, in His Majesty's province of New York, North America." Bayard, having heard of such a letter, being in possession of a king's messenger, lately arrived in New York, managed to enter the city in disguise, and had a clandestine interview with Riggs, the bearer of the government despatch. Riggs refused to acknowledge that either Bayard, or his friends, who were thus skulking from observation, had the power to open a public document of such a character, and, in presenting his despatch to Leisler, on the next day, he denounced those who had thus attempted to tamper with him; and Bayard was forthwith arrested, and thrown into prison, "upon the charge of high misdemeanors against his majesty's authority."

The warrant for his apprehension is signed "Jacob Leisler," and is headed, "By the Lieutenant-Governor and his Council." And from that moment, Leisler assumed the full military and civil authority, as governor of the province, which had been enjoyed by his predecessors in the office. He forthwith ordered a free election to be made for a mayor and aldermen of Albany, and appointed a day of public thanksgiving throughout the province.

From this time, the opposition to Leisler's government seems to have assumed an organized shape; and New York was soon divided into two great parties, whose fierce struggle for political power wrought wide injury to the country, and brought misery and death to many a happy fireside.

The attention of King William being principally directed to the war in the Netherlands, his American provinces attracted but little notice, and the power of his government was only interposed to heal the still smouldering animosities between the Leislerians and Anti-Leislerians when the principal sufferers from the unhappy feud were cold in their graves.

We now behold the province of New York thrown upon her own resources, with a governor, the choice of her own people, at the head of affairs; and Leisler, in the teeth of the virulent opposition, which stopped at nothing to thwart his plans, began to exhibit an energy in the conduct of his administration, which was equally new and startling to those whose ideas of a provincial executive were derived only from the broken-down courtiers, who had hitherto been sent from England to rule over them.

#### THE FRENCH INVASION.

The French had already made a bold attempt upon Albany. They had penetrated from Canada to the Mohawk, at mid-winter, after nearly a month's march

of almost indescribable hardship, through wild and continuous forests, and through mountain defiles blocked up with the snows of a northern winter; they had surprised the city of Schenectady, destroyed the fort and soldiery, fired almost every dwelling in the place, and made an indiscriminate slaughter of its inhabitants.

The whole province was aghast with consternation; but the moment it recovered from its bewilderment, they, whose political dissensions were the cause of the frontier being left unguarded, were the first to cry out against Leisler; they charged the blame of that horrid massacre upon the governor, whose rule they had refused to acknowledge, and whose efforts to unite the people against the common foe they themselves had spared no means to frustrate.

In strange contrast with the conduct of this "rule-or-ruin" faction, was that of the Five Nations inhabiting the western counties of New York; and no writer should touch upon this dismal tale of massacre, without pausing to pay a passing tribute to those noble Iroquois, so long the bulwark of New York against the French, and to recall their conduct upon this occasion, at once so wise, so spirited, and withal so feeling. Governor Colden, in his "History of the Five Nations," tells of some of them instituting an instant and successful pursuit of the combined invading force of French and Hurons; of some aiding the few survivors of the massacre to bury their dead; of others beating the surrounding forests to succor the bleeding and half-frozen fugitives, of whom twenty-five only were found, some of them, through the severity of the frost, having lost one or more of their limbs upon that fearful night; and there still survives a list of the sachems who fled to Albany, armed and in their war paint, pledged themselves to the terrified inhabitants, who were about abandoning their homes, that they would fight for them till the last. The appeal of their leading sagamore to the people of New York is still extant. It is a speech as spirit-stirring as ever roused resistance against an invading foe; and more than one witness has recorded his testimony as to its success in cheering and rousing the despondent colonists.

The blow struck at Schenectady was properly regarded by Leisler as only the precursor of some more formidable invasion, the object of which would be to wrest the province of New York from the British crown; an invasion such as that attempted by Frontenac about two years afterward, when he poured battalion after battalion of the veteran troops of Louis the Fourteenth into the western wilds of New York. *The remedy of Leisler was none other than to conquer Canada itself; to strike at the root of the mischief, by expelling the French from the continent.* He at once addressed letters to the Governors of the other provinces urging a combination among them for the purpose. To Connecticut, as the nearest, he despatched three commissioners, with power to agree with the commissioners she might appoint, on any measures for the furtherance of his object, and for the public good generally.

The Jacobite or Tory party still preserved its ascendancy in Albany. But its leaders, by this time saw the necessity of acting in conjunction with the executive of New York, at least for the defence of the province; if not for the carrying out of the whole of his scheme; and Jersey and Maryland, as well as Connecticut, seemed to favor the enterprise.

The brilliant success of Sir William Phips and of the arms of Massachusetts in the east lent new life to the exertions of Leisler, and he straightway armed and equipped the first man-of-war ever fitted out in the harbor of New York; and, in a short time, a fleet of three vessels sailed from the bay. It was commissioned against the French generally, but ordered to proceed immediately to Quebec, and co-operate with the land forces that should advance by the way of the northern lakes,

Of the part that Leisler took personally in these active preparations, we have his own letters to bear testimony. Those letters speak as well, too, for his disinterestedness as his energy. The morning after the fleet sailed from New York, we find him writing to the Governor of Connecticut, hoping that Major-General Winthrop might be obtained for the command of the land forces, and saying that he had sent a blank commission to Albany, to be filled up by the confederated commissioners. He mentions the successes of Sir William Phips to the eastward, and rejoices in them; and says, he has intelligence that the French were fitting out eight ships of war, to conquer New York. He speaks of the Iroquois allies mustering at Albany; "One half are to proceed to Cadaraqui to make canoes, the remainder to go the Canada path. The news of Phips's victories will hasten them."

As we are not writing a history of this colonial era, we must refer the reader to other authorities for the particular incidents of this intended invasion. The disastrous return of Phips's armament is familiar to the reader of American history. The squadron from New York, which united itself to his fleet, haply, when the others were scattered by tempests, returned to the harbor, bringing in several prizes. But the land forces, to the command of which General Winthrop had been elected by the commissioners at Albany, never reached the shores of Champlain. The troops were stricken down by sickness in their camp at Wood Creek. The intriguing enemies of Leisler were busy in Winthrop's councils, and he returned with his army to Albany, the men disheartened, discouraged, and discontented. The officers of the allied forces, of course, threw the blame mutually upon each other. Milbourne and Allyn, the two secretaries of New York and Connecticut, both of whom were attached to the expedition, had long been hostile to each other, and private bickerings were added to the aggravation of disappointed hopes and sectional divisions.

The conduct of Leisler, who, indignant at Winthrop's retreat, went in person to Albany, and ordered the Connecticut General under instant arrest, increased the general clamor and ferment of feeling, made him the common target for public opinion, and, united with other causes, collected the different currents of dissatisfaction into one great torrent, which ultimately swept away his power.

Leisler, as we have seen, had fitted out a fleet, had raised and provisioned an army, considerable for that day, and the resources of the colony, which he governed. Had the expedition been successful, the advantages to the province would have been incalculable, and the plaudits of all men would have crowned the administration of Jacob Leisler. But to equip that fleet, and to marshal that army, taxes had been imposed and collected with rigor. And now, all had failed. The province was exhausted, the enemy triumph-



ed and threatened, and every ill was attributed to his dishonesty or incapacity.

#### THE FALL OF LEISLER'S ADMINISTRATION.

And now, the faction, which had thus far hesitated at no means to frustrate the patriotic councils of Leisler, and paralyze every exertion he made for the public good, began to show their venom, as well as their vigor. The moment was at hand, when the deer-stalker could leave his covert, and strike openly at the unconscious quarry. In January, 1699, Slaughter, an English stranger, had been commissioned in London, as Governor of the province of New York. In January, 1691, he had not yet made his appearance upon our shores. Lieutenant-Governor Leisler knew nothing of his appointment, nor had the province been in any way officially informed, that such a commission had received the signature of the king; a fact, which sufficiently proves how completely the internal affairs of this remote colony were overlooked amid the more pressing concerns, which engaged the cabinet of William.

The first notice of Slaughter's appointment was received through Richard Ingoldsby, a captain of foot, who arrived here, with his company, in advance of Slaughter, and who, being immediately seized upon by the party opposed to the existing administration, or the Anti-Leislerians, as they called themselves, had the presumption, backed by their influence, to demand from the acting Governor, instant surrender of his authority. Leisler, in reply, requested to see his commission, and also the order from the British ministry, or from Governor Slaughter, upon which Ingoldsby was presumed to base so arrogant a demand.

The commission was produced, but "order" Ingoldsby had none. Leisler was, however, so closely hedged in by enemies, that he was compelled to overlook the insolence of the semi-official, while paying proper respect to the commission which he bore. He therefore issued a proclamation, giving notice to the colony, that Colonel Slaughter had been appointed Governor of the province of New York, and that, on his arrival, the fort and government should be cheerfully surrendered to him. "In the meantime," says the proclamation, "Major Richard Ingoldsby having a considerable number of his majesty's soldiers under his command for the service of the colony, which cannot be otherwise accommodated than in this city, until his excellency appears, therefore the inhabitants are commanded to receive Captain Ingoldsby and all his people with respect and affection." Signed, "Leisler. Done at Fort William, February 3d, 1691." The dignity and unquestioned legal propriety of Leisler's proceedings had, however, no effect upon the powerful faction, who were bent not only upon insulting the acting governor, through Ingoldsby, but upon driving him, through the same instrumentality, to some act which should embroil him with the king's troops, endanger his character for loyalty, and thus compromise the safety of his person under the new order of things, which was at hand.

Nor did Ingoldsby lack the impudence to carry out their nefarious designs. He again demanded the surrender of Leisler's authority, and, strengthening his ranks by such militia-men as he could drum together from among the Anti-Leislerians, besieged the fort. The firmness of Leisler, who still refused to surrender

it, save under the legal forms, did not prevent his summer friends from falling away from him; though the Mayor and Common Council still endeavored to uphold his authority. Ingoldsby grew daily stronger, and once more Leisler issued his proclamation to the people. It says, "The Major, by flagitious counselors, who, to carry on their accursed designs of mischief, and gratify their revengeful spirits, depending upon his majesty's gracious indemnity for their said crimes, which already have been, and may be committed by such pernicious instigation, has presumed to levy forces by his own authority, and likewise has dignified himself by the sovereign title of us, by which means outrages are committed by sundry persons, who have been instigators, ringleaders, and promoters of mischief; therefore the Lieutenant-Governor again declares, that, while Ingoldsby shall have accommodation of himself and others until the Governor shall arrive, or orders be received for surrendering the fort, which the Lieutenant-Governor promises to do on the arrival of Colonel Slaughter, or such orders as shall justify him in them, he commands all persons, on their peril, not to obey said Ingoldsby, and warns him to desist from his proceedings."

But the audacity of Ingoldsby and his friends was not thus to be checked. The ship, which brought him and his soldiers to our shores, had sailed in company with the vessel which carried Slaughter. They had parted from each other in a tempest; and, as weeks wore on without the appearance of the royal governor, Ingoldsby began to question whether he ever would arrive at all, and must certainly have found no slight temptation in the condition of things around him, to seize upon the chief authority, and retain it himself. A portion of Leisler's men, about one hundred, held possession of a block-house, (the tower of which strengthened the palisaded wall, which extended across the island, from river to river, on the north side of what is now known as Wall street;) and these men, cut off from their comrades in the fort, were, after some delay, induced to surrender their post, upon the condition that they might still retain their arms. This success still further emboldened Ingoldsby, and he again summoned the fort. This demand produced no effect upon Leisler, save to draw forth from him and his council a protest against Ingoldsby, and his confederates, "by whom the city had been disturbed and the inhabitants insulted: the said Ingoldsby having undertaken to call out, command, and superintend the militia of the city, though he bore no commission save that of a captain of foot, with orders to obey the governor for the time being." Among the names of the councillors attached to this paper, we find that of Peter de la Noye, the first man that was ever elected by the freeholders and freemen of New York to the office of Mayor.

The obnoxious term of *rebel* was now freely fulminated against the adherents of Leisler. But he and his council were still firm in the position they had taken, and which, it will be seen, they maintained till the last. In another proclamation, the last ever issued by them, they assert, "that they will not be turned from their duty to God and the King, for fear of the term *rebels*, hurled against them for fairly offering, that all things should remain until the arrival of the governor, or further orders from England." They denounce once more the violent and arbitrary acts of Ingoldsby and his soldiery, and conclude with these noble words:

"Wherefore, we, not being willing to deliver our-

selves and our posterity to such slavery, do hereby resolve, to the utmost of our power, to oppose the same by joining and assisting the Lieutenant-Governor and one another to the hazard of our lives." The resolution displayed by these undunted men began at length to make its impression upon the opposite party. "The confederates were somewhat daunted," says Dunlap, "by this last proclamation of Leisler, and the long detention of Sloughter, of whom they made sure as a friend and ally; but all their anxiety was relieved by his arrival on the 19th day of March, 1691." The scenes which follow crowd upon each other like those in the last act of a written drama. They bear with them, too, as terrible and touching an interest as attaches to any living tragedy, that illustrates our political history.

Sloughter, a man licentious in his morals, needy, and avaricious, fell at once into the hands of what, in England, would be called the high Tory party, and was guided by their councils. The most vindictive enemies of Leisler had got his ear by visiting him on shipboard, and his council seems to have been chosen from among them even before he touched the shore.

On landing, he immediately published his commission by outcry, in front of the City Hall, and sent Ingoldsby to demand the keys of the fort. Leisler, with ready caution, the instant he received the message, selected one of his officers, who had been acquainted with Sloughter in England, and sent him back with Ingoldsby to identify the person of Sloughter, and to ascertain the truth of the report, that the long-expected governor had been actually installed. This officer was brought back by Ingoldsby, with a verbal message to Leisler, from the new governor. Sloughter's council, as it seems, were not sworn in, and Leisler, either intent upon proceeding according to rule in matters of such high moment, or unwilling to place himself in the hands of Ingoldsby, despatched Colonel Milbourne, his secretary, and Mr. De la Noye, the Mayor, to confer with his successor about the proper form of making a transfer of the government, and also to procure some guaranty for the safety of himself and his friends. The officials of Leisler were at once ordered to the guard, when they came into the presence of the imperious Sloughter; and once more, the determined Leisler refused to surrender the citadel, when summoned by Ingoldsby. On the next day, Sloughter, for the first time, got his full council together, when for the first time also, they were sworn in as such by taking the customary oath to the king and government.

And now Leisler writes promptly to the governor, explaining the causes of his conduct, and inviting him to take possession of the fort. Among other characteristic passages, which we find in this document, is the following manly declaration:

"The joy I had by a full assurance from Ensign Stoll of your Excellency's arrival has been somewhat troubled by the detention of two of my messengers. I see how well the stroke of my enemies, who are wishing to cause me some mistakes at the end of the loyalty I owe to my gracious king and queen, and by such ways to blot out all my faithful service till now. But I hope to have cause not to commit such error, having, by my duty and faithfulness, been vigorous to them.

"Please only to signify and order the Major, in relieving me from his majesty's fort, that, when delivering up to him his majesty's arms, and all his stores,

he may may act as he ought with a person who shall give your Excellency an exact account of all his actions and conduct; who is, with all respect, your Excellency's most humble servant,

"JACOB LEISLER."

On the same day that this letter was written, Jacob Leisler was brought before the governor as a prisoner, and, with nine others of his friends, was coolly turned over to the common guard; and there they lay for several days, before Sloughter and his council could find time even to examine them.

#### TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF LEISLER.

The legal proceedings which follow are chronicled with shame, even by those writers who have been most willing to cast every slur upon the career of Leisler. A special commission of oyer and terminer was issued to try the prisoners for rebellion. The governor was empowered to name the eight judges, that were to sit upon the lives of these gallant men. He named them about equally from his own officers and the old political enemies of the accused.

Leisler, when arraigned, exhibited his wonted directness of character in rejecting the authority of a court thus constituted. He said, "he was not holden to plead to the indictment, until the power be determined whereby such things have been acted." But the insolent mockery of justice proceeded, and he and Milbourne were condemned to death as rebels and traitors; rebels to the laws, whose dignity Leisler had, to the last, so nobly asserted in his own person; traitors to the king, whose standard he had been the first to rear among his subjects far away.

The customary confiscation of his property, and attainer of his blood, which is part of the English law of high treason, was duly pronounced, in connection with the sentence against his life. As now, the foes of Jacob Leisler, having thus far wrought his ruin, were greedy for the consummation of their judicial sacrifice. But the weak-minded Sloughter, their passive instrument thus far, hesitated to give the necessary order for his execution. He feared to exasperate still further the adherents of a man so much beloved by his friends. He trembled to incur the displeasure of his king, for an act thus irrevocable, against so zealous a partisan of the Protestant succession as Leisler had approved himself.

But the debauched habits of the official profligate gave those near him means of influencing his actions, of which they did not hesitate to avail themselves. They steeped his senses in wine, and the hand of the inebriate, even at the festal board, was made to trace the death-warrant. The historian Smith, a favorer of the party which wrought the destruction of Leisler, has recorded the detestable act in these dainty words: "They, therefore, when no other measures could prevail with the governor, invited Sloughter to a feast on occasion of his intended voyage to Albany, and when his Excellency's reason was drowned in his cups, the entreaties of the company prevailed upon him to sign the death-warrant." The carouse went on; a cold storm of sleet and rain, such as often makes a May day miserable in our climate, raged without. But, though those charged with the fatal missive had slipped away from the revel, and conveyed it, as quietly as possible, to the sheriff, yet the soldiers of Ingoldsby,

who were drawn up to overawe the populace, gave note to them of the dreadful act that was about to be consummated. They thronged around the place of execution, which, I may mention, was at the lower end of what has been since called the Park, where the spray of the fountain has succeeded the blood-stain of the martyr.

Leisler and Milbourne stood there upon the scaffold together; and there, too, within hearing of their voices, stood more than one of those who had brought them to this pass. The high spirit of Milbourne could hardly brook the insulting presence of men, to whom he owed this fate of ignomy; and, turning to one gentleman, whom he deemed personally most hostile to himself, he exclaimed: "Robert Livingston, I will implead thee at the bar of Heaven for this deed." Leisler, however, seems to have been more moved by the untimely fate of his son-in-law than by his own, while utterly indifferent to the gaze of those who stood there as if to triumph over his dying moments. "Why must you die?" said he to Milbourne; "you have been but as a servant doing my will, and, as a dying man, I declare, before God, that what I have done was for King William and Queen Mary, the defence of the Protestant religion, and the good of the country." He then submits, and prostrates himself before his Redeemer with hope. "He doubts not that he has committed errors, some through ignorance; some through jealous fear, that disaffected persons would act against the government; some through misinformation, and misconstruction of people's intentions; and some through rashness or passion." For every offence he asks pardon, first of God, and, next, of all persons offended. He prays, that all malice may be buried in his grave, and forgives the most inveterate of his enemies. He repeats, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" and, as his last words, declares that, as to the matter for which he is condemned, his purpose was for the good of his fellow-creatures, according to the best of his understanding and ability, which God had given him.

A prayer for the good of the province, and one "for the family to which he *did* belong," concluded the dying devotions of Leisler; and, turning to the sheriff, he exclaimed, "I am ready, I am ready." At that moment, the tempest, which had for a while subsided its fury, burst upon the multitude with redoubled wrath.\* The sky grew dark, as if scowling upon the expiring agonies of a martyr. Witnesses of the scene, whose written details I am now quoting, tell of the torrents of rain that instantly descended, as if to wash away the blood of the sacrifice. "The faintings and screams of the women," says one writer, "were seen and heard in every direction." "The shrieks of the people were dreadful," says another; "some were carried away lifeless, and some, rushing forwards, almost ere the life of their beloved leader was extinct, cut off pieces of his garments as precious relics, and his hair was divided, out of great veneration, as for a martyr."

#### THE MASANIELLO OF NEW YORK.

Thus perished "the loyal and noble Captain Leisler of New York:" so loyal to his king, so noble to his

\*"Milbourne remarked to Leisler, on the scaffold, 'We are thoroughly wet with rain! but in a little while, we shall be rained through with the Holy Spirit.'"—MSS. in the N. Y. Historical Society.

compatriots. That king and parliament, by reversing the act of attainder, when Leisler was in his grave, did what they could to speak their sense of that "loyalty." But his compatriots, what have they done to evidence their recognition of his "nobleness?" His memory, still fresh in the public mind at the period of the Revolution, and still revered by one faction, as it was detested by the other, is almost extinct in that community, in which the party names of "Leislerian" and "Anti-Leislerian" long carried a far more serious political import with them, than did ever those of "Clintonian" and "Anti-Clintonian," in our day. But Leisler erected no monument of internal improvement, developed no new moral or physical resources of the colony; he lived only in the passions and affections of men, and his memory soon mingled with the dust of that perishable mausoleum. I know not how it strikes the reader, but to me, there is something inexpressibly sad in the thought, that, while genius and intellect always stamp their own immortality, while "mind ever calls unto mind," through ages of conflicting light and shadow, till their gathered voices are lost, or answered in eternity; the more endearing qualities of character, unless embalmed in some mental graces, have no similar echo, no remote response in the hearts of men; but that, when tradition has once loosed her feeble grasp upon them, they are either lost entirely, or take their place only as weaknesses upon the pages of the historian.

If, therefore, something more of a partisan spirit than becomes the soberness of history is apparent in this sketch, I would ask the reader to forego with me the dignified position of the annalist, and, from a more humble point of view, regard the subject of it only as a mere MAN. Now, singularly enough, while we have the most perfect internal evidence in the letters, sayings, and actions of Leisler, of his simple and sturdy honesty, his earnestness and warmth of feeling, his opponents, with strange inconsistency, represent him, in the same breath, as an ingeniously malignant, plotting scoundrel, and a stupid ignorant boor. The testimony against his character, therefore, never rises even to the dignity of an opinion; while the distempered prejudices of one class of Leisler's contemporaries are so counterbalanced by the zealous partiality of others, that they, who would most favor the memory of this "arrogant usurper," may be content to leave it with the associations attached to the epithet, when his enemies, in the bitterest spirit of vituperation, surnamed him "THE MASANIELLO OF NEW YORK."

#### TO AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.

Long have I watched thee, suffering friend,  
And wept o'er woes I could not lighten;  
And as I mark'd thee o'er them bend,  
Feared that thine eye no more would brighten.

For it reveals the agony  
Which in thy heart thou fain would'st bury;  
Oh, would that I could comfort thee,  
Dear, injured, uncomplaining Mary.

How gladly would I whisper peace,  
And cheer thy almost fainting spirit,  
But no, our God hath ordered this,  
And only he can help thee bear it.

For the ROVER—New York, Dec., 1844.

## READY FOR SEA.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

My gallant ship, my gallant ship,  
Speed proudly o'er the wave,  
And bear aloft my country's flag—  
The banner of the brave.

Bound, freely bound, beneath my tread,  
Home of brave hearts and true;  
Fill out, ye winds, the white-winged sails,  
And bear us bravely through.

The crested wave delights my eye,  
The creaking spar my ear;  
She cuts the wave like a graceful bird,  
That never learned to fear.

Bound on, bound on my gallant bark,  
I feel my spirit rise,  
I feel the free-born soul expand,  
As the sea spray round me flies.

Shake out her pennon to the breeze,  
Be every sail unfurled;  
We'll proudly guide our noble ship,  
Above the watery world.

## THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

BY E. S. THOMAS.

THE British, in possession of Boston, had learnt that a quantity of public stores were deposited at Concord, nineteen miles distant, and determined to send out a force sufficient to destroy them. Another, and a much more important object of the expedition was, to capture, if possible, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were known to be in that neighborhood, and upon whose heads a price had been set.

On the night of the 18th of April, 1775, the British landed eight hundred men in Charlestown, who took up their line of march through Mentomy (now called West Cambridge) and Lexington, to Concord; it was a calm star light night, and they moved with all possible stillness; at West Cambridge they passed my father's house, and their tread awoke him; he arose, stood at the window and counted their platoons. As soon as they had all passed, he seized his musket and started across the country, every road of which was familiar to him. In his progress he fell in with numbers on the same errand—that was, to get ahead of the enemy, and alarm the country, in both of which they succeeded, so that when the British arrived at Lexington, eleven miles from Boston, at five o'clock in the morning, they found the militia assembling; they had intelligence of the enemy's movements, some hours before, and promptly assembled again at beat of drum. When the British came within striking distance, Major Pitcairn rode forward and called out, "Disperse, you damned rebels, disperse!" and, without waiting to see whether they would or not, fired his pistol, which was a signal for a volley from the advance, which killed eight; the others dispersed, and the British pursued their way to Concord, where they arrived without interruption, and destroyed the stores, but Hancock and Adams had made their escape. They then commenced a retreat, to do which they had to pass the north bridge; at the foot of it Captain Davis had drawn up his company, (the Concord Light Infantry,) and then and there the first volley was fired by

the Americans, in that cause which gave independence to America and freedom to the world. In the mean time the minute men were pouring in from all quarters, and the British found themselves so hotly pressed, that had it not been for a reinforcement of about a thousand men, with two field-pieces, under Lord Percy, whom Governor Gage had dispatched to their assistance, not a man of the detachment would have got back to Boston. The reinforcement met the retreating column near Lexington, greatly diminished in numbers and almost exhausted, having taken no refreshment since they left Boston, whence they were yet distant eleven miles, and had to fight every inch of the way.

The plan then adopted by Lord Percy, was one of the most savage warfare; his troops fell off from the front, entered the houses of the Americans, plundered them of whatever they could carry, set fire to the buildings, and then joined the rear, thus giving an opportunity to their whole force to plunder: but so hot was the pursuit, a large portion of the fires were extinguished before they had done much damage. When they had passed the foot of the rocks, they entered the plain of West Cambridge, seven miles from Charles River, and quite a village for about two miles: at least I found it so when a school boy ten years after, and there was no appearance of any addition to it since the Revolution.

It is proper here to remark, that there were two taverns in West Cambridge—one kept by a Mr. Cooper, the resort of the Whigs; the other by a Mr. Bradish, and the resort of the Tories. There were three families on the road within a fourth of a mile, by the name of Adams, a name hateful to the British; in one of these a lady was confined the night before: the enemy entered the house, took the bed on which she lay with her infant at the breast, and carried them into the yard and left them there. A little boy, about five or six years old, had taken shelter under his mother's bed—his foot projected from beneath the drapery—a British soldier thrust his bayonet through it, and for a minute pinned it to the floor; the boy did not even utter a cry: this fact I had from his mother. They then plundered the house and set it on fire, but the Americans entered in a few minutes, extinguished the fire, and restored the mother and infant to their room and bed. Their next exploit was at the Whig tavern, into which they fired more than a hundred bullets, the holes made by them were filled up, but the marks are visible to this day. It was a singular fact that three old men, of seventy years and upwards each, who were Tories, the battle coming on them so unexpectedly, took shelter in this tavern, (Cooper's), where the British found them and put them to death.

The name of one of them was Winship. I well remember his son. The heavy discharges of musketry at the tavern brought my mother into the street or road, who had learned nothing certain of what had been going on, since my father had left her on the previous evening. To her utter astonishment she saw the battle raging at less than half a mile distant; she instantly returned into the house, secured a small bag of currency so much wanted at this time, and a few small articles, then taking one child of two years old in her arms, and having two older hanging to her apron, she sallied forth to go to a Captain Whitmore's, about two miles distant, across the fields, on the bank of Mystic river, (women and children had already fled



there, to the number of a hundred of the former, and two or three hundred of the latter.) She had scarcely set foot in the road, when one child cried for bread; she returned to the house, and cutting a loaf, gave a piece to him that wanted it, and tying the remainder up in her apron, she was again in the road. In the meantime the battle had approached so near, she was within point blank shot of the retreating enemy, who let go a whole volley at her, which did no other damage than to pass two balls through her cap. The Americans saw her perilous situation, and called out to her, "Run, good woman, run!" She did so, and arrived safe at the house of refuge.

The enemy, in the meantime, sent out a flanking party with the intention to cut off the retreat off the mother and child—an object which they came nigh accomplishing—for the Americans did not succeed in turning their flank until they had approached the house near enough to lodge bullets in it—and a very large elm tree, within twenty-five feet of the house, was splattered with them, which I took great pleasure in cutting out ten or twelve years after. After my mother's escape, they entered the house, took every article of clothing and bedding, except the beds themselves, which they ripped open, split up the furniture, and then set fire to the house—but the building was saved. They also killed a horse in the stable, and some hogs in a pen.

Near my father's dwelling was Bradish's Tory tavern. When they arrived at that, Mrs. Bradish, who was in delicate health, rose from her easy chair to retire from the front of the house; she had not left it a minute, when a ball passed through the back of it; it was the only one fired at the house, and was probably done inadvertently. The British officers, who had been in the habit of making trips to the country, particularly on Sunday, knew every family, which was Tory, for many miles round, and dealt with them accordingly, when they had the opportunity. It was not until dark that they arrived in Charlestown, when the Americans withdrew from the contest, and the British encamped on Bunker's hill. The next morning they entered Boston.

The loss on both sides has been differently stated, and my memory does not serve with certainty on this subject; but a pamphlet which I remember to have read, containing affidavits of many occurrences of the day, it seems to me put down the loss of the British at two hundred and forty-five, besides many wounded, and that of the Americans at one hundred and forty—but I am not certain, nor have I any authorities at hand, to refer to, on the subject.

A monument has been erected on the spot where the rarer blood was spilled, on which is the following inscription:

**SACRED**

TO THE

**LIBERTY AND RIGHTS OF MANKIND!**

The Freedom and Independence of

**AMERICA,**

Sealed and defended with the Blood of her Sons.

This Monument is erected by the Inhabitants of  
**LEXINGTON,**

Under the patronage and the expense of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the memory  
of their fellow citizens,

Ensign ROBERT MONROE, Messrs. JONAS PARKER,  
ISAAC MUZZY, CALEB HARRINGTON, and  
ASHAEL PORTER, OF  
WOBURN,

Who fell on this field, the first victims to  
the sword of British Tyranny and Oppression,  
On the morning of the ever memorable  
Nineteenth of April, A. D. 1775.

THE DIE WAS CAST!!!

The Blood of Martyrs in the cause of God and  
their Country,

Was the Cement, of the Union of these  
States then Colonies, and gave the Spring to the  
Spirit, Firmness and Resolution of their  
Fellow Citizens.

They rose as one man to avenge their brethren's  
blood, and at the point of the sword to assist  
and defend their NATIVE rights, they  
nobly dared to be free!!!

The contest was long, bloody, and affecting.  
Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal;  
Victory crowned their arms;  
and Peace, Liberty and Independence  
of the United States of

America, was their glorious  
reward.

Built in the year 1779.

JAMES HARPER,

MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

Mr. HARPER is eminently, and in the best sense of the word, a self-made man. He was born in 1795, in Newton, Queens County, Long Island. This was also the birth-place of his parents, and the spot where they still reside, in all the enjoyment of a green and vigorous old age. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and able to give his children no other advantages of education than such as are possessed by the great body of the American people. But our country gave them, as it gives to every one, a fair field to exercise their industry; and this was all they required. In 1810 James Harper came first to this city, with a solitary shilling in his pocket, and nothing but his own courage and energy to cast light upon his prospects. He soon found his way into the printing office of "Paul and Thomas" a house at that time of considerable celebrity, the establishment being situated at the corner of Walnut-street and Burling Slip. Here he served a regular apprenticeship of six years, and immediately established a character for unwearied industry, enterprize, and unyielding integrity.

During the war Mr. Harper, with his fellow-apprentices obeyed the call of his country, and was enrolled with a company of militia. Their active services, however, were not required, and Mr. H. returned to his business.

In 1816, the year when his apprenticeship expired, James started business in company with his brother John. They set up a small establishment for book and job printing, in Dover-street, under the name of J. & J. Harper. The first person by whom they were employed to print a book was Evert Duyckinck, a pub-

lisher of considerable enterprize, and the father of our fellow-citizen, E. A. Duyckinck, Esq., one of the most polished and gifted writers of the day.

The first book they ever printed was Locke's celebrated "Essay on the Human Understanding." Their business gradually increased, and in 1817 they removed to Fulton and soon after to Pearl street. They had already added to their printing establishment a publishing house, and in both departments they slowly and steadily extended their operations. In 1820 a still younger brother, Joseph, became a member of the firm, and two years thereafter, Fletcher, the youngest, was added to the number. From that time to the present, the firm has remained unchanged. They continued in Pearl street until about the year 1825, when they removed to Cliff-street, which was then an unoccupied alley. Their establishment was the first building ever erected in that part of the street. It is needless to follow the steps by which they have reached their present position, as the first publishing house in the United States, and one of the largest in the world.

James Harper possesses a clear and prompt judgment, a thorough knowledge of human nature, and as benevolent a heart as ever beat in human breast. He has been, for a long series of years, one of the most prominent and influential members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has taken, probably, a more active and leading part in all the great moral and religious enterprises of the day, than any other man whose business engagements were equally pressing, in the city. He is the founder of several Temperance Societies, which have spread countless blessings over the community in which their operations are felt, and is connected, closely and actively, with nearly all the charitable institutions in the country. His fortune, his time, and his most ardent personal labors are all ways at the service of morality and of christian charity; and long before his name was ever mentioned as a candidate for political distinction, he enjoyed the unlimited confidence and the warmest esteem of all who knew him. In personal intercourse he is exceedingly affable, and his conversation abounds in humor and native shrewdness. None of our readers need be informed that, in the spring of 1844, he was elected Mayor of New York, as the candidate of the American Republicans, by an overwhelming majority of the people. That party could not have chosen a more worthy leader. Fitted admirably as he was by his personal qualities, to command the respect and support of the great body of the intelligent and well-disposed portion of our people, his whole history furnished a still more winning example of what industry, frugality, and integrity, can achieve in this free Republic. Mr. Harper has never been an active politician. We believe he is not closely wedded to either of the two great parties, which have for many years divided the country. He entertains, of course, decided convictions as to the policy of each; but his opinions on this subject do not lead him to regard either of them as wholly in the right, or wholly wrong. His most ardent attachment is for the Constitutional liberties of his country, and his greatest fear for the perpetuity of our institutions, springs from apprehensions of the hidden dangers which threaten them, from within and without, rather than from the action of either of the great parties which have struggled so long for the mastery. The party by which he was placed in his present most honorable station, is the one which most nearly, in his judgment,

represents the feelings and the wants of the American people: and his hopes of coming greatness and permanent prosperity of his country, are bound up with the growth and increasing strength of the American Republican party. As a magistrate, Mr. Harper is the most efficient we have ever had. All parties, and men of all classes, yield him their unbounded confidence; and it has never been, for a moment, betrayed or withdrawn. In all his relations, as a man, as a citizen and a magistrate, he is one, of whom our city, and especially our party, may well be proud; and we only regret that this sketch of his character is in every way so inadequate, and so unworthy.—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

From Major Downing's Bunker Hill.

BILL JOHNSON'S GUESSING SCHOOL, NEW ORLEANS.

I didn't know what upon arith had become of my old friend Bill Johnson, that helped us get the raft across the pond in nuffication times. I hadn't heard from him for a number of years, till I found the following article from some paper away out south. Although it didn't give his name, I knew in a minute it was Bill, for there's no other man in the United States could do it except him. If Bill is any where away out west now, living on bear and buffalo and drinking out of the Mississippi, I hope he'll write to me, for I want to get a correspondent somewhere in them diggins.

A seedy son of New England found himself, recently, all alone, unknown, and "hard up" in New Orleans. Of course, he soon set about guessing some way to get out of the scrape: and, before he had quite whittled his stick away, he became absorbed in the inception of a grand thought. It seems, sitting down to guess, his astute brain made a plunge at once, among the metaphysical and scientific ramifications of GUESSING; and, not long after, he might have been observed, with a sober sort of twinkling in his eye, marching off along the "levee," apparently looking for a house to let, humming—

Yankee Doodle! come along!  
When fortune falls distressing,  
There's nothing like a Yankee song,  
And scientific guessing!

Early next day, our hero and another odd-looking genius were seen on a ladder, nailing up a broad strip of canvas all across the front of a house on the levee; and, the job being completed, there was displayed, in flaring, sprawling, straggling, broken-backed, decapitated, knock-kneed, round-shouldered, bow-legged, limping letters, Roman, German, Hebrew, calligraphic, chirographic, Arabian, Armenian, and Pot-hook-ian,

NU ORLEENS GESSING INSTITOOT.

GESSING TAUT IN ONE LESSEN.

Only 20 Five Cents.

The thing produced a sensation at once among sailors, pedlars, levee laborers, and all sorts of stragglers. Our professor borrowed an old rotten awning, hung it up, and divided his room in two, put his assistant at the door to take in quarters, turned a tin cup upside down on the middle of an old rickety table, got a vial of vinegar, a pot of tar, a bottle of whiskey, and various other well known odoriferous affairs arranged around him; and with a black skull-cap on his head, and a red stick in his hand, he made no bad "aplurge" at the representation of a modern Faust. Madam Lug-

wig might have taken a lesson from him, ("you understand me now?") and Herr Alexander should have seen him. He drew a mystic ring on the ceiling with charcoal, filling it up with most indescribable "curleues," right over the table, and business soon commenced.

In straggled an open-mouthed inquirer after the mysteries of guessing.

"Stranger, good morning; walk up and proscribe yourself as a true inquirer after the irrevelations of Geeseology. Put your left hand upon the converted dincup. Very well. Lift your right hand to the ceiling, and fix your eyes upon the magic circle. So. Now, if you wink, or remove your eye, you'll ruin the hul business, stranger, so, just hold still. Now I percede to pervoke the guessing spirit to descend upon you. What is this I hold under your nose?"

"Vinegar."

"Crimini jingo! you learn fast! what's this?"

"That's tar."

"Right again, my pupil; what's this?"

"Brimstone."

"Good; you envelope the faculty raaly amazing! Can you guess what this is?"

"Whiskey, by thunder!"

"All creation! how quick you take it! are you sure it's whiskey?"

"Sure? well, I recon!"

"You'd better taste it and see. Is it whiskey?"

"Well it is."

"Take a good swig, then; you'll do, stranger;—you're ready to graduate. Come in, next. Hallo! mister, don't take that bottle away."

One after another, as fast as he could dispose of them, the professor found his customers sideling half shyly in upon him all day long, and when, now and then, one would exhibit a belligerent spirit, between good-humor and whiskey, the New England Magician still managed to send him off satisfied. Everybody coming out was questioned by the eager crowd in waiting, as to "what sort of a show it was, any how?" and the answer was pretty generally the same: "first rate and no mistake, and the last experiment is worth half the money."

The professor counted his receipts that night, finding a round sum to help him on west; he sold his "institoot" for a premium to his enterprizing assistant, and next morning he was off, jingling the silver in his pocket, and blessing devoutly the benefits of science!

#### DISINTERMENT OF NINEVEH.

LETTERS received in Paris from Constantinople, dated July, contain some interesting information relative to M. Botta's recent discoveries at Khorsabad, near Nineveh. Eugene Flandrin, an artist, has been sent out by the French government for the purpose of making drawings of the excavations which are actively going on. M. Botta has discovered two doors uniformly adorned with bas-reliefs; on one side is represented a colossal bull, with a human head, and on the other a human figure with an eagle's head and wings.

These doors are fifteen feet in height, and they open into a hall 120 feet long. The only wall which is yet cleared from rubbish, (that on the south side,) is covered with a series of bas-reliefs, representing battles, explained by inscriptions. The hill on which this build-

ing stands is surrounded by a stone wall, with bastions. Botta is actively exploring these ruins; he has fifty laborers at work, and it is hoped that in the space of ten months he will lay open the whole.

He has ascertained that there is, on the direct road from Nineveh to Khorsabad, a chain of hills covered with brick and marble bearing inscriptions. He infers that these hills were formerly the bases of palaces, and that Khorsabad was a fortress situated at one end of the city. The quadrangular space, which is surrounded by the wall, and which contains the hill of Jonas, has hitherto been supposed to include the whole extent of the city of Nineveh.

But M. Botta considers it more probable that the space was only the great court of the palace, while the city extended as far as the hill of Khorsabad, a distance of five caravan stages. This conjecture accords with the possibility of the prophet Jonas having wandered for three days about the city; which would be incomprehensible, if the limited space of the quadrangle on the Tigris be supposed to have been the whole extent of the city.

From the Bunker Hill.

TO UNCLE JOSHUA, OF DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE.

New York, Dec. 4, 1844.

DEAR UNCLE—Cousin Joel has got back from England safe and sound, and full of life and grit as ever. He didn't come in the last steamer, nor one of the great packets, but in an old brig loaded with Liverpool salt; and he worked his passage all the way. He had money enough to pay his passage just as well as not, but he thought he'd rather work and save his money for a rainy day. What a pity 'tis there aint more folks have sich thoughts in their heads now-days; it would save a world of trouble and be settin a better example to the risin generation. Uncle, this is an awful wicked city; folks don't work for a livin here; they get it by hook and by crook. I don't know whether they get the most of it by hook, or the most of it by crook, but I gess it's about half and half.

I don't mean that there isn't nobody at all that works here, because there is some that works confounded hard to support the rest. But there's about a hundred thousand here that don't work and wont work. They 'll spend all their own money first, and what is more they'll gouge money out of everybody else and spend that too. But I didn't set down to write about York folks now, I'll tell you about them some other time. I was agoing to say something about Joel. He had some kind of a notion of staying in England and going into business there. And he inquired round to see what sort of a chance he had to become a citizen of that country, and when he found out that they never would let him become a citizen and never allow him to vote, if he lived there till he was as old as Mathusalemah, he turned right round and darned 'em to damnation, and told 'em they was a mean set of scamps, for there was thousands and thousands of their folks coming over to America 11 thra time, and were made into citizens as soon as they got here, and went right to work and made our Presidents and all our other officers. And now, says Joel, says he, I'm going back to America again, and I'll go to work with my cousin Major Jack Downing, and I gess we'll give you as good as you send. You wont let us be citizens in

your county, and I should like to know what business you have to be citizens in our country. So, Joel talked right up to 'em awhile, and then he packed up his duds and got a board the old brig and come home. He looks well and hearty, and sends his love to all the folks, and he will write home soon.

On the whole, I aint sorry cousin Joel has got back jest about this time, for I've got some work for him to do. I'm agoing to send him to Washington a little while to be my correspondent for the Bunker Hill. The rest of the papers have their Washington letter writers, and I'm going to have mine. And I guess, between Sargent Joel and I, we'll touch up the Congress folks a little, and see that they go straight. He'll go right on to-morrow; so I expect you'll hear from him in the next Bunker Hill. They say there'll be great times at Washington this winter, and we shall soon begin to see which way the wind blows, and what sort of a President Polk and Dallas is going to make,

President Tyler has fired his last gun. His message has got here, but I hadn't time to read it before the paper had to go to press. I see he shoots hard at Texas, and says we must have it whether or no. He says, too, Uncle Sam don't owe anybody a dollar, and shakes seven millions of dollars in his pocket besides.

As to our Native American party, uncle, it's going ahead like a stream of chalk. It grows faster than Jack's bean did, that grew up out of sight in three nights and reached the giant's palace. And I guess it wont be long before you'll see young America climbing up this Native Americanism, jest as Jack did up the bean, and pitching all the giants of the old parties down headlong to the ground. They say there is agoing to be an awful tussle here next spring to cut the Native American tree down in New York, and they are grinding up their axes like all possest now to get ready for it. But I guess they'll find the Native American tree a plaguy sight harder than hickory, and hard enough to turn the blade of any European axe they can bring to hack against it. And if they should happen to cut it down here in New York, they cant kill it, for there is more than ten thousand sprouts springing up all over the country and growing like wild fire. You cant root em out any more than you can the Canada thistle.

But I must bid you good by for to-day, and remain  
Your loving nephew,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING,  
*Editor of the Bunker Hill.*

#### NATURALIZATION—THE ATHENIANS.

We are frequently taunted with being the first, who, professing Democratic principles, have sought to narrow the elective franchise of its extent or beneficial influence, when we merely seek its perpetuation and the preservation of its purity by salutary legal safeguards, the charge is otherwise notoriously unjust. We instance the Athenians for proof of what we affirm. So jealous were the Athenians of the purity of the elective franchise, so highly did they prize its influence, that the stranger, who interfered in the least with it, was punished with death. And the reason was, that a nation, to exist as a nation, must jealously preserve its individuality of feeling. Every departure from this feeling, in important matters, is an attempt at national suicide; and inasmuch as the stranger, who voted with foreign feelings and habits, did, by all

his individual power tend to destroy this nationality, he was guilty of treason against the then existence of the nation. Other nations have been correspondently jealous of imparting their national privileges. In the Italian Republics they could be won by certain services, or imparted as rewards or favors. In England, and (we believe) in France, they are obtained as an act of special grace. Other European nations are still more reserved in regard to them.

#### SHE IS NOT DEAD.

SHE is not dead! for one so pure  
Was never formed to die;  
Her memory ever shall endure,  
Though cold her form doth lie.  
I walk at moonlight's pensive hour  
Where oft we did repair,  
And as I tread that hallowed bower,  
Her spirit whispers there.

She is not dead! while still that voice  
Is lingering in mine ear;  
While still her words my heart rejoice,  
She lives in Heaven and there.  
Though forest droop and fade away,  
And desolation reign;  
Though all things wither and decay,  
Her love shall still remain.

She is not dead! an angel bright  
Doth ever dwell with me;  
She is the star whose radiant light  
Controls my destiny.  
Oh, cherish'd be the light it gives,  
It leaves me not alone;  
She shall not die while memory lives,  
And reason has her throne.

For the ROVER—New York, Dec. 1844

L. U.

#### THE WORLD AS IT IS.

RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS, &c.

#### PRESIDENT TYLER'S LAST ANNUAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

Whatever party may be in power, and whoever may occupy the presidential chair, the annual message of the chief magistrate to the two houses of congress is necessarily a document of universal interest. It does not come within the limits and objects of our publication to insert the whole message, but a few extracts of more than usual interest ought not to be omitted.

The Introduction remarks, in relation to the working of our free institutions, and "the great moral spectacle" of a nation of twenty millions electing their rulers and subjecting themselves to law and order, are appropriate and will commend themselves to the notice of all readers.

#### INTRODUCTION.

"We have continued cause for expressing our gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, for the benefits and blessing which our country, under his kind providence, has enjoyed, during the past year. Notwithstanding the exciting scenes through which we have passed, nothing has occurred to disturb the general peace, or to derange the harmony of our political system. The great moral spectacle has been exhibited of a nation, approximating in number to twenty



millions of people, having performed the high and important function of electing the chief magistrate for the term of four years, without the commission of any acts of violence, or the manifestation of a spirit of insubordination to the laws. The great and inestimable right of suffrage, has been exercised by all who were invested with it, under the laws of the different states, in a spirit dictated alone by a desire, in the selection of the agent, to advance the interests of the country, and to place beyond jeopardy the institutions under which it is our happiness to live. That the deepest interest has been manifested by all our countrymen in the result of the election, is not less true, than highly creditable to them. Vast multitudes have assembled, from time to time, at various places, for the purpose of canvassing the merits and pretensions of those who were presented for their suffrage; but no armed soldiery has been necessary to restrain, within proper limits, the popular zeal, or to prevent violent outbreaks. A principle much more controlling was found in the love of order and obedience to the laws, which, with mere individual exceptions, everywhere possesses the American mind, and controls with an influence far more powerful than hosts of armed men. We cannot dwell upon this picture without recognizing in it that deep and devoted attachment on the part of the people, to the institutions under which we live, which proclaims their perpetuity. The great objection which has always prevailed against the election, by the people, of their chief executive officer, has been the apprehension of tumults and disorders, which might involve in ruin the entire government. A security against this, is found not only in the fact before alluded to, but in the additional fact that, we live under a confederacy embracing already twenty six states; no one of which has power to control the election. The popular vote in each state is taken at the time appointed by the laws, and such vote is announced by its Electoral College, without reference to the decision of the other states. The right of suffrage, and the mode of conducting the election, is regulated by the laws of each state; and the election is distinctly federative in all its prominent features. Thus it is that, unlike what might be the result under a consolidated system, riotous proceedings, should they prevail, could only affect the elections in single states, without disturbing the tranquillity of others. The great experiment of a political confederacy—each member of which is supreme—as to all matters appertaining to its local interests, and its internal peace and happiness; while by a voluntary compact with others, it confides to the united power of all, the protection of its citizens, it matters not domestic—has been so far crowned with complete success. The world has witnessed its rapid growth in wealth and population; and under the guide and direction of a superintending Providence, the developements of the past may be regarded but as the shadowing forth of the mighty future."

## OREGON.

"The influence of our political system is destined to be as actively and as beneficially felt on the distant shores of the Pacific, as it is now on those of the Atlantic ocean. The only formidable impediments in the way of its successful expansion (time and space) are so far in the progress of modification, by the improvements of the age, as to render no longer speculative the ability of representatives from that remote region to come up to the capital, so that their constitu-

ents shall participate in all the benefits of federal legislation."

## TEXAS.

President Tyler considers the late election as a verdict of the people in favor of immediate annexation. He discusses the whole subject at great length, and concludes as follows:

"A controlling majority of the people, and a large majority of the states, have declared in favor of immediate annexation. Instructions have thus come up to both branches of congress, from their respective constituents, in terms the most emphatic. It is the will of both the people and the states, that Texas shall be annexed to the Union promptly and immediately. It may be hoped that, in carrying into execution the public will, thus declared, all collateral issues may be avoided. Future legislatures can best decide as to the number of states which should be formed out of the territory, when the time has arrived for deciding that question. So with all others. By the treaty, the United States assumes the payment of the debts of Texas to an amount not exceeding ten millions of dollars; to be paid, with the exception of a sum falling short of forty thousand dollars, exclusively out of the proceeds of the sales of her public lands. We could not, with honor, take the lands, without assuming the full payment of all incumbrances upon them."

The message represents the foreign relations of the country in general to be very satisfactory, and the finances in a prosperous condition, with something like seven millions surplus in the treasury. The President winds up with a little pardonable glorification of his administration as follows:

"Shall I not be permitted to congratulate you on the happy auspices under which you have assembled, and at the important change in the condition of things which has occurred in the last three years! During that period questions with foreign powers, of vital importance to the peace of our country, have been settled and adjusted. A desolating and wasting war, with savage tribes, has been brought to a close. The internal tranquillity of the country, threatened by agitating questions has been preserved. The credit of the Government, which had experienced a temporary embarrassment, has been thoroughly restored—its coffers which, for a season, were empty, have been replenished. A currency nearly uniform in its value, has taken the place of one depreciated and almost worthless. Commerce and manufactures, which had suffered in common with every other interest, have once more revived; and the whole country exhibits an aspect of prosperity and happiness. Trade and barter, no longer governed by a wild and speculative mania, rest upon a solid and substantial footing: and the rapid growth of our cities, in every direction, bespeaks most strongly the favorable circumstances by which we are surrounded. My happiness, in the retirement which shortly awaits me, is the ardent hope which I experience, that this state of prosperity is neither deceptive nor destined to be short lived; and that measures which have not yet received its sanction, but which I cannot but regard as closely connected with the honor, the glory, and still more enlarged prosperity of the country, are destined, at an early age, to receive the sanction of Congress. Under these circumstances, and with these anticipations, I shall most gladly leave to others, more able than myself, the pleasing task of sustaining the public prosperity. I shall

carry with me into retirement the gratifying reflection that, as my sole object throughout has been to advance the public good, I may not entirely have failed in accomplishing it; and this gratification is heightened in no small degree by the fact that when, under a deep and abiding sense of duty, I have found myself constrained to resort to the qualified Veto, it has neither been followed by disapproval on the part of the people, nor weakened in any degree their attachment to the great conservative feature of our Government."

#### RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

| STATES.          | POLK. | CLAY. |
|------------------|-------|-------|
| Maine,           | 9     |       |
| New Hampshire,   | 6     |       |
| Vermont,         |       | 6     |
| Massachusetts,   |       | 12    |
| Rhode Island,    |       | 4     |
| Connecticut,     |       | 6     |
| New York,        | 36    |       |
| New Jersey,      |       | 7     |
| Pennsylvania,    | 26    |       |
| Delaware,        |       | 3     |
| Maryland,        |       | 8     |
| Virginia,        | 17    |       |
| North Carolina,  |       | 11    |
| South Carolina,  | 9     |       |
| Georgia,         | 10    |       |
| Alabama,         | 9     |       |
| Louisiana,       | 6     |       |
| Mississippi,     | 6     |       |
| Tennessee,       |       | 13    |
| Kentucky,        |       | 12    |
| Arkansas,        | 3     |       |
| Ohio,            |       | 23    |
| Indiana,         | 12    |       |
| Illinois,        | 9     |       |
| Missouri,        | 7     |       |
| Michigan,        | 6     |       |
|                  | 170   | 105   |
| Polk's majority, | 65    |       |

#### THE POPULAR VOTE. -

It may be a matter interesting for future reference to record the majorities given in the several states for the two candidates for the Presidency. The following table is given in the Washington Globe, and is probably sufficiently accurate for general purposes, though the official returns will of course be somewhat different.

| STATES.         | POLK. | CLAY. |
|-----------------|-------|-------|
| Maine,          | 13000 |       |
| New Hampshire,  | 9230  |       |
| Massachusetts,  |       | 14500 |
| Vermont,        |       | 8500  |
| Rhode Island,   |       | 2475  |
| Connecticut,    |       | 3300  |
| New York,       | 5026  |       |
| Pennsylvania,   | 6332  |       |
| New Jersey,     |       | 787   |
| Delaware,       |       | 220   |
| Maryland,       |       | 3308  |
| Virginia,       | 6500  |       |
| North Carolina, |       | 4100  |

|                                           |         |        |
|-------------------------------------------|---------|--------|
| South Carolina,                           | 25000   |        |
| Georgia,                                  | 2100    |        |
| Alabama,                                  | 10000   |        |
| Mississippi,                              | 7000    |        |
| Louisiana,                                |         |        |
| Arkansas,                                 | 4500    |        |
| Missouri,                                 | 12000   |        |
| Illinois,                                 | 11000   |        |
| Kentucky,                                 |         | 9500   |
| Indiana,                                  | 2300    |        |
| Ohio,                                     |         | 6500   |
| Michigan,                                 | 4000    |        |
| Tennessee,                                |         | 300    |
|                                           | 117,988 | 53,490 |
| Polk's maj. over Clay in the U. S. 64,498 |         |        |

#### Beautiful Version of an Eastern Fable.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABON BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,  
And, in a voice made all of sweet accord,  
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord!"  
"And is mine one?" said Ben Adhem. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. Abon spake more low,  
But cheerily still: "I pray thee, then,  
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."  
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night  
He came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

PUTTING OUT THE FLASH.—The Rev. Thomas Allen, who was at the battle of Bennington, under Gen. Stark, was asked if he killed any one. He answered—"He did not know, but that, observing a flash often repeated in a bush hard by, which seemed to be succeeded each time by a fall of some of our men, he levelled his musket, and firing in that direction, put out the flash!"

"Nancy, you must have my things ready to-morrow morning early—the boat starts at seven o'clock."

"Oh, dear, husband! with you it is always must, must, must. You are the most *musty* man I ever knew."

It is an exceedingly fortunate thing to public defaulter, that "to be suspended" don't mean "to be hung."

ORIGINAL POEM.—We understand William H. Christy, No. 2 Astor House, has in press and will publish next week, an original poem by a young gentleman of this city, in a neat volume of some seventy pages, entitled "Redburn, or the Schoolmaster of a Morning." When it appears, we will endeavor to give our readers some account of it.

CORRECTION.—In noticing the little volume of poems last week entitled "Evening Hours," the name of the author was erroneously printed. It should have been Thomas R. Whitney.

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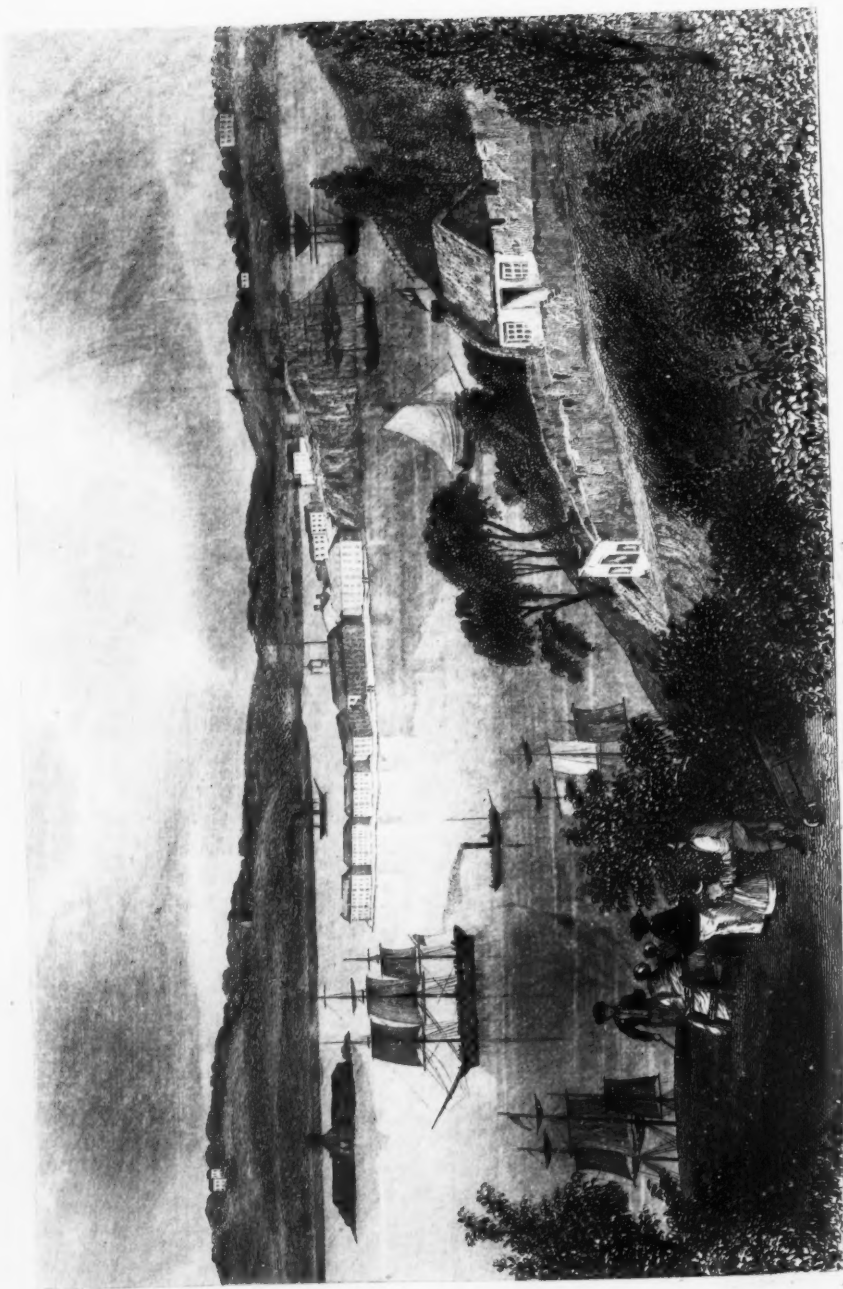
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*Harbor, Savel.*

Harbor, Savel.







# THE ROVER.

## THIS WEEK'S PLATE.

THERE are hundreds of other plates which might be lettered "a rural scene," with as much appropriateness as the one we present our readers in this week's Rover. But it came into our hands bearing that inscription, and so we will let it go as a rural scene, though it is in fact a landscape view accurately copied from nature and beautifully engraved. If the reader would be gratified to know what particular spot of this habitable globe of ours he is looking upon when he has this picture before him, we are bound to inform him that it is the Cove of Cork, one of the loveliest nooks in the green Emerald Isle.

THE NEXT WEEK'S number of the Rover, being the *Holiday Number*, will have embellishments and letter press suitable to the occasion.

## PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,  
Go, when the moon is bright,  
Go, when the eve declineth,  
Go, in the hush of night;  
Go, with pure mind and feeling,  
Fling earthly thoughts away,  
And in thy chamber kneeling,  
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,  
All who are loved by thee;  
Pray for those who hate thee,  
If any such there be;  
Then for thyself in meekness,  
A blessing humbly claim,  
And link with each petition  
The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee  
In solitude to pray,  
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,  
When friends are round thy way,  
E'en then the silent breathing  
Of thy spirit raised above,  
Will reach his throne of glory,  
Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing,  
With this can we compare,  
The power that he hath given us  
To pour our souls in prayer.  
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,  
Before his footstool fall,  
And remember in thy gladness,  
His grace who gave thee all.

## A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE.

It was a bleak day in November; the north wind howled mournfully through the leafless trees—the broken clouds flitted rapidly across the heavens, and the whole face of nature assumed an aspect cheerless and uncomfortable, well calculated to remind the mor-

VOLUME IV.—No. 14.

alist of the closing scenes in the great drama of life, as a traveler, with weary steps, wended his solitary way through one of those beautiful hamlets which abound in New England, and which constitute the noble ornaments, emblems of freedom, peace and happiness, of which she is justly proud.

To judge from his costume, this traveler belonged to the humblest ranks of life, or had been singled out as a victim by misfortune. His coarse straw hat, his patched doublet, and his canvass trowsers, soiled by tar in many places while they proclaimed his occupation and his poverty, seemed but poorly calculated to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. His form was cast in a noble mould denoting great activity and strength. His manly features, bronzed by exposure to the tropical sun, and partly concealed from view by his luxuriant locks of coal black hue, showed that he was still in the dawn of manhood. And his eyes seemed lighted up with an intelligent spirit, by a gleam of expectation and hope, which showed that his humble fortune did not accord with his noble nature, and that however severely fate had dealt with him his energies were still unbroken, and that maugre the chill northern blast, and the fatigues which it was evident he had recently undergone, he was resolved to push onward until the object he had in view was accomplished.

"It is now three years," said he to himself as he plodded along the road, "since I very foolishly left my happy home, urged by a silly pique, and a love for a life of adventure, to brave the hardships and perils of the ocean. Since then my life has been a constant series of misfortunes. I have met with storms on every tack. But thank Providence, although my canvas is sadly reduced and pretty well worn out, and my pockets are destitute of ballast, my hull is unimpaired and my spirits are as unbroken and buoyant as ever. I hope my parents are still living, and prosperous and happy. I was a fool to leave them. And my brothers and sisters, how happy we were together; and cousin Mary, that bright little fairy, whom I loved with a love unsurpassing that of cousins, and in whose company I have passed so many rapturous hours! Oh, I was a great fool to leave such blissful scenes. And I believe, after all, that the little fairy loved, I know she did, she all but told me so. But it is too late now to retrace my steps; I can only regret my folly. I dare say the bright and joyous young thing has forgotten Ned Willis, and was married to a worthier fellow than I am long since. For her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, and sweet disposition, to say nothing of her property she was to inherit when she came of age, attracted many admirers, and made sad havoc among the hearts of the village. Well, if she is married, there is no more to be said; I have no right to complain. But I hope she has chosen a good husband. I will see her once more, wish her a long life and a happy one, and away to sea again. But if she is not married—" he did not finish the sentence, but a change came over the countenance of the ill-clad and weather-beaten mariner, as if he was indulging in a vision of rapture, and he involuntarily quickened his steps.

As Edward Willis journeyed onward towards his home, anticipating by turns happy and adverse fortune, he was surprised to find that although it was in the

middle of the week, there were no signs of labor among the inhabitants. All was quiet. Even the oxen were browsing contentedly in the pasture, the school-houses were closed, and the meeting-houses were open, the people whom he met with were neatly arrayed in their Sunday clothes, and their countenances were wreathed with smiles of gratitude and joy. On enquiry, he learned that it was Thanksgiving Day. He hailed the information as a glad omen.

On the day when this poor forlorn looking traveler, after years of wandering, was pursuing his way toward his native village, the fire burned brightly on the hearth stone of his parents. Deacon Willis was a New England farmer, a man who, by cherishing the virtues of industry and frugality, had become possessed of a handsome property, and who, enjoying a competence in a free country, protected by a wise government, surrounded by kind and intelligent neighbors, and in the midst of a happy and virtuous family, envied neither nabobs their riches, nor monarchs their power.

It was Thanksgiving day, and great had been the bustle in Deacon Willis' family for the previous week. Descended in a direct line from one of the earliest settlers of New England, no consideration could have induced the worthy Deacon to abate one jot of the "pomp and pride and circumstance" of the Thanksgiving of the Puritans. Thanksgiving was religiously observed by him, as it had been by his father before him, and the gratitude which he expressed to his Creator for the mercies which he had received, was not a mere formula of unmeaning words, but came directly from the heart.

On this day his children were collected around him, and all anticipated a joyous Thanksgiving. Several of his distant relations, who were not so well provided with the good things of this life as the worthy deacon, also accepted an invitation to be present. Among those who were sheltered by his hospitable roof on this occasion, the greatest favorite seemed to be Mary Wordsworth, a blue eyed damsel, whose lovely and expressive face told more about sweetness and purity than I could describe in a folio volume. She was the only daughter of a cousin of the worthy Deacon's, and at an early age was deprived of her parents by death. But deacon Willis had been to her a parent, his house had been her home, his wife had treated her with a mother's kindness, and his children regarded her as a dear sister and a dear friend.

Mrs. Willis' situation as mistress of the family, was no sinecure on that day. Her duties were various and important, for it was the New England holiday, and all her skill as a housewife, all her excellence as a manager, were put to test on Thanksgiving day. After the family returned from meeting, for they were of the good old fashioned sort, who would almost as soon lose their Thanksgiving dinner, as to be deprived of their Thanksgiving sermon, the table was set in a large front parlor, which was wont to be used only on extraordinary occasions, and serious preparations for the festival commenced. A good fire, made of walnut and yellow oak wood, burned cheerfully on the large open fire place, and all the females belonging to the house were put in requisition to bear the abundance of the good things from the kitchen to the parlor, and which, when deposited in their respective places, made the tables groan again.

At the head of the table was placed a portly Turkey, the choicest of a large pampered family, at the further

extremity, was deposited a ham of a size and flavor to make a Westphalian's eyes sparkle with joy. On the centre was stationed, plucked, roasted, and ready for the carving-knife, one of those celebrated animals, which whilom saved from the ravages of the Gauls, the capitol of Rome, and which, in vulgar parlance, are cycled geese, while here and there, scattered around the table, in apparent disorder, but with deliberate care and precision, were boiled fowls, roasted fowls, jellies, knickknacks, and plates of vegetables of more varieties and excellence than I would willingly undertake to enumerate, while on the kitchen table, arranged apparently as a corps de reserve, might be seen a stately plum pudding, supported by several enormous Thanksgiving pumpkin pies, apple pies, squash pies, custard pies; with fruits of various kinds, not forgetting nuts and apples to bring up the rear. As a beverage on this happy occasion, water was the only article provided; water brought from a clear and sparkling spring, which bubbled up a few rods from the house; for farmer Willis contended that water was the best to drink, even on festive occasions, and that hilarity and joy should be promoted, not by wine or strong drink of any kind, but by social communion, by a free interchange of thoughts and ideas, by generous feelings, born and nurtured in a noble bosom.

It was near two o'clock, long after their accustomed hour of dinner, before the assembled company were invited into the parlor to partake of the good cheer which had been so bountifully provided. And as the happy company stood around the table, waiting for their host to ask the divine blessing upon the meal which was placed before them, a shade flitted across the good man's brow, for his eldest son, a noble boy, was absent. Among the joyful faces which surrounded him, Edward's was not seen. \*He had left his home years before to embrace a sea-faring life, and the wanderer had not returned. There was good reason to believe that he was no longer in the land of the living, and although they still strove to cherish hopes in each other's bosoms, many and bitter were the tears of affection, which had embalmed his memory.

Deacon Willis did not intend to cast a damp over the spirits of the happy group, and his words were but the echoes of his thoughts, as he involuntarily exclaimed,

"Were Edward here, we should indeed be happy."

"My poor, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Willis. "Ah, I much fear we shall never see his smiling face again!"

Mary Wordsworth said nothing, but a tear started into her eye, and a casual observer would have seen at once that Edward Willis was dearer to her than a cousin or a friend, and that she cherished his memory in the very depths of her heart.

Just then old Bose, the house-dog, was heard to make some angry remonstrances to a passing traveler, which attracted attention, inasmuch as it was by no means an ordinary occurrence, for Bose was a well nurtured brute, and seldom accosted a well-dressed, gentlemanly personage, in a rude and angry manner, but he entertained the prejudice against the victims of misfortune or intemperance, who wear the garb of poverty, which is cherished by nobler animals, who boast the attributes of reason.

In truth, Bose, although a faithful dog, was a real aristocrat in his principles. The traveler, from his appearance, moved in the humblest rank of life, and Bose evidently intended to give a reception corresponding



with his shabby appearance, and was advancing toward him in a surly manner, when Deacon Willis, who well knew the peculiarities of his dog, told his son James to go out and protect the stranger from violence.

"He seems to be a sailor, too," said he, "and on a day like this, we should not refuse the rites of hospitality to the humblest being who passes along the road. On Thanksgiving day, no individual, rich or poor, sailor or landsman, should want for a plentiful meal. Ask him in, my son," continued the noble-hearted farmer, "and let the poor wayfarer take a seat at our board."

The stranger entered the parlor, and room was made for him at the table. But his appearance and manner were strange, and he seemed as if he was but ill-disposed to requite his kind host for the hospitality he enjoyed. He did not even raise his dilapidated hat from his head, and to the kind inquiries which were made of him, he scarcely deigned any reply, but as if overcome with fatigue, or agitated by contending emotions, he threw himself into the nearest chair, and covered his brow with his hands.

The wondering group witnessed his conduct in silence.

"Come now, my good man," at length exclaimed Mrs. Willis, in a kind, motherly tone, "I dare say you are tired and hungry; take a seat at the table and make yourself at home. We like sailors, and would gladly do you a good turn for the sake of one that is absent. Don't cry, Mary—you should learn to restrain your feelings."

Just then old Bose, who, when the sailor first came in sight, was disposed to regard him as an enemy, appeared to have overcome his combative propensities, and much to the surprise of the children, seemed suddenly to have conceived the most lively attachment to the "poor straggler." He wagged his tail with unwonted energy, absolutely danced around him, whined forth his joy in the most expressive manner, and continued the pantomime by jumping into his lap and attempting to lick his face!

The stranger hardly attempted to repulse the affectionate animal, but gently patting his head addressed him with the endearing epithet of "Poor old Bose!" adding, "you have not forgotten me."

He then raised his head, took his hand from his forehead, removed his hat, and brushed away the long and matted locks which partly concealed his features. His voice seemed to have touched a chord in the bosoms present, which had long ceased to vibrate. The eyes of Willis and his wife were turned upon him in eager expectation. Mary Wordsworth started, the rose on her cheek gave way to the lily, and her deep seated and pure love proved more quick sighted than even parental affection. She gazed upon him with a look in which joy and surprise were blended, and met his glance, which beamed with tenderness and rapture, expressing the fruition of earthly enjoyment. Her maidenly reserve was conquered by her surprise and joy at beholding before her, a dear one whom she had long mourned as lost.

"It is my cousin Edward!" said she, and threw herself into his arms.

The scene which followed may be imagined, but cannot be described, nor shall I attempt it. There was no longer any alloy in the enjoyment of that happy family, and Deacon Willis, albeit always noted for piety, never offered up a Thanksgiving prayer with greater

fervency and sincerity than on that occasion. After dinner was over, Edward had long tale to tell to which his auditors listened with breathless attention, of the perils and sufferings he had experienced during the previous three years.

The vessel in which he had sailed for South America, had been suspected of carrying on a contraband trade, and the crew were all condemned to the mines for life. Edward, with two of his companions, at the imminent risk of his life, succeeded in effecting his escape, and had worked his passage home in a vessel bound to Providence. Misfortune still pursued him; the vessel was wrecked on Block Island during a heavy gale, and he, after a desperate struggle with the waves, succeeded in gaining the shore. He lost no time in proceeding to Providence in a fishing craft, when he took his land tacks on board, and wearied, hungry, destitute of money and clothes, a poor shipwrecked sailor, Edward Willis at length reached his home.

"And you are welcome home, my boy," exclaimed his father, "and I hope you will never again leave us."

Edward looked at Mary, who blushed like a peony.

"I see how the wind sets," exclaimed the worthy deacon. "Come hither, Mary Wordsworth."

Mary, with trembling steps, approached her guardian.

"Mary," said the deacon, "we must look to you for security that Edward will never play truant again."

He put her trembling hand into that of his son.

Edward has never been to sea since. He is now a happy and prosperous farmer, and blessed with an affectionate wife and three lovely children; he every year welcomes the approach of November, and reads in the *Mercantile Journal*, with keen gratification, the governor's proclamation for Thanksgiving day.—*Boston Mercantile Journal*.

WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

TAKE for example, a young girl, bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding house through her youth, never accustomed to either air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries: her strength is not adequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades away. She languishes through her hard offices of giving birth to children, sucking and watching over them, and dies early. "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life, from her children?" Was it Providence?—No! Providence had assigned her three score years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and see her children's children, but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course, she lost it.

A father, too, was cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil never ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities, for

young ladies to walk in thin shoes, and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaimed her friends. Was it providence or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes night, after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for whoever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world. "Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of her life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeable climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. Ar rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or in drinking, or in study, or in business; also being caused often by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air: by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing; etc., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temper," would gradually decay, and men would die, as if falling asleep.

#### THE MAID OF THE MORNING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

I HAVE loved a gentle maiden  
Long and well;  
Of her many radiant beauties  
Who may tell!

Freely to the winds she giveth  
Golden hair,  
One rare, burning jewel gilds her  
Forehead fair.

And her silky robes of azure  
Glisten bright—  
Sometimes on her breast a crescent  
Shineth white.

Early at my open casement  
She is beaming,  
Jealous that of some other  
I am dreaming.

Smiling unto me she cometh,  
Stealing slow;  
On my cheek and brow I feel  
Tresses glow.

Deep in my eye she peereth  
To the brain,

And of the pleasant golden visions  
Wakes a train.

When to mine the maiden closely  
Rests her cheek,  
Thus in whispering words I hear her  
Chiding speak—

"Wherefore, oh thou dreamy poet,  
Sleep'st thou still?  
Thou may'st hear the big wheel turning  
At the mill—

"Hear the pretty milk-singing  
With her pail;  
And from yonder barn the thunder  
Of the flail.

"Then why flows thy life-stream idle  
'Neath the sun?  
Is there nothing in the store-house  
To be done?

"Start the wheel, thou drowsy miller,  
Start in haste!  
Ere thy life's uncerteain river  
Runs to waste.

"Like the thresher's, be thy labor  
Hard and long;  
Like the milk-maid let thy glad heart  
Gush in song."

Thus the maiden gently chides me  
While her eyes  
Speak a language all too tender  
For disguise.

Therefore flows my love unto her  
Like a river;  
And I'll praise the Maid of Morning  
Now and ever.

#### THE MOCK DESERTER.

An Incident of our Revolution.

BY HENRY K. W.—.

In the commencement of the American Revolution, there stood, on the banks of the Delaware, a cottage, inhabited by an old man, his wife, and an only son. Although age utterly incapacitated the father from active duties, still he willingly sacrificed his son on the altar of his country's freedom, and with blessings innumerable, Henry Harland left his home to enter upon a difficult and untried scene. To his young and ardent mind, which had pictured all the imagined glories of a soldier's life, and the honor of fighting for a country's freedom the disappointment when the reality came to view, was a momentary gloom, but which was soon forgotten in the excitement of a skirmish with the British, that took place soon after his arrival at the camp.

After about a month, the company, which had now been considerably augmented by the arrival of recruits, was ordered to join the main body, under Washington, at the Highlands. Here our hero experienced a different scene. It was not the remissness of duty that

had characterized the first entrance as a soldier. Here every one was subjected to severe commands, and Washington himself saw that no order as to the regular duty of the soldiers was disobeyed. Here in several minor engagements, Harland soon gained a name among the soldiers for courage and bravery; and for his conduct in one skirmish, he was applauded by Gen. Washington before the whole army. This was but a taste of glory, and the young soldier's ambition was excited to quaff the rich goblet of fame which was held out to him, and he eagerly desired for some enterprize of danger to present itself, that he might show to Washington that his commendations were not unmerited. An opportunity was not long wanting. Washington, being desirous of making an important move against the enemy, was anxious to send a trusty spy to find out the true state and contemplated actions of their camp. To this he was further incited by a deserter from the enemy, who swore on the pain of his life, that he brought him the correct watchword of the British; but as Washington did not like to trust to his further information, he determined that now would be the best opportunity that might, for some time be offered to send his spy to the British camp. From the numerous volunteers who eagerly stepped forward and desired to risk their lives for their country's freedom, Henry Harland was chosen, and after communing with the commander-in-chief, he left the American camp, and proceeded on his destined expedition.

He was dressed completely in the uniform of a British soldier, but his heart would often throb quickly, and now and then he would pause as the full force of his danger came across his mind. True, the thought that the British deserter might have given him the wrong watch word once flashed across him, but he did not once think of returning. The danger was nothing, compared to the service which he would do for his country, and the glory that would accrue from it. Thus he approached the line of sentinels that guarded the British camp. Stepping boldly up to the first one, he whispered "*The King!*" but no sooner had the words passed his lips, than with a loud yell of exultation the sentry discharged his musket, which was quickly followed by the whole line of sentinels.

Astonished, stupefied and bewildered, Harland was seized, and to his utter dismay, he heard himself designated as the rebel by the crowd which now poured around him. Triumphant he was borne before the commander; but the broken exclamations which came to his ears, convinced him that the deserter was only a stratagem to decoy an American to the British camp, for they vainly believed that threats and promises would extort from one every movement of Washington. With a proud, bold mien, Harland confronted the commanding officer; but what was his surprise, when he was told that if he would betray the secrets of the American camp, he was at liberty to pursue, honor, and glory with the king's soldiers, or to return unmolested from whence he came; but, on the contrary, if he refused, he should die the death he deserved.

"Ask me not," said he, while a flash of insulted pride lit up his features, "ask me not—for an American soldier never fears death, and life itself would be odious to me after I had played the part of a traitor!"

Surprise was the first feeling of the Briton; but the next moment rage was the predominant passion!

"And thou shalt die!" said he; "die as a rebel dog should die. Ay!" he continued, when he saw that his

words awoke no perceptible emotion in his listener—"ay! and by my sword, you shall be hung amid the gaze of thousands, and in your death throes you shall be taunted as a felon by those with whom you and your comrades would vainly endeavor to cope! Ha! ha!" he said when he saw that the spirit of his captive writhed under his words, "you will be ready methinks by to-morrow's morn, to commence your journey to New-York!" And calling to his soldiers, he ordered him away; but threatened the lives of his guards if he escaped.

Having heard this threat, Harland knew it would be hopeless to attempt to escape; and he lay down, strongly manacled, and endeavored to gain some repose, although the thoughts that now rushed through his mind, effectually forbade all thoughts of sleep. Morning dawned, he was led down to the river, and placed, strongly ironed, in a boat manned by six men, and sent down towards New-York. Far different is the first view of the city from the noble Hudson now to what it was then, a few miserable fisherman's huts. Sir Henry Clinton's quarters were situated near the centre of the city, and thither Harland was taken. Fifteen minutes Sir Henry was alone with the superior of the soldiers, and then the captive's fate was known to him—that the next day, at sunrise he must die.

Scrutinizing eyes were bent on him, but no emotion was visible; and with a moody silence, he was led to the Provost prison. However dormant his emotions, without, he was left alone, and surveyed the strong and gloomy walls of his prison. Yet he looked calmly upon the near approach of death, and although it was hard to die—hard to leave his aged parents ignorant of his fate—hard, and he felt that it was hard to leave his betrothed Alice without one kiss—still, he considered himself as one of a number who were to die for American liberty, and he determined that the sacrifice should be willingly made.

Night drew on, and with it came gloomy thoughts to the imprisoned soldier. Alone, in that dreary cell, with but a few hours between him and a disgraceful death—Washington unconscious of his fate, and perhaps even then believing in his desertion—no wonder that his thoughts were gloomy and sad. Then the gibbet rose before him and he fancied that he could see the multitude eagerly waiting for his death, and hear their exultation as they witnessed his dying agonies. He endeavored to shut out this thought—but a new vision rose before him; Alice, hearing of his death, and dying of a broken heart, wrung tears from him which no torture could have brought forth. And thus passed the night; and now the first gray tints that heralded the approach of day, were visible through the grated windows of his cell. Although the night had been one of anguish to him, still the dawn seemed hastened on before its time, and the east now appeared to brighten more rapidly than it ever had done before.

The door opened and a stern voice told him that five moments more of life were all that were allotted him—and at that moment the roll of the drum was heard to prepare for the execution. He knelt down and fervently poured forth his soul to the Searcher of all hearts, and asked help to support him in this his trial. Suddenly, a quick sharp crack of a musket was heard, and then the hum of the impatient crowd was suddenly hushed, as the drum beat forth to arms; then came a mighty rush, as the multitude swept over the pave-

ment, past the building, shouting "they come—they come!" He looked out—the crowd seemed borne by one common impulse toward the north end of the city. He waited. Hours passed on, and the roll of the drum, and the frequent discharge of musketry at the other part of the city, told that the excitement was in that quarter. But still he was left in suspense till near night, when the same one who had told him of the near approach of his doom in the morning, came with the intelligence that his execution was deferred till the following sunrise. All the reasons that imagination could conjure up, were construed as the right cause of this interruption, but were soon set aside as utterly futile. And now night had set in, and he determined to use some method to effect his escape. He had observed in the day time that the removal of a large stone might be effected, and he set about the task by scraping off the cement which held it fast. Suddenly he paused—it could not be his own fancy, surely there was some one at work without upon the very same stone. With increased vigor he resumed his labor; but, being possessed of the advantage of tools, his outside helper made the most progress, and considering the amount of labor to be accomplished, it was not long ere the stone was removed. A human head now appeared at the aperture, and in a low voice said—

"Hist, Harland, hist! On your life make no noise! Escape now to your friend!"

With the utmost caution, and some difficulty, Harland crawled through the opening, and the clock of St. Paul's struck midnight as he was released from the few remaining shackles which were on him and ready for flight. His comrades, for there were four of his assistants, gave him a sword and two pistols, and silently they took their way toward the north wharf. They gained their boat without interruption, but Harland could hardly believe in the reality of his escape till he commenced rowing up the Hudson.

"Now, tell me all," said he, after they had proceeded but a short distance. And after a momentary pause, one of his companions began:

"Well, then, notwithstanding all the confidence that Washington placed in you, he was anxious, and this anxiety was increased by the strange behavior of the pretended British deserter. After your departure, he was twice caught in the attempt to escape, and this confirmed a suspicion of Washington that he was not what he pretended to be. Ordering a strict watch to be kept over him, he waited anxiously for your return; but when the morning dawned, and the day wore on without your appearance, he gave orders that the deserter should be shot, and sent us to New York to aid you; for Washington rightly conjectured that your captor would not take vengeance into his own hands while his superior was as near as Sir Henry Clinton was. Accordingly, with a stratagem to effect our entrance into the city, we departed. When in sight of the city, we quickened our rowing, shouting out 'God save the King!' and 'the rebels—the rebels!' This soon attracted attention to us, and rowing, we landed with a terrible story of the defeat and massacre of the British by Washington—how that we were all that escaped, and how that Washington would soon, and perhaps already was on his march to the city. Our British dress, torn and bloody, gave somewhat of plausibility to our story, and the sentinel discharged his musket in the air, which, thank God, was in time to hinder your execution. By dint of some careless in-

quiry, we found out the cell in which you were confined, before the crowd began to pour around us. After having been teased by Sir Henry Clinton's inquiries for hours we slunk away till night, when we commenced our labors for your assistance, with what success you are already acquainted."

The company now bent themselves to their oars, and morning had not long dawned when Henry Harland related his adventures to Washington.

Through the long and varied struggle that followed, Henry Harland bore a conspicuous part. In the time when the American cause was at its lowest ebb, and most predicted a speedy termination to the contest by the triumph of the English arms, his heart never lost his confidence, and his sword was never sheathed till his country was free, and he was at liberty to wed his Alice and happiness.

American reader, Henry Harland is but another name for one of your country's Hero's.

#### FIRST PRAYER IN CONGRESS.

We published some days since an extract of a letter from John Adams to a friend, speaking of the "first prayer in Congress." A correspondent has sent to the Christian Register a copy of a prayer found among the papers of the Rev. Mr. Little, formerly Minister of Kennebunk, Maine, which was filed as "Duche's prayer upon the Declaration of Independence," and which is probably the prayer spoken of by Mr. Adams. We copy it from the Register.

*The Rev. Mr. Duche's Prayer in Congress after Independence was Declared.*

O Lord! our heavenly Father, high and mighty king of kings, who dost from Thy Throne behold all the dwellers upon Earth and reignest with power supreme and uncontrolled over all Kingdoms, Empires, and Governments, look down in mercy, we beseech thee, upon these our American States, who have fled to thee from the rod of the opposer, and thrown themselves upon thy gracious Protection, desiring henceforth to be only dependent upon thee. To thee have they appealed for the Righteousness of their cause. To thee do they now look up for that Countenance and Support which thou alone canst give, take them therefore heavenly father, under thy nurturing care, give them wisdom in council, and valor in the field, defeat the malicious designs of our cruel Adversaries, convince them of the unrighteousness of their cause, and if they still persist in their sanguinary purposes. O! let the voice of thine own unerring justice sounding in their hearts, constrain them to drop the weapons of war from their unnerved hands, in the day of battle. Be thou present, O God of Wisdom, and direct the councils of this honorably Assembly, enable them to settle things on the best and surest foundations, that the scene of blood may be speedily closed, that order, harmony, and peace effectually be restored, and truth and justice, religion and piety, prevail and flourish amongst thy people, preserve the health of their bodies, and the vigor of their minds. Shower down upon them, and the millions they here represent, such Temporal Blessings as thou seest expedient for them in this world and crown them with everlasting Glory in the world to come. All this we ask in the name and through the merit of Jesus Christ thy son, our Saviour. Amen.—*Boston Advocate.*



## ENGLAND'S DEAD.

BY MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

Sox of the ocean isle!  
Where sleep your mighty dead?  
Show me what high and stately pile  
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep,  
Free, free the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,  
By the Pyramid o'erawayed,  
With fearful power the noon-day reigns!  
And the palm-trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun  
From Heaven look fiercely red,  
Unfelt by those whose task is done—  
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might  
Along the Indian shore,  
And far, by Ganges' banks at night  
Is heard the tiger's roar.

But let the sound roll on!  
It hath no tone of dread  
For those that from their toils are gone—  
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods  
The western wilds among,  
And free, in green Columbia's woods,  
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!  
Let the arrow's flight be sped!  
Why should they reck whose task is done?—  
There slumber England's dead!

The mountain storms rise high  
In the snowy Pyrenees,  
And toss the pine boughs through the sky,  
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!  
Let the forest-wreaths be shed!  
For the Roncesvalles' field is won—  
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose  
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,  
When round the ship the ice-fields close,  
To chain her with their power.

But let the ice drift on!  
Let the cold blue desert spread!  
Their course with mast and flag is done—  
There slumber England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,  
The men of field and wave!  
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,  
The seas and shores thy grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep,  
Free, free the white sail spread!  
Wave may not foam, or wild wind sweep,  
Where rest not England's dead.

## THE LOST ARTS.

THE following interesting facts relative to the arts of the ancients, are from a lecture delivered by the Hon. Wendell Phillips of Boston, as reported in the Woonsocket Patriot.

**FIRST, GLASS.**—This was for a long time believed to be a modern invention. Within fifty years, four quarto volumes were written in Italy to prove, in opposition to the assertion of Pliny, that the article was unknown to the ancients; and on the very day in which these volumes were published, a warehouse was opened in Pompeii, filled with cut, wrought, pressed and stained glass, far more beautiful and perfect than any now manufactured. There is glass found, too, among the ruins of Central America. In the museum at Florence, I have seen a piece of glass, an inch square by a quarter of an inch thick, on which were represented birds, which could be seen equally on both sides, and their plumage so perfect that not the slightest want of finish could be discovered even with a microscope; and though apparently mosaic, it is impossible to detect where or how it was put together. There is a small vase, too, surrounded by figures of women with children playing upon their laps; also perfect on both sides; and the art of making them so is not only unknown to us, but we cannot even imagine how it could be done. Their dresses, and the curls of their hair, are perfect. Pliny tells us of a drinking glass which could be folded up so as to occupy a small space, and which was destroyed by its inventor, because his monarch would not offer him what he considered a sufficient sum for its invention. The moderns, with all their arts, cannot equal the beautiful stained glass of the middle ages, inferior as this was to that of Egypt; and this remark leads to the second division.

**COLORS.**—In these the ancients certainly far excelled the moderns. Sir Humphrey Davy made many efforts to analyze the celebrated Tyrian purple of the East; but these efforts were without success. He declared he could not discover of what it was composed. The Naples yellow, too, though less known, was much used, and the art of making it is now entirely gone. The Tyrian purple is the color of many of the houses of Pompeii, and they look as fresh as if just painted. The colors of Titian are equally as vivid and beautiful as when first laid on by the great artist, while those of Sir Joshua Reynolds already look chalky and dead. And Sir Joshua himself confessed, after making it the study of his life, that he had never been able to discover how Raphael, and the other great artists, had been able to preserve the beauty and brightness of their paintings. But if we marvel at these artists, three centuries back, what shall we say of those paintings found in the tombs of Egypt, more than two thousand years old, and yet kept fresh and bright, though buried for that time beneath the ground, in the damp, dark caves of the East? The very wife of Solomon is found there, just as she was painted on the eve of her departure from her father's home, to share the throne of Judea; and not only the color of her garments were preserved, but the bloom is still on her cheek and lips, and the lustre in her eye is even as it then was. Their

paintings, too, as far back as the time of Moses; a portrait supposed to be that of Nice, the king who drove the Israelites into the Red Sea: and even the colors of this are preserved perfectly.

We come next to the metals. Of the use of these, the scriptures make very early mention. In the days of Moses gold is spoken of as being put, and for some time kept, in a liquid state—while it is beyond our art even to reduce it to powder. The corners of the stones of the pyramids are so sharp as to break the skin of the hand when passed over them, and so hard as to resist the sharpest steel. The French found great difficulty in carving the obelisk in La Place Concord, yet the ancients had covered all the facades with figures. According to history, iron was unknown; but they had an art, now lost, of making copper (one of the softest of metals) harder than steel; and it was of this that they made their tools. The famous Delhi blades, it is well known, are unrivalled. They would cut off a row of hob nails, placed one after another, without dulling their edge; and yet were so pliable that the point could be made to touch the handle.

The lecturer alluded to the warrior who, too impatient to wait for his sword to be cooled in the usual way, snatched it red hot, and waving it in the air, thus gave it its temper. They have tried in Paris, lately, many times thus to temper steel, in the air, but without success. He spoke of Scott's description of the sword of Saladin, which cut down men and steel with the same facility.

The cannons of the British, in India, it is known, soon become honey-combed by the dampness and dew so as to be totally useless in war. The lines of Byron, on the rust upon the steel of the warrior, are in accordance with truth, though that warrior had laid but one night beneath the open sky. Necessity has been to the East Indian, the mother of invention. He will take a cast-off hoop of an English cask and make of it a sword equal to the best Parisian steel. The pliability of the steel of the ancients was wonderful, but that of their bronze was still more so. And in this connection we may speak of the gems of the ancients, their enamel, &c.

Their imitation of the gems is truly wonderful. Instance was cited of a vase, preserved in a church at Genoa, believed since the middle ages to be a pure emerald, declared by the priest to have been presented by the queen of Sheba to Solomon, and to have been the very one from which Christ drank at the wedding of Galilee, held in such veneration that all were forbidden to touch it on the penalty of death. He mentioned one who had but just escaped this penalty, for trying to touch it with a diamond. Coming near to it as he did, he thought he perceived bubbles in it, proving it to have been glass. This vase, in the time of Bonaparte, was removed from the church in Genoa to the museum in Paris, and there was subject to an examination which proved it to be a false gem. It has since been returned to its place; but the priests still persist that it is an emerald and the vase presented to Solomon and used by the Saviour. The full beauty and perfection of many gems in the museum of Italy, can only be seen by the aid of the microscope; so that it would seem the ancients must have understood its use, else how could they have done work which cannot be seen without its aid?

There is evidence, too, of the use of the telescope; they are said to have seen ships a great distance by the

use of an instrument, and without such aid it is impossible to conceive how the astronomers of Babylonia could have gained their extensive knowledge of stars. The stories of Herodotus have been deemed so incredible, that he has been styled the father of lies, in contradistinction to the father of history. Yet science has discovered many of these stories not only to have been possible but probable. For instance, the story of Archimedes having set fire to an enemy's fleet lying at a great distance, by means of a glass, has not only been proved, by experiment, probable, but that the result must have followed the observance of the conditions stated. Science and research may hereafter prove all his seeming lies to be indeed truth. The Marquis of Worcester had a discovery in his mind which he could not carry out, but would sometime, he declared, be brought into use, and by which a tea-kettle of water might be made to blow up an enemy's fort. When the steam engine was really discovered, this assertion, then deemed so absurd, was considered a prophecy. Even so may the progress of science prove the assertions of Herodotus true. There was also known a liquid fire, which might be thrown into an enemy's ship at a distance—to destroy them. This was made use of by the Norwegian pirates, as late as 1400, but the art of making it is now unknown.

The lecturer spoke next of the mechanical arts. The French considered it so great a feat to place the obelisk (which is one solid piece of stone) on board of a vessel, and then convey it from there to La Place Concord; to raise it from its horizontal position to a perpendicular one, that they deemed it worthy of being recorded on its base, with representations of the machines by which it was done. And yet this obelisk had been drawn from the quarries, and thus raised, ages before, and by machines now unknown. The lecturer then spoke of the larger obelisk in Rome; and told the story, probably known to all our readers, of its erection there. Yet this feat, gigantic as it was, had been performed ages before, and by a people said to have been ignorant of the five simple mechanical powers. This, however, has lately been denied. It is well known that, in the tombs of Egypt, were representations of the various arts as then practiced. A distinguished decipherer of the hieroglyphics, thinks he finds there the representations of those powers, the lever, &c. Even new fashions for dress, and new patterns for shawls, are taken from these tombs. Their cloth, cotton and linen, and even the *muslin de laine*, were found there of a superior quality. Most of the mummy cloth was indeed coarse, but some has been found of great fineness; 140, 160, and even 240 threads to the square inch; our finest is 160 threads to the inch. The porcelain of the Egyptians was very rich and beautiful; and here in passing we have evidence of commerce in very early times. There is found in Egypt much of the porcelain, so that there must have been commerce between Egypt and China.

Canals, a boasted modern invention, were made and used by the ancients, if not for traveling, at least for conveying merchandize and burdens. Description of a canal across the valley of Goshen—spoken of by both the French and English engineers—which has been filled up with sand; and again, in modern times, in a great overflow of the river, has been filled with water. There is another occupying part of the space between the city of Thebes and its quarries; over the rest of the space is a road, answering in a great measure to

our rail road, being evidently leveled by art, and paved by immense blocks of stone. There can be no more doubt that the canal and road were for the transportation of the stone for the pyramids, than there would be to the future spectator of the use of the rail road from Quincy to Boston. The lecturer also spoke of a very old rail road in England for the transportation of coal, and at the same time the coke was made into gas to light the workshops. He next introduced proof that the steamboat was an ancient invention; stating that a representation had been found of a boat with machinery and paddles like ours; there are also lines of Homer, which speak of the vessel which carried Ulysses having a self-moving power.

## SONG.—HE TOLD ME HE WOULD COME TO-NIGHT.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

He told me he would come to-night;  
And in the window gleams  
The slowly waning signal light  
To guide him by its beams:  
While fading there, methinks I see  
An emblem, in the ray,  
Of love, which hope once deemed to be  
More lasting, die away.

A single doubt I could forego,  
Did not one sadness prove,  
That an unmeasured chain of woe  
Is link'd to hearts which love;  
And like the sun in India's isle,  
In whose beam sweetly lives  
The rose,\* until his parting smile  
Takes back the life it gives.

\* There is a rose, indigenous to India, which blooms and fades in a single day.

For the ROVER—New York, Dec., 1844.

## THE BRIDEGROOM OF ETERNITY.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS MSS. OF A BACHELOR.

— College, Oxford, January 3, 1793.

I AM an old man now, and with me the waters of experience are fast flowing into the ocean of eternity. Little communion have I had with my fellow-men, and even that little has been full of sorrow and bitterness. Entering the college in the very hey-day of life, I sought with avidity the living fruit of knowledge; but I sought it in the garden of the dead, and what wonder if it turned to ashes on my lips? Many were my friends, at least many so called themselves; but I was rich, and the rich never wants friends. I shrank from the cold selfishness of society, and felt not that I stood on the brink of a deep precipice—the selfishness of retirement. I saw it not, and fell, and thenceforth became an isolated wretch, a thing wrapped up in its own nothingness:—Christian, because all around were Christians, moral because immorality was inconvenient, charitable because too weak to resist importunity.

For me all is lost! for me, this side the grave no rest—no hope! Beyond it, a vague insanity, which my sluggish spirit dare not strive to fill up. Death or life is to me alike. I live as though I lived not, and when death shall hurl the dart which he has already lifted, I shall die as though I were to live no more.

And yet even upon me have the light and warmth of friendship shed their beams—the sunny smile of youth hath pierced my spirit's inmost recesses, and for a short moment the frosts of selfishness have flowed into the warm streams of human sympathy. Once those beams were frequent; they have long—long ceased to shine; and in their stead, darkness palpable and eternal ice. Are these tears that glide down my furrowed cheek? Shame upon my weakness? I had deemed their fountain was for ever dried:—but they will flow no more; they are the last dewdrops of humanity flowing into a world whose sympathies were with all but me. I could tell the tale of the woes that blasted my being, but the cold world would only mock at me, and it shall not know. I might have done so once: In better days I wrote records of scenes which brought down heaven to earth—and yet—and yet that heaven had a fence around it, which bristled against me alone:—I saw and could not enter. I was very proud, and yet I begged its happy inmates for but a drop of its overflowing streams of warm joy; and they spurned me—yet not all: a few—a very few sought me out in my desert solitude, but the waters that were joy to them were gall to me. My taste was palled, or they were miserably cheated—I know not which. A future world may perchance disclose it—but I cannot. I kept these records once—they are useless now—to me worse than useless—gall and wormwood. I cast them from me into a world deceiving and deceived. They may pour balm into a wounded spirit, or give the last blow to a broken heart; which, I care not. Be happy they who list—my happiness is in the carelessness of woe. When these papers, which no man's hand save my own has touched, shall see the day, the waters of life will have closed over a weary swimmer in their dull expanse, and the depths beneath may have revealed somewhat to his spirit—more misery they cannot reveal. I shall sink calmly into the gulf, more calmly perchance than the Christian, to whom men say all joy opens beyond the tomb, for he has love and life, hopes and fears, joys and delight—all to lose, and I have—nothing.

The Bridegroom of Eternity! they were his own words, even when death was just rending in sunder the veil that hides life's nothingness. But he rejoiced to depart, for this side the grave there was nought for him, save the bitter memory of a too happy past. Poor Willie! his years had been few indeed, but he was gray in experience. It is but three years since he entered my college, with life and joy before him, and now—he lies pale and cold in the room where we have so often talked of pleasure to come, and strewed life's thorny path with imagination's fadeless flowers; yes, we talked of joy together, for I then could, at times, think of joys in store for me—for me; my name and joy together! The bitter laugh of despair is rising within me at the thought. But I may not laugh now, for he—Poor Willie!

Oh! how well can I remember even now—how when the cold dews of death are upon his brow, the first time I looked upon his sunny smile. I knew him not, but I loved him for his smile; smiles were plenty around me, but none like his. He was much my junior, yet I sought his acquaintance. I, who never smiled, sought him who was all smiles. It was strange, at least all around thought, and said so; yet why strange? We all seek that which we have not: why should I not seek his beaming smiles? I loved

him, and he returned my affection with warm and openhearted confidence. He spoke to me of love—the faithful love of woman—*faith and woman!* how I should scoff at the thought *now!* and yet when I heard him speak, I could not but believe:—he spoke to me—the cynic—the sceptic—the scoffer—of earnest prayer, of trust in God, and of his never-failing providence, and I—mocked not; nay, I—the sceptic—the scoffer—listened to *him*, and—believed. He loved, deeply, earnestly loved, and he was beloved again; but they were both poor—he and she who swayed his whole being, and he was come to wring from the hands of science and of classic lore the dross for which alone the world sells its comforts; he was come to drag down the beautiful, the noble, the generous from their heavenly thrones and coin them into—money! And yet with *him* it was not quite so, for the brightness of his buoyant spirit cast a halo of glory even around his struggles for subsistence; an immortal soul struggling for daily bread! He, too, felt the bitterness of the trial, but it was sweetened by his exceeding love. Oh, how often have I listened breathlessly to his gentle voice, as he poured forth to me the raptures, the very madness of his adoration. I thought him but an enthusiast *then*; I think *now* that he must have been *mad*—none but a madman could have built so trustfully on woman's love.

Three long years had he wrestled with the high phantoms of the past, and wrung from them all the treasures of their wisdom; the wisdom to others so cold—so miserable; to him so warm—so gentle—so noble; for he had cast around the dry skeleton the bright garment of his own love, and himself had clothed the bare bone with living flesh, and breathed into them the breath of life and love. He was dying! the spirit of the flesh maintained in him perpetual conflict, and the body was fast yielding. Day-by-day he became more altered; his step was less light and gay, but he became more deeply spiritual. The torch within burnt more brightly as the casket which contained it wore away. The lady of his love was in a distant land. He had not seen her for years, and heard but rarely from her—he was upheld by his ever buoyant hope *alone*.

The time of his trial was near, when his labors were to be crowned with their due reward. As yet every honor in the university had been his; acknowledged by all the best scholars of his time, he had nothing to fear, and waited calmly for the result. It was a glorious May evening when he entered my room after one of the long solitary walks with which he was wont to relieve the weariness of his labors. The following was the first day of his examination, and he had protracted his walk far beyond the usual time. As he entered, he brushed hastily away a starting tear, and sat down near the open window in silence. The May moon was pouring its full effulgence over hill and dale, and Oxford's gray towers were drinking in a new spirit from its gentle beams. A few moments he remained in unbroken silence; at last he spoke, but in a lower and more subdued tone than I had ever heard him do before.

"Charles, I feel as though I had loved too deeply for a perishable and dependent creature." I answered not, and he proceeded: "I saw the sun set behind the hills to-day, and I thought how soon I might set behind the dim horizon of time; at the farthest how near we are to our setting; and I strove to pray that that

lesson might be deeply grafted in my heart, deeper than it had yet been. But my spirit was with her and not with God. I looked up to the darkening sky, over which the red wings of sunset were still spread, and I sought, through those clear heavens, to raise my spirit to my Maker, and I could not. All things around reflected *her* alone, but God was not there. The moaning winds, the odorous breathings of the opening flowers of night, the pale stars, the dark blue heavens, all spoke the same, all breathed her adored name. I was sick with love, yet I wept at its exceeding emptiness; mortal love, unsustained by the eternal God! As is the slender tree bending beneath the weight of its own fruit, and no man near to support it, so was finite love struggling to fill an infinite spirit, and God not near to clothe its weakness with his own infinity. The shadow of her sway deepened over me, until I beheld in the universe but *one* being in whom was centred every thought. Oh, but such love is a fearful thing! It is as though one were in Paradise, upheld by a thin line that ever threatened to break. It was not that I had forgotten God, but I saw him in the light of her exceeding loveliness; the Infinite in the finite! Pray for me, friend, pray deeply—earnestly, that the reed whereon I have leant may not be broken by a justly jealous God. Pray for me that I may sanctify my mortal love by His immortal presence."

He knelt in prayer, and I beside him. I know not why I knelt; it was not for prayer. We were in solemn silence. He rose, and seemed calmed. "I was thinking," he said, "how many accidents might prevent our union, and I wept in the bitterness of the thought. But praise be to God! who sent his angel, I *knew*, that however that should betide, we should be united in heaven to part no more."

How I could mock in that hour, I know not! but I said bitterly, "In heaven they neither marry, nor are given in marriage." He seemed not to mark the bitter irony of my tone, but answered me calmly and gently, "Oh, no! the hot breath of passion is far from the heavenly unions; in heaven they do *not* marry, neither are they given in marriage. Passion is of the earth, earthly; but as surely as I know that my Redeemer liveth, so surely feel I that those souls, the pulses of whose being beat together upon earth, are destined for an everlasting union in heaven; the communion of spirits; the perfecting of either nature with that which it lacked; the filling-up of the gentleness of woman with the proud boldness of manhood; the calming the pride of man with the exceeding gentleness of woman. Of such as these is the union in heaven; and such, if on earth we be not united, will be ours. In this, henceforth, shall be the strength of my love, for God hath given it to me."

He ceased, and we separated; he to the rest of calm confidence and serene joy: I to the sleepless slumber of an anxious and perturbed spirit.

That night a dream of desolation was upon me. The bright moon, on which we had so lately gazed, was before me still silvering hill and dale with its pallid beams; but there was a fearful tremor in the air; the breezes sighed sorrowfully as they passed along, and mournfully the dark leaves rustled. I looked, and a dark cloud was drifting in the distance; slowly it spread over the face of the heavens, and the stars one by one sank beneath it. Even the bright moon at length was hidden. Then, methought, a pale figure sped across the heavens, and its eyes were veiled in its



own bright wings, and it spread its thin hands abroad, and cried aloud, "Death! death!" and all nature shook, and every leaf and blade of grass, and every odorous flower wayed mournfully, and their echo was still "Death! death!" I awoke with excess of pain—I started—for Willie was weeping by my side.

"She is dead!" the words choked in his throat, and he rose hastily and left me alone.

"She is dead!" I repeated, "and fled are all his bright hopes, torn asunder is the silver cord, and broken the golden bowl; fled is the dream of love, and for ever! Her beautiful form is gone, and the worm will nestle in her golden hair, while he shall fruitlessly mourn over vanished hopes and profitless love." I dressed quickly, and went in search of him; he was nowhere to be found, and I waited in restless anxiety, fearing for his unrestrained despair. But he was safe; for the angel of the God in whom he trusted was with him.

It was late when he returned. The moon was up and at the full, and its pale, moveless beams seemed to calm all grief into resignation. He entered my room, and reclined, as fatigued, upon a couch. His face was very calm, but so pale, and the silvery moonbeams circled like a halo around it. Had I believed in spirits, I might have fancied him one then, so utterly had all vestige of humanity faded from him.

"I have seen her," he said, solemnly; "she has not forgotten me."

"You are ill," I replied: "your fancy is disordered; were it not better that you sought repose?"

"I sleep no more," he answered; "no more on earth. She has called me hence, and God in his mercy has confirmed the summons. It was no fancy. I stood alone beneath the moonlight, and prayed for my deliverance, and I was heard. Suddenly by some mysterious spell, all earthly things fled from me, and my eyes were turned inwardly upon my own soul, and she was there within my spirit. I felt her presence. Another might have deemed it but a passing thought; but I knew her spirit was upon mine. She was around and within me; one mighty, overwhelming presence; I was under one strong, irresistible influence. And that presence spake within me; it told me of higher hopes, of a purer union, and of a better world; it called me thither, from earth to heaven. And all was past. I saw again the pale moonbeams over all the earth, and the bright stars again glittered in their courses, and warm breath was upon my cheek; it was her spirit as it parted from me, and I was alone. Earth and sky—flowers and trees—hopes, fears, cares, troubles, were no more in his spirit—God had sent his peace, and I saw in death only the passage through which He has gone before me, and through which I must follow. I am trembling on the verge of eternity, and again I tell you that there is union in heaven. I have broken the bonds of earthly love, with its wild passions and its bright ecstasies. Earthly love hath, indeed, wondrous bliss, and mighty were the throes that tore it from my bosom; yet it is but the struggle of two divided spirits for union, which may never be on earth; but in heaven it shall be so. We shall no more be two, but one spirit—one in every thought, and hope, and fear, if, indeed, beyond yon calm blue pavilion there be hopes and fears. Earth is vanishing fast; my sight is falling me. Old things are passing away, and all things becoming new. Friend, yestern thou saidst, in heaven there was no marriage. Our

spousals were upon the earth but our union shall be consummated in heaven. I am the bridegroom of eternity." He smiled faintly—a gentle sigh, and the broken-heart was at rest; the spirit had passed to its eternal home.

I think they were united in heaven.

#### MCNUMENT TO DR. CHANNING AT MOUNT AUBURN.

A MONUMENT has recently been placed in the cemetery at Mount Auburn, to the memory of Rev. Dr. Channing. It was designed by the late Mr. Allston, whose directions were strictly observed, and was erected in compliance with a resolution of the religious society of which he whose remains it covers was the faithful and beloved minister. It is a quadrangular monument, of white Italian marble, with a large square base of stages, portions of which are deeply undercut, to produce the effect of light and shadow, surmounted by equilateral die, having panels on its four sides, above which is a Roman sepulchral cornice or slab, supporting on its centre a low open vase. On the front is this inscription:

In memory of  
WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING,  
Honored throughout Christendom  
for his eloquence and courage  
in maintaining and advancing  
the great cause of  
Truth, Religion, and Human Freedom.  
This Monument  
is gratefully and reverently erected  
by the Christian Society  
of which during nearly forty years,  
he was Pastor.

[On the reverse.]

Here rest the remains of  
William Ellery Channing,  
born 7th April, 1780,  
at Newport, R. I.;  
Ordained, 1st June, 1802,  
as a minister of Jesus Christ  
to the Society worshipping God  
in Federal Street, Boston;  
Died, 2d October, 1842,  
while on a journey,  
at Bennington, Vermont.

The monument stands in Greenbriar Path, and may be approached by turning to the right soon after entering the grounds.

#### SNAKE CHARMERS.

As we strolled through the market place of Larache we met a party of Eisoway, or snake charmers; they consisted of four Soosys, or natives of the province of Soos, three of whom were musicians, their instruments being long rude canes resembling in form a flute, but open at both ends, into one of which the performer blows, producing melancholy but pleasing notes. We invited the Eisoway to exhibit their snakes; to this they readily consented. They commenced by raising up their hands as if they were holding a book, muttering in unison a prayer addressed to the Delti, and calling upon Seedna Eiser, who in Morocco is held as the patron saint of snake charmers. Having concluded this invocation, the music struck up, and the snake

charmer danced in rapid whirls, which no Strauss could have kept time to, round the basket containing the reptiles. This basket was made of cane work covered with goat skin. Stopping suddenly, the snake charmer thrust his bare arm into the basket, and pulled out a large black cobra capella, or hooded snake; this he handled as if it had been his turban, and proceeded to twine it around his head, dancing as before, while the reptile seemed to obey his wishes, by preserving its position on his head.

The cobra was then placed on the ground, and standing erect on its tail, moved its head to and fro, apparently keeping time to the music. Now whirling round in circles still more rapidly than before, the Eisowy again put his hand into the basket, and pulled out successively, and placed on the ground two very poisonous species of serpents, natives of the deserts of Soos, called leffa. They were of a mottled color, with black spots; were thick in the body, and not above two feet and a half or three feet long.

The name leffa is given, I imagine, by the Mogrebins Arabs to this kind of serpent from their resemblance, when in the act of darting at their prey, to the Arabic letter fa, le being merely the article transposed. These reptiles proved more active and less docile than the cobra; for, half coiled, and holding their heads in a slanting position ready for an attack, they watched with sparkling eyes the movements of the charmer, darting at him with open jaws every now and then, as he ventured within their reach, and throwing forward their body with amazing velocity, while their tail appeared to remain on the same spot, and then recoiling back again. The Eisowy ward off with his long haik, the attacks which they made upon his bare legs, and the leffas seemed to expend their venom upon the garment.

Now, calling on Seedna, Elser, he seized hold of one of the two serpents by the nape of the neck, and danced round with it; then opening its jaws with a small stick, he displayed to the spectators the fangs from which there oozed a white and oily substance. He then put the leffa to his arm, which it immediately seized with its teeth, while the man, making hideous contortions, as if in pain, whirled around, calling on his patron saint. The reptile continued its bite until the Eisowy took it off, and showed us the blood which it had drawn. Having laid the leffa down, he then put the bitten part of his arm into his mouth, and, pressing it with his teeth, danced for several minutes, while the music played more rapidly than ever, till, apparently being quite exhausted, he again halted.

Conceiving that the whole was a trick—that the leffa had been bereft of its poison, and that its bite consequently would be as harmless as that of a rat, I requested to be allowed to handle the serpent.

"Are you an Eisowy?" said the man of Soos, "or have you steady faith in the power of our saint?" I replied in the negative. "Then," said he, "if the snake bite you, your hour is come! Bring me a fowl or any animal, and I will give you sure proof ere you attempt to touch a leffa."

A fowl was brought, and part of the feathers having been plucked, the serpent was again taken up by the charmer, and allowed to bite the fowl for an instant. The bird was put on the ground, and after running around as if in a fit for about the space of a minute, tottered and fell dead. Its flesh became shortly after-

ward of a bluish hue. It is needless to say that after this I declined handling the leffa.

The only way that I can account for the Eisowy escaping unharmed from the bite of the snake, is, that either he prevents the leffa, when in the act of seizing his arm, from using its fangs, and that the blood seen is drawn by the teeth only of the reptile, which are distinct from its fangs, or else that the Eisowy possesses an antidote to the poison, or that he puts it into his mouth and applies it to the bitten part during the dance.

I have frequently witnessed individuals belonging to the sect of Eisowys, in whose company I have chanced to be during my sporting expeditions, handle scorpions or poisonous reptiles without fear or injury, the animals never attempting to sting or bite them. While I was residing at Tangier, a young Moor who was witnessing the exploits of a snake charmer ridiculed his prowess as a mere delusion, and having been dared by the Eisowy to touch one of his serpents, the lad ventured into the mystic ring, was bitten by a leffa, and shortly afterward expired.—*Western Barbary—Its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals*, by J. H. Drummond Hay, Esq.

#### MISTAKEN EXECUTION FOR MURDER.

Mrs. Child, in her "Letters from New York," gives an account of a poor German emigrant who was executed in that city, and afterward learned to be innocent. The case of the poor German is indeed very touching, and is thus related by Mrs. C.

A few years ago a poor German came to New York, and took lodgings where he was allowed to do his cooking in the same room with the family. The husband and wife lived in a perpetual quarrel. One day the German came into the kitchen with a clasp knife and a pan of potatoes, and began to pare them for his dinner. The quarrelsome couple were in a more violent altercation than usual, but he sat with his back toward them, and, being ignorant of their language, felt in no danger of being involved in their disputes. But the woman, with a sudden and unexpected movement, snatched the knife from his hand, and plunged it into her husband's heart! She had sufficient presence of mind to rush into the street and scream murder.

The poor foreigner in the meanwhile, seeing the wounded man reel, sprang forward to catch him in his arms, and drew out the knife. People from the street crowded in, and found him with the dying man in his arms, the knife in his hand, and blood upon his clothes. The wicked woman swore in the most positive terms, that he had been quarreling with her husband, and had stabbed him with a knife he always carried. The unfortunate German knew too little English to understand her accusation or to tell his own story. He was dragged off to prison, and the true state of the case was made known through an interpreter—but it was not believed. Circumstantial evidence was exceedingly strong against the accused, and the real criminal swore that she saw him commit the murder.

He was executed, notwithstanding the most persevering efforts of his lawyer, whose conviction of the man's innocence was so painfully strong, that from that day to this he has refused to have any connection with a capital case. Some years after this tragic event, the woman died, and on her death-bed con-

fessed her agency in the diabolical transaction—but her poor victim could receive no benefit from this repentance.

#### THE CHILD'S WAY TO HEAVEN

"On! I am weary of earth," said the child,  
As it gazed with tearful eye  
On the snow-white dove that it held in its hand,  
"For whatever I love will die."

So the child came out of its little bower,  
It came and looked abroad,  
And it said, "I am going this very hour—  
I am going to heaven and God."

There was shining light where the sun had set,  
And red and purple too;  
And it seemed as if earth and heaven met  
All around the distant blue.

And the child looked out on the far, far west,  
And it saw a golden door,  
Where the evening sun had gone to his rest  
But a little while before.

There was one bright streak on the cloud's dark face,  
As if it had been riven;  
Said the child, "I will go to that very place,  
For it must be the gate of heaven."

So away it went to follow the sun,  
But the heavens would not stay,  
For always the faster it tried to run,  
They seemed to go further away.

Then the evening shades fell heavily,  
With night-dews cold and damp,  
And each little star on the dark blue sky  
Lit up its silvery lamp.

A light wind wafted the fleecy clouds,  
And it seemed to the child that they  
Were hurrying on to the west, while the stars  
Were going the other way.

And the child called out when it saw them stray,  
By the evening breezes driven,  
"Little stars, you are wandering out of the way,  
That is not the way to Heaven."

Then on it went through the rough waste lands  
Where the tangled briars meet,  
Till the prickles scratched its dimpled hands,  
And wounded its little feet.

It could not see before it well,  
And its limbs grew stiff and cold,  
And at last it cried, for it could not tell  
Its way in the open wold.

So the child knelt down on the damp green sod,  
While it said its evening prayer,  
And it fell asleep as it thought of God,  
Who was listening to it there.

A long, long sleep—for they found it there,  
When the sun went down next day;

And it looked like an angel, pale and fair,  
But its cheek was cold as clay.

The sunbeams glanced on the drops of dew,  
That lay on its ringlets bright,  
Sparkling in every brilliant hue,  
Like a coronet of light.

Ackerman's (London) Forget-Me-Not for 1845.

#### A NIGHT ON THE NILE.

THESE evenings on the Nile are the most beautiful that I ever enjoyed. In the day-time, the burning sun-rays are so powerfully reverberated from the water, the desert sand, and the chalky hills, that one does not feel disposed to quit the cabin. But, toward evening you come out, recline for a couple of hours on a broad mat, and breathe the light bland fresh air. The sun sinks behind the dark blue Libyan hills, and his beams fall upon the Arabian summits as on a prism, clothing them with the hues of flowers, butterflies and gems. Some of the hills look like great growing roses, others like the chains of amethysts in a golden setting. The quiet water faithfully mirrors the beautiful vision, only as with a light gauzy veil breathed over it. The perfumes of spring tide fill the atmosphere, fields of rapeseeds, beans, lupines, vetches and cotton trees lie around us all in bloom; acacia shrubs, interwoven with lilac and blue colored parasites, surround the water wheels by which the fields are irrigated, or flourish on the banks of the river. The balsamic, refreshing fragrance is like the breath of spring in our fields and woods during the fairest season of the year. Wild doves are cradled on the palm branches, or cooing or coquetting among the bushes. Waterfowl sit in clusters upon the sand banks, here some marble white, there others raven black, chirping out their monotonous evening song, which they seem to have learned from the uniform plashing of the river by which they dwell. Sometimes a large heron floats over the stream, and now and then the pelican with heavy flapping wings, dives after a fish. When the sun is down and the evening glow has faded, among softer radiance arises in the south, to clothe the pale mountains again with rosy tints. Meanwhile the stars have arisen. On the banks of the river life is stirring. Fires are burning in the villages, and the hearths are before the doorways of the hut. Flocks of bleating sheep and goats are driven homeward; dogs barking, asses braying, and children shouting, swell the concert. Men are singing, keeping time with their action as they fill their well-buckets from the Nile, and empty them into the troughs which convey the water. Solitary songs from those returning singly from the fields, loud conversations and calls are heard far and wide. The Arabs call to each other from boat to boat, or across the river—I might almost say from village to village, so conversational are these people, and always in a tone that sounds to me like a threatening cry. In a lonely barge one is beguiling the time by striking the darabukah, the dull tones of which remind me of the guitar. At last all is still, and coolness comes over the water. Then we turn to drink tea in the cabin.—*The Countess Hahn's Oriental Letters.*

A COURAGEOUS MAN.—There are some truly courageous men in our land at the present day, who like the dauntless Ethan Allen, fear neither man nor beast.

There is a fellow of this stamp up the river a few miles, who lately gave an exhibition of courage and bold daring unparalleled in the history of the American Revolution—yea, even outstripping Putnam in the wolf's den, and Crockett among the bears, the alligators and the wildcats. Had he lived in "the times that tried men's souls," we doubt not that he would have acquitted himself in such a manner as to have crowned his name with "everlasting glory." But to the deed of his intrepid daring, the thought of which sets our nerves agoing, and makes our frame tremble for the safety of those of his neighbors who may from any cause prove obnoxious to him, or cross his path, and thus cross him. A neighboring lady called to see his wife, on business of a private nature. Our hero noticed them conversing in an under tone of voice, and stepped up toward them with both ears open, to catch what might fall from their lips. At this his very amiable spouse caught the broom and sprang at him, like a wildcat upon his prey; upon which he took to his heels, and ran under the bed to escape the thumps of the up-raised weapon. She returned to her friend, and he approached the outside of his shelter, when she threatened him with a severe rap on the cranium if he came farther. This touched him "to the quick"—his courage was up, as well as his hair—his eyes flashed like those of an enraged catamount—he grated his teeth—became desperate, and opening his pale lips, burst forth in thunder tones, giving utterance to the following daring, courageous and patriotic words: "*Wife! wife!!—so long as the spirit of a man animates my body, I WILL FEEK!!!*"—*Maine Farmer.*

From the Bunker Hill.

To Major Jack Downing, Editor of the Bunker Hill at New York.

WASHINGTON, Monday Evening, Dec. 9, 1844.

DEAR COUSIN JACK: I've got here accordin to agreement, and am ready to take hold of business and be your Washington correspondent. I haint had time hardly to turn round yet since I got here, but as you wanted me to begin right away, I'll jest make an opening whether I've got anything to say or not.

I couldn't get passage on Mr. Morse's Telegraph from Baltimore, cause they haven't got it fixed so as to carry passengers yet. It only runs on wires, and they are thirty feet up in the air; so I wouldn't a trusted my neck on them if they had been ready to carry passengers. If I could a come on the Telegraph, I'd come from Baltimore to Washington, about forty miles, in half a minute. But as it was, I had to take the rail road, that run on the ground, and drag along so slow that it took near about two hours to get here. Seems to me this age is dreadful slow in making improvements. I'm afraid you and I will get to be old men before we shall have a Telegraph to carry us to the moon and back again before breakfast. However, Mr. Morse seems to be doing something for the improvement of the age. Some think he's got his plans so fixed that he can send a letter to England and back again in five minutes. I'm afraid, however, when he comes to try it, he'll find some under currents in the old ocean that will drift it out of the way, and when he thinks he's talking to folks in England he'll find he's talking to folks in Spain or Africa. However he does talk from Washington to Baltimore jest as easy as you and I could whisper in each other's ear.

Boarding is awful dear here. In some of the great big eating houses they ask ten and twelve and sometimes fourteen dollars a week. I can't stan sich prices as that, and if I can't get in anywhere cheaper, I'll buy my bread and cheese by the lump and eat it in the lobbies. In that way I could run out and take a bite most any time when some long-winded feller gets up to make a speech that ain't worth hearing.

But these extra matters and things I shall have to take up more at my leisure; for I must tell you a word or two about what's been done here since Congress opened. They were at it about a week before I got here; though I can't find out that they have done much yet.

Mr. John Quincy Adams has at last made the House eat their 21st Rule; which was a rule they had against receiving any abolition petitions. You know the old gentleman has been at it five or six years, tight and hard, trying to make the House swallow this Rule, and though he has hung to it like a bull-dog, he couldn't mak 'em swallow it till now. But when he put it to their mouth this time, it wen't down jest as easy as could be. Some think that one Doctor Birney give the members some medicine that made 'em swallow Mr. Adams' pill without any fuss about it. They say some of 'em swallowed it from spite, and some from gratitude. I spose it ain't much matter which, as long as they got it down.

There is a great flare-up here about Mexico jest now. I don't know as I have got the right of the story; but it seems there's some letters come from our minister to Mexico that shows that he's got into a quarrel with 'em there. He told the Mexican secretary they must let Texas alone and not send any more troops there to fight, because President Tyler was thinking about jining it on to the United States.

The Mexican said President Tyler had no business to be thinking of any such thing; for Texas was their child, and they had a right to whip it jest when they'd a mind to; and although it had run away from home and staid away eight years, they had a right to whip it back again and make it come into the house, and 'twas nobody's business.

Our minister told 'em it *was* our business, President Tyler had made it his special business a good while; and moreover, that our government had been intendin for twenty years past to take Texas into our family, for in fact the child was nearer akin to us than it was to Mexico.

Then the Mexican secretary said our government for twenty years past had been telling them a pack of lies, and we was all a set of scamps, the whole tilling of us, except Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay.

At that, our minister, Mr. Shannon, rared right up, like a spunky feller, and told the Mexican, that sich talk as that was an outrageous insult, and he must eat his words and take it all back, or he'd have no more to do with him.

The Mexican secretary said he wouldn't take a word of it back, nor eat a single letter, and Mr. Shannon might go to grass and do what he'd a mind to.

Then Mr. Shannon shet up his mouth, and writ home to President Tyler to know what he should do about it. There's where the matter stands now, and what'll be the end of it I spose we shall know one of these days.

There's a number of things that I've had hints about



that I hav'n't time to write to-day, but I'll try to bring up the account next week.

Mr. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, has told the House that he will bring in a bill to mend the naturalization laws. So you see they are all coming over to our party. Whigs and Democrats everywhere. Mr. Ingersoll is a Democrat.

To-day, Mr. McDuffie told the Senate that he should bring in a resolution to annex Texas to the United States.

Mr. Merrick told the Senate he should bring in a bill to cut down the postage. If he does this, so that my letters come much cheaper to you, I shall insist upon your paying me a little more, because you can afford it, and fair play is a jewel.

The House of Representatives has taken hold of one good job to-day, and that is, to pass a law that the elections for President shall be held on the same day in all the States. I hope they'll carry this through, for it would not only look a good deal more military-like, but I think it would save a great deal of trickery and make folks more honest.

But I must bid you good-by till next week, and remain your old friend and fellow soldier and cousin,  
SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

LADIES ARE ALWAYS PATRIOTIC.—Amelia Welby, the poetess of Kentucky, is writing articles in support of American Republicanism. She says: The women of America should not forget that the boy, who, now returning from his tasks or sports, lays his head on his mother's lap at night, and listens to her voice as potential for good or evil, as any other in the land. And it may depend on the sentiments that mother has implanted in him, whether he go as a warm and true-hearted patriot, determined to act or suffer with all his powers, virtues and firmness, for the real and permanent welfare of his country, and to preserve inviolate that inestimable inheritance of self-government, which his forefathers so heroically won, and sacredly bequeathed to him; or, as a noisy demagogue, who, for the lawless spoils of office, or the mere domination of party, would meanly and profligately purchase the venal suffrages of the ignorant, the incompetent, the very Lazzaroni of Europe, and use them to neutralize and overpower the votes of his country's native and legitimately adopted citizens, whose honest majority he has no other means of overcoming.

"I AM.—Who can conceive a more beautiful illustration of this sublime text than the following by Bishop Beveridge?

I AM. He doth not say *I am* their light, their guide, their strength, or tower, only "I AM." He sets as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, Are they weak? *I am* strength. Are they poor? *I am* riches!—are they in trouble? *I am* comfort. Are they sick? *I am* health. Are they dying? *I am* life. Have they nothing? *I am* all things. *I am* wisdom and power. *I am* justice and mercy. *I am* grace and goodness. *I am* glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, super-eminency, all-sufficiency, perfection, eternity! Jehovah, *I am*. Whatsoever is pure and holy; whatsoever is good or needful to make men happy, that *I am*."

## POLITICAL STATISTICS.

WASHINGTON was unanimously chosen the first President, and was inducted into office the 30th of April, 1789. He was in office eight years. For the third Presidential term, the electoral votes were as follows:

| FOR PRESIDENT.                                                                                                          |     | FOR VICE PRESIDENT.    |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|------------------------|-----|
| 1796.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| John Adams received                                                                                                     | 71  | T. Pickney received    | 58  |
| Thomas Jefferson,                                                                                                       | 68  | Aaron Burr,            | 50  |
| 1800.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| Thomas Jefferson,                                                                                                       | 73  | Aaron Burr,            | 73  |
| John Adams,                                                                                                             | 64  | T. Pickney,            | 58  |
| 1804.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| Thomas Jefferson,                                                                                                       | 162 | George Clinton,        | 163 |
| Charles C. Pickney,                                                                                                     | 14  | Rufus King,            | 4   |
| 1808.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| James Madison,                                                                                                          | 122 | George Clinton,        | 118 |
| Charles C. Pickney,                                                                                                     | 45  | Rufus King,            | 47  |
| 1812.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| James Madison,                                                                                                          | 128 | Elbridge Gerry,        | 128 |
| De Witt Clinton,                                                                                                        | 89  | —— Ingersoll,          | 58  |
| 1816.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| James Monroe,                                                                                                           | 183 | D. D. Tompkins,        | 113 |
| Rufus King,                                                                                                             | 34  | Opposition scattering, |     |
| 1820.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| James Monroe,                                                                                                           | 218 | D. D. Tompkins,        | 212 |
| No opp. but one vote.                                                                                                   |     | Opposition divided.    |     |
| 1824.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| Andrew Jackson,                                                                                                         | 99  | J. C. Calhoun,         | 182 |
| John Quincy Adams,                                                                                                      | 84  | Five others,           | 78  |
| Wm. H. Crawford,                                                                                                        | 41  |                        |     |
| Henry Clay,                                                                                                             | 37  |                        |     |
| No choice having been effected by the electors, John Quincy Adams was chosen President by the House of Representatives. |     |                        |     |
| 1828.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| Andrew Jackson,                                                                                                         | 179 | J. C. Calhoun,         | 171 |
| John Q. Adams,                                                                                                          | 83  | Richard Rush,          | 83  |
|                                                                                                                         |     | William Smith,         | 7   |
| 1832.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| Andrew Jackson,                                                                                                         | 219 | Martin Van Buren,      | 189 |
| Henry Clay,                                                                                                             | 49  | John Sergeant,         | 49  |
| John Floyd,                                                                                                             | 11  | William Wilkins,       | 30  |
| William Wirt,                                                                                                           | 7   | Lee, 11; A. Elmaker,   | 7   |
| 1836.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| Martin Van Buren,                                                                                                       | 170 | R. M. Johnson,         | 147 |
| Wm. H. Harrison,                                                                                                        | 73  | Francis Granger,       | 64  |
| Hugh L. White,                                                                                                          | 26  | Scattering,            | 64  |
| Willie P. Mangum,                                                                                                       | 11  |                        |     |
| Daniel Webster,                                                                                                         | 14  |                        |     |
| 1840.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| William H. Harrison,                                                                                                    | 234 | John Tyler,            | 234 |
| Martin Van Buren,                                                                                                       | 60  | R. M. Johnson,         | 48  |
|                                                                                                                         |     | L. W. Tazewell,        | 11  |
|                                                                                                                         |     | James K. Polk,         | 1   |
| 1844.                                                                                                                   |     |                        |     |
| James K. Polk,                                                                                                          | 170 | George M. Dallas,      | 170 |
| Henry Clay,                                                                                                             | 105 | T. Frelinghuysen,      | 105 |

## NAMES OF CITIES, TOWNS, PLACES, VILLAS, &amp;c. &amp;c.

Henry R. Schoolcraft has addressed an interesting letter to the Mayor relative to the use of domestic names for cities, places, &c.—We annex a quotation on the names of places or squares:—"Waterloo and Trafalgar are to England, what Saratoga, Erie and

Champlain are to us, and where she has a Waterloo place and Trafalgar square, we should have a Saratoga square and Erie or Champlain square. How much better were it that Abingdon square, instead of unmeaningly bearing the name of a Scotch hamlet, should commemorate by its title, the Revolutionary battle of Oriskany, or that the noble square east of St. Marks, should remind us, by its name, of the provincial storming, or revolutionary capture of Ticonderoga. Would not the heroic triumph at Stanwix—the most completely brilliant defence of the whole war—fitly supplant the peurile name of Gramercy Park? What more worthy object of civic remembrance than the name of the only tribe of the renowned Iroquois stock, who adhered to us faithfully, during the entire struggle—I mean the Oneidas, or as they are otherwise called, the people of Oneota. It was at Otsego that the army under Clinton and Sullivan prepared the effective organization for their very successful inroad and victory in the Indian country. Niagara and Erie are both terms which perpetuate the scenes of brilliant achievements in arms, during the late war, under Scott, and other distinguished generals. And without going beyond the boundaries of our State, without extending the search to Sandusky, where valor triumphed over numbers and discipline; to the Miami of the lakes, where Wayne sealed the triumph of three sanguinary campaigns; or to Toronto, where Pike fell in a successful storm, there is a rich store of appropriate names to exalt, by association, the "highways and byeways" of a great and growing city. Would the cross streets, above Eighth street, which bear only the numerals, be less eligible to residents, or more difficult to find by inquiring strangers, if they were named Saratoga place, Stanwix place, Ontario place, Otsego place, Oneota place, Niagara place, (14th street,) Erie, place, Itasca place, Iosco place, and so on; or they might be interspersed with distinguished names in American history worthy of the honor. We might thus, in some measure, accomplish in naming of the city what it has cost France thirty years of labor and millions of money to erect in her admirable Arch of triumph."

#### HOW OUR PILGRIM FOREFATHERS USED TO RIDE.

The Exeter News tells the following story of the way they used to do things in the Bay State in the olden time. The sight described would have been worth seeing:

**A WEDDING RIDE.**—Horses were scarce at the first settlement of this country. It is not recorded that they were introduced into the Plymouth Colony until about twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, but the young folks would have their ride notwithstanding.

When John Alden was married—and John Alden was a great man in his day, a worshipful magistrate and counsellor withal, and a great favorite with the ladies, inasmuch that he made nothing at all of cutting out the renowned Captain Standish, who cut down the Indians like stubble,—when John Alden was married, there was a great carrying on about Cape Cod, where he wooed and won the Captain's intended, Miss Priscilla Mullens, the great belle of the Cape and Colony. He determined to do the thing in style, as became a gentleman; so he put a ring on his bull's nose, covered his back with a piece of broadcloth, mounted and

rode to the wedding. Miss Priscilla might well be proud of such a husband; and to prove herself worthy of him, she resolutely mounted the bull at the moving home, and ambled along without fear, while her gallant spouse led him by the nose, and walked proudly by the side of his valuables. The gentleman who led, and the lady who rode, were the ancestors of some of the first families in the country, including members of Congress, heads of colleges, and two Presidents of the United States.

**THE LATE THOMAS CAMPBELL.**—It is well known that Campbell's own favorite poem of all his compositions, was his "Gertrude." I once heard him say, "I never like to see my name before the 'Pleasures of Hope;' why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that, when young, I was always greeted among my friends as Mr. Campbell, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' 'Good morning to you, Mr. Campbell, author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.' When I got married I was married as the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' and when I became a father my son was the son of the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope.'"

A kind of grim smile, ill subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when, standing by the poet's grave, we read the inscription: "Thomas Campbell, L. L. D., Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.' Died, June 15, 1844—aged 67."

ONE of the most singular bets we have read of during the campaign (says the New Bedford Bulletin,) was one in New Orleans, as we learn by a gentleman of that city, between a Whig and Democrat, in the following effect: The Whig bet \$100 on each of nine States, (naming them) that they would go for Clay, and \$1000 on eleven more, that they would also go for Clay—making 20 States in all, upon which \$11,900 were staked. The one thousand dollar States are conceded certain for Clay, and the nine others about sure for Polk. The Whig gained ten of the States, and lost all the nine of Polk ditto—thus clearing ten thousand dollars by the speculation. The Democrat offered \$5000, after the money was put up and before the result was known—to be released from the bet.

THERE is a young woman in Fleming county, Ky., who is six feet eleven inches high, and her person in proportionable magnitude. The expression of her face is pleasant, and like other respectable country girls; yet one is at first struck with much astonishment at her appearance. The idea at first is that of another race of mortals, who, like Gulliver's Brobdingnags, have the bad or good fortune to be giants, in comparison with other beings.

THE Telescope, designed for the Cincinnati Observatory, has a magnifying power of 1400 times—a focal distance of 16 feet, and weighs about 2000 pounds, left Munich, where it was made, packed in sixteen boxes, on the 14th of September last, for Bremen, to the care of the American Consul, to be shipped then to New Orleans; it will probably reach its destination in December. The value of the ground, four acres, buildings, &c., is about \$25,000.

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# SANTA CLAUS.

THE NIGHT BEFORE NEW YEAR

For 1843







# THE ROVER.

## ST. NICHOLAS.

An Engraving for Christmas and New Year's.

"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there."

And those hopes are not doomed to disappointment.  
St. Nicholas is not the person to keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope. He comes as regularly as Christmas and New Year come round, and piously and bountifully fulfils all his engagements. That the artist has given an accurate portrait of the benevolent Santa Claus in the beautiful engraving herewith presented, there can be no doubt, for it agrees exactly with the description of him as found recorded in classical poetry; viz:

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he look'd like a pedlar just opening his pack.  
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;  
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.

## HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

N. H. CARTER.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!

When thy creating hand

Stretch'd the blue arch of heaven abroad,

And meted sea and land,

The morning stars together sung,

And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far

Was that eventful morn,

When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star

Announc'd a Saviour born!

Then sweeter strains from heaven began—

"Glory to God—good will to man!"

Babe of the manger! can it be—

Art thou the Son of God?

Shall subject nations bend the knee,

And kings obey the nod?

Shall thrones and monarch's prostrate fall

Before the tenant of a stall?

'Tis He! the hymning seraph's cry,

While hovering, drawn to earth;

'Tis He! the shepherds' songs reply,

Hail! hail Emmanuel's birth!

The rod of peace those hands shall bear,

That brow a crown of glory wear.

'Tis He! the eastern sages sing,

And spread their golden board,

'Tis He! the hills of Zion sing,

Hosanna to the Lord!

The Prince of long prophetic years,

To-day in Bethlehem appears!

He comes! the Conqueror's march begins,

No blood his banner stains;

He comes to save the world from sin,

VOLUME IV.—No. 15.

And break the captive's chains!

The poor, the sick, and blind shall bless,  
The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Though now in swaddling clothes he lies,

All hearts his power shall own,

When he, with legions of the skies.

The clouds of Heaven his throne,

Shall come to judge the quick and dead,

And strike a trembling world with dread.

The autumnal holiday peculiar to New England, is *Thanksgiving*; while in the middle and southern States the great domestic festival is more generally at Christmas or New Year's. Whether the following historical sketch therefore applies with more propriety to Christmas or Thanksgiving, must depend in some degree upon the latitude in which Mr. Solomon Briggs resides.

## CHRISTMAS AT SOLOMON BRIGGS'S.

BY SERA SMITH.

"NEXT Thursday is Christmas," said Mrs. Briggs, as she came bustling out of the kitchen into the long dining-room, and took her seat at the breakfast table, where her husband, Mr. Solomon Briggs, and all the children, being ten in number, were seated before her. If Mrs. Briggs was the last at the table, the circumstance must not be set down as an index to her character, for she was a restless, stirring body, and was never the last anywhere, without good cause. From childhood she had been taught to believe that the old adage, "the eye of the master does more work than both hands," applied equally well to the mistress. Accordingly she was in all parts of the house at once, not only working with her own hands, but overseeing every thing that was done by others. Indeed, now that we have said thus much in favor of Mrs. Briggs, a due regard to impartial justice requires us to add, that Mr. Briggs himself, though a very quiet sort of a man, and not of so restless and mercurial a temperament as his wife, could hardly be said to be less industrious. His guiding motto through life has been—

"He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive."

And most literally had he been governed by the precept. He was, in short, an industrious, thriving New England farmer. His exact location it is not our purpose here to disclose. We give our fair readers, and unfair, if we have any, the whole range of New England, from the shore of Connecticut to the Green Mountains, and from Mount Hope to Moosehead Lake, to trace him out. But we shall not point to the spot, lest Mr. Solomon Briggs, seeing his own likeness brought home to his own door, might think us impertinent for meddling with family affairs.

To go back to our starting point—Mrs. Briggs, who had stopped in the kitchen till the last moment, in order to see the last dish properly prepared for breakfast, came herself at last to the table.

"Next Thursday is Christmas," said she, "and nothing done yet to prepare for it. I do wish we could ever have things in any sort of season."

At the mention of Christmas the children's eyes all

brightened, from James the eldest, who was twenty-one, down to Mary, who was but two years old, and who, of course, knew nothing about Christmas, but looked smiling and bright because all the rest did.

Mr. Briggs, however, who considered the last remark as having a little bearing upon himself, replied—"That he should think three days was time enough to get a Christmas dinner or a Christmas supper good enough for any common sort of folks."

"It would be time enough to get it," said Mrs. Briggs, "if we had anything to get it with; but we haven't a mite of flour in the house, nor no meat for the mince pies, and there aint no poultry killed yet, neither!"

"Well, well, mother," said Mr. Briggs, very moderately, and with a half smile, "just be patient a little, and you shall have as much Christmas as you want. There's a bushel of as good wheat as ever was ground, I put into a bag on Saturday; James can take a horse and carry it to mill this morning, and in two hours you may have a bushel of good flower. You've got butter enough and lard enough in the house, and if you want any plums or rasins, or any such sort of things, James may call at Haskell's store, as he comes home from mill, and get what you want. Then Mr. Butterfield is going to kill a beef critter this morning, and I'm going to have a quarter, so that before noon you can have a hundred weight of beef to make your mince pies of, and if that aint enough, I'll send to Mr. Butterfield's for another quarter. And then there is five heaping cart loads of large yellow punkins in the barn, and there is five cows that give a good mess of milk; and you've got spices and ginger, and molasses, and sugar enough in the house, so I don't see as there need be any difficulty but what we might have punkin pies enough for all hands. And as for the poultry, it'll be time enough to kill that to-morrow morning; and if two turkeys aint enough, I'll kill four, besides a bushel basket full of chickens. So now go on with your birds'-egg, and make your Christmas as fast as you please, and as much of it."

When this speech was ended, the children clapped their hands and laughed, and said, "never fear father—he always brings out right at last."

From that hour forth, for three days, there was unusual hurry and bustle throughout the house of Solomon Briggs, in the kitchen particularly there was constant and great commotion. The oven was hot from morning till night, and almost from night till morning. There was baking of pound cake, and plum cake, and sponge cake, and Christmas cake, and New Year's cake, and all sorts of cake that could be found in the cook book. Then there were ovens full of mince pies, and apple pies, and custard pies, and all sorts of pies. The greatest display of pies, however, was of the pumpkin tribe. There were "punkin pies" baked on large platters for Christmas dinner, and others on large plates for breakfast and supper a month afterwards; and others still, in saucers, for each of the small children. In the next place, there was a pair of plum puddings, baked in the largest sized earthen pots, and Indian puddings and custard puddings to match. And then the roastings that were shown up on the morning of Christmas were in excellent keeping with the rest of the preparations. Besides a fine surlion of beef, two fat turkeys were roasted, two geese, and a half a dozen chickens. And then another half dozen

of chickens were made into an enormous chicken pie, and baked in a milk pan.

A query may arise, perhaps, in the mind of the reader, why such a profusion of food should be cooked up at once for a single family, and that family too not unreasonably large, though respectful in number, for it did not count over sixteen, including domestics, hired help and all. This is a very natural error for the reader to fall into, but it is an error nevertheless. This array of food was *not* prepared for a single family; but for a numerous company, to be made up from many families in the neighborhood. The truth was, Mr. Briggs was well to do in the world, a circumstance owing to his long course of patent industry and economical habits. Several of his children were now nearly men and women grown, full of life and fond of fun, as most young folks are. Mrs. Briggs also was very fond of society, and a little vain of her smart family of children, as well as of her good cooking. From these premises, a gathering of several of the neighbors at Mr. Briggs's house, to eat a Christmas dinner, and a still larger company of young folks towards night, to spend a Christmas evening would not be a very unnatural consequence. Such *was* the consequence, as we shall presently see.

We shall not stop to give a particular account of the dinner, as that was a transaction performed in the day time, openly and above board, and could be seen and understood by every body; but the evening company, and the supper, and the frolic, as they were hid from the world by the darkness of the night, need more elucidation. We must not dismiss the dinner, however, without remarking that it fulfilled every expectation, and gave entire satisfaction to all parties. A table of extra length was spread in the long dining hall, which was graced by a goodly circle of elderly people, besides many of the middle-aged and the young. And when we state that the loin of beef was reduced to a skeleton; that two turkeys, one goose, and five chickens, vanished in the twinkling of a case-knife; that the large milk pan containing the chicken-pie, was explored and cleared to the very bottom; and that three or four large puddings and a couple of acres of "punkin pie" were among the things lost in the desert, we think it has been sufficiently shown that due respect was paid to Mrs. Briggs's dinner, and that her culinary skill should not be called in question.

"Now, James, whose coming here to-night?" said Eustace, the eldest daughter, a bright, blue-eyed girl of eighteen. "Who have you asked? Jest name 'em over, will you?"

"Oh, I can't name 'em over," said James; "jest wait an hour or two and you'll see for yourself. I've asked pretty much all the young folks within a mile; as much as twenty of 'em I guess."

"Well, have you asked Betsy Harlow?" said Susan.

"Yes, and Ivory too, if that's what you want to know," said James.

"Nobody said any thing about Ivory," said Susan, as the color came to her cheek, and she turned to go out of the room.

"Here, Suky, come back here" said James, "I've got something to tell you."

"What is it?" said Susan, turning round at the door, and waiting.

"They say Ivory is waiting on Harriet Gibbs; what do you think of that?" said James.



"I don't believe a word of it," said Susan, coloring still more deeply.

"Well Harriet will be here this evening," said James "and then may be you can judge for yourself."

"Is her brother coming with her?" said Susan.

"George is coming," said James, "but whether she will come with him, or with Ivory Harlow, remains to be seen."

That Christmas was rather a cold day, and as night approached, it grew still colder.

"Pile on more wood," said Mr. Briggs, "get your rooms warm, so there shan't be no shiverin' or huddling about the fire this evening."

The boys were never more ready to start promptly at their father's bidding than they were on this occasion. The large fire place in the long dining room was piled full of round sticks of heavy wood almost up to the mantle; and the fires in the "fore-room" and in the end-room were renewed with equal bounty. By early candle-light, the company began to drop in one after another, and by twos and threes in pretty frequent succession. There were stout boys in round jackets, and stouter boys in long-tailed coats, and rosy cheeked girls in shawls, and blankets, and cloaks, and muffs, and tippets. Some of the middle-aged and elderly people, who had remained to pass the evening, sat in the "fore-room" with Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, while the young folks were huddled into the end-room, till the supper table should be spread in the long dining hall.

"There's Ivory Harlow's bells," said James, as a sleigh came with a merry gingle up to the door; and instantly the windows were crowded with heads looking out to see who had come with him. Ivory lived about a mile and a half distant and was the only one who came with a sleigh that evening, as most of the others lived considerably nearer.

"Why, there's four of 'em, as true as I live," said Susan, as they crossed the stream of candle light, that poured from the windows and spread across the door yard. One of the younger boys had already opened the door, and in a moment more the new comers were ushered into the room, viz: Ivory Harlow and his sister Betsy, and Harriet Gibbs, and a strange gentleman, whom Ivory introduced to the company as Mr. Stephen Long, the gentleman who was engaged to keep the district school that winter. And then he turned and whispered to James, and told him that the master had arrived at their house that afternoon, as he was to begin the school the next day, so he thought he would bring him with him.

"That's jest right," said James, "I'm glad you did," though at the same time his heart belied his words, for he felt afraid it would spoil half the fun of the evening. The boys and girls all at once put on long and sober faces, and sat and stood round the room as quiet as though they had been at a funeral. Presently Susan whispered to James and told him he ought to take the master into the "fore-room," and introduce him to father and mother and the rest of the folks. "And I'd leave him there, if I was you," she added in a very suppressed whisper, lest she should be overheard.

James at once followed the suggestion of Susan, and took Mr. Stephen Long into the other room and introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Briggs and the rest of the company, and a chair was of course set for Mr. Long, and he of course sat down in it and began to talk about the weather and other subjects of like interest, while

James retreated back into the end-room. The moment the master had left the room the boys and girls all began to breathe more freely, and to bustle about, and talk and laugh as merry as crickets. Not a few regrets were thrown out from one and another, that the school master had been brought there to spend the evening, and some of them thought "Ive Harlow ought to a-known better, for he might know it would spoil half their play." But it seems they had not rightly estimated Mr. Stephen Long's social and youthful qualities, who, although two or three and twenty years old, was almost as much of a boy as any in the room. He had not been gone more than fifteen minutes before he came back into the room with the young folks again, much to the dismay of the whole company. A cloud immediately settled upon their faces; all were whist as mice, and sober as deacons, till Mr. Stephen Long came across the room with an exceedingly droll expression of merriment upon his face, and gave James a hearty slap on the back, saying at the same time:

"Well, now, what's the order of the day here to-night? Dance, or forfeits, or blind man's bluff? I'm for improving the time."

At once the whole company burst out into a loud laugh, and several of the juniors, feeling such a burden suddenly removed from them, fell to pounding each other's shoulders, probably to prevent them in their lightness from flying off the handle.

"I guess we'll have something or other a-going bime by," said James; "whatever the company likes best; but I guess we'll have supper first for that's about ready."

The words were but just uttered when the call for supper was given, and the fore-room and the end-room poured out their respective companies into the long dining hall. It was soon perceived, that, long as the table was, they could not all be seated at once, and there began to be some canvassing to determine who should wait. The elderly people must of course sit down, and the school-master must of course sit at the first table, and then it was decided that the youngest of the young folks should sit down too, because the eldest of the young folks chose to wait and eat by themselves. To this last arrangement there was one exception; for Miss Harriet Gibbs, when she saw the school-master seated on one side of the table, had somehow or other, inadvertently of course taken a seat on the other side directly opposite to him. And when, as the young folks were retiring from the room, Ivory Harlow looked at her and saw she had concluded to remain, Susan thought she saw considerable color come into Ivory's face.

When the first company at the table had eaten up two rows of pies clear round the board, including mince, apple and custard, and "pumpkin pies" of the largest class, together with a reasonable portion of various kinds of cakes and sweetmeats, and had given place to the second company at the table, who had gone through similar operations to a similar extent, the great dining hall was speedily cleared of dishes, and chairs, and tables, and all such sorts of trumpery, that there might be nothing to impede the real business of the evening.

The elderly people were again seated in the fore-room, where a brisk fire was blazing so warmly that they could sit back comfortably clear to the walls; and around the hearth was a goodly array of mugs and

pitchers of cider, and bowls heaped with mellow apples, red and yellow and green.

"Now, then, what shall we have to begin with?" said James.

"Blind man's buff," said George Gibbs.

"Suppose we have a quiet dance to begin with?" said Susan.

"Oh, I'd rather have something that has more life in it," said Harriet Gibbs; "let's have 'hunt the slipper,' or 'forfeits,' I don't care which.

"Oh get away with them small potatoes," said Bill Dingley; "let's go right into blind man's buff at once, that's the stuff for Christmas."

"You know we must please the ladies, Bill," said James Briggs, "I guess we'll have a sort of game at forfeits first, as Miss Gibbs proposed it."

"Well, agreed," said all hands.

Accordingly the company arranged themselves in a circle round the large hall, holding the palms of their hands together, and James took a piece of money between his hands and passed round to each one of the company, and made the motion to drop the money into the hands of each.

"Button, button, who's got the button?" said James to the head one, when he had been round the circle.

"Harriet Gibbs," was the reply.

"Button, button, who's got the button?" said James to the next.

"Betsey Harlow," answered the next.

At last, when James had been clear round the circle and questioned each one in like manner, he called out, "Them that's got it, rise."

At once up hopped Sam Nelson, a sly little red-headed fellow about a dozen years old, whom no one suspected of having it, and of course no one had guessed him. Every one of the company, therefore, had to pay a forfeit.

"I move we redeem, before we go any further," said Ivory Harlow.

The motion was seconded all round, and the forfeits were accordingly collected, and James selecting a couple, held them over Harriet Gibbs's head.

"Whose two pawns are these?" said he, "and what shall he and she do to redeem them?"

"The lady shall kiss the schoolmaster," said Harriet, "and the gentleman shall go into the fore-room and kiss Mrs. Briggs."

"Miss Harriet Gibbs and Mr. Ivory Harlow go and do it," said James.

"Oh, la me! I shant do no sich thing," said Harriet with a half scream.

"Then you dont have your ring again," said James.

"Well, then, I suppose I must do it, or I shall be setting a bad example to the rest," said Harriet. And away she run across the room to Mr. Stephen Long, and at once gave the whole company audible evidence that she had fairly redeemed her ring.

Ivory Harlow walked leisurely into the fore-room. What he did there the young people could not certainly say, but from the hearty laugh that came from the elderly people there assembled, they inferred that he did something, and on his return James gave him up his pawn.

James then selected two more of the forfeits, and held them over Bill Dingley's head.

"Whose two pawns are these, and what shall he and she do to redeem them?" said James.

"They shall kiss each other through a chair back," said Bill.

"Miss Susan Briggs and Mr. Stephen Long have got to do it," said James.

Whereupon Mr. Stephen Long readily took a chair and approached Miss Susan Briggs. But Miss Susan, when she saw the schoolmaster coming toward her, holding a chair up to his face, and his lips poking through the back of it, colored up to the eyes and turned away.

"Do it, do it!" cried half the company, "or you shant have your handkerchief."

Mr. Stephen Long seemed bent upon redeeming his pawn at any rate, and he followed Miss Susan with the chair with an earnestness that showed he did not mean to be baffled. When Miss Susan found herself cornered, and could retreat no further, she kissed her hand and tossed it at the chair.

"That wont do," cried half a dozen voices.

"I had to redeem mine," said Harriet Gibbs, "and it's no more than fair that she should redeem her's."

"Well, you may redeem mine too, if you are a mind 'to," said Susan, pushing the chair from her with her hand.

When Mr. Stephen Long found he could not redeem his pawn through the chair, he declared he would redeem it without the chair. So setting the chair down, he commenced a fresh attack upon Miss Susan, who held both hands tightly over her face. After some violence, however, the company heard the appropriate signal of triumph, but whether the victory had been achieved upon cheek or hand, always remained matter of doubt.

In redeeming the rest of the pawns, the penalties were as various as the characters of the several persons who stood judges. One had to measure half a dozen yards of love ribbon. One had to hop across the room on one foot backwards. Another had to kneel to the prettiest, bow to the wittiest, and kiss the one he loved best. But when Bill Dingley stood as judge, he declared he wasn't in favor of any half-way punishments, and he accordingly adjudged the delinquents to kiss every lady and gentleman in the room; that is, the lady to kiss the gentlemen, and the gentleman to kiss the ladies, which penalties the aforesaid delinquents performed according to the best of their abilities.

When the game of pawns was over, the general vote seemed to be in favor of blind man's buff. James had to blind first, and he whirled about the room, and flew from side to side, and corner to corner, with as much ease and boldness as though he had nothing over his eyes; and he kept the company continually flying from one end of the hall to the other, like a flock of frightened pigeons. He, however, killed them off pretty fast, by catching one after another, and sending them into the end room. While they were running for their lives, this way and that, Ivory Harlow couldn't help noticing that, somehow or other, Harriet Gibbs most always blundered into the same corner where the schoolmaster was; and sometimes she would run right against him before she saw him; and then sometimes she would almost fall down, and the schoolmaster would have to catch hold of her to keep her from falling. More than once that evening, Ivory wished he had not brought her, and more than twice he wished Susan Briggs might forget that he did bring her.

The brisk running and bustle at blind man's buff

drew the elderly people to the door of the fore-room, where they stood and looked on. When James had caught about half the company, Mrs. Briggs could not stand it any longer. She slipped off her shoes, and in she went right among them, and joined in the game; and she ran about lighter and quicker than any girl there. So much upon the alert was she, and moved about with such noiseless and nimble footsteps, that she was in fact the very last to be taken. And when at last she was cornered and caught, James was a little puzzled to know who it was, for he felt almost sure he had caught all the large girls. But when he put his hand upon her head, and face, and neck, and shoulders, he exclaimed,

"Well done, mother; this is you. Now you shall blind."

"Oh, no, I can't do that, James," said Mrs. Briggs, retreating toward the fore-room.

"Yes, but you must," said James, "you are the last caught."

"Yes, yes, you must, you must," echoed the young folks from all sides.

"Well," said Mrs. Briggs at last, "if Mr. Briggs and the rest of 'em will come out and run, I'll blind."

The elderly people stood and looked at each other a minute, and at last they haw hawed right out, and then half a dozen of them came out upon the floor to join the game. The handkerchief was put upon Mrs. Briggs's eyes, and the old folks commenced running, and the young folks commenced running, and the old folks stepped heavy, and the young folks laughed loud, and there was a most decided racket. Mrs. Briggs, however, soon cleared the coast, for she was as spry as a cat, and caught her prey as fast as that useful animal would do when shut up in a room with a swarm of mice.

When this run was over, the play went back again exclusively into the hands of the young folks, and after several of them had been blinded, it came at last to Bill Dingley's turn. Bill went into it like a day's work. He leaped upon his prey like a tiger among sheep. He ran over one, and tripped up another, knocked one this way and another that, and caught three or four in his arms at once. He made very quick work of it, and caught them all off, but when he got through, two or three were rubbing the bruises on their heads, and one was bleeding at the nose. This wound up the blind man's buff.

Mrs. Briggs then came out and told Susan to get a table out in the middle of the room. She then brought forward a couple of nice little loaves of Christmas cake, and placed them on a couple of plates, and cut them up into as many slices as there were young folks present, men and women grown.

"Now," said Mrs. Briggs, "we'll see which of you is going to be married first. These two cakes have each of 'em a Christmas ring in them; and whichever gets the slice that has the ring in it, will be married before the year is out. So all the gals over sixteen years old stand up in a row on one side, and all the young men over eighteen stand up in a row on the other side, and I'll pass the cake round."

She carried it round to the young men first, and each took a slice and commenced eating to ascertain who had the ring.

"By jings, I haven't got it," said Bill Dingley, swallowing his cake at three mouthfuls.

"May be you've swallowed it," said George Gibbs.

"Well, them that's got it," said Mrs. Briggs, "please to keep quiet till we find out which of the gals has the other."

She then passed the cake round to the young ladies. When she came to Susan, Harriet Gibbs, who was standing by her side, said:

"It's no use for any of the rest of us to try, for Susan knows which slice 'tis in, and she'll get it."

"No, that isn't fair," said Mrs. Briggs; "I put the rings in myself, and nobody else knows anything about it."

The young ladies then took their slices, and Mrs. Briggs passed on to Sally Dingley, Bill's sister, who, being on the wrong side of forty, did not stand in the row, and rather declined taking the cake. Mrs. Briggs urged her, and told her she must take some; when Bill suddenly called out:

"Take hold, Sal, take hold and try your luck; as long as there's life there's hope."

Miss Sally Dingley ran across the room and boxed Bill's ears, and then came back and said she'd take a piece of cake.

"For who knows," said she, "but what I shall get the ring; and who knows but what I shall be married before any of you, now?"

After the young ladies had eaten their cake, Mrs. Briggs called upon them that had the rings to step forward into the floor. Upon which, Ivory Harlow stepped out on one side, and Harriet Gibbs on the other.

"Ah, that ain't fair; that's cheatin', that's cheatin'," cried out little Sam Nelson.

"Why, what do you mean by that, Sam?" said Mrs. Briggs.

"Cause," said Sam, "I see Susan, when she was eating the cake, take the ring out of her mouth, and slip it into Harriet Gibbs's hand."

At this Susan blushed, Harriet looked angry, and the company laughed.

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and the elderly people began to think it was time for them to be moving homeward. And as soon as they were gone, the young folks put on their shawls and cloaks and hats, and prepared to follow them. Before they went, however, Ivory Harlow got a chance to whisper to Susan Briggs, and tell her, that he supposed he should have to carry Harriet home this time, but it was the last time he should ever carry her anywhere, as long as his name was Ivory Harlow.

## THE REVENGE OF ST. NICHOLAS.

A Tale for the Holidays.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

EVERYBODY KNOWS that in the city of New York, whose proper name is New Amsterdam, the excellent St. Nicholas—who is worth a dozen St. Georges and dragons to boot, and who, if every tub stood on its right bottom, would be at the head of the seven champions of christendom—I say, everybody knows the excellent St. Nicholas, in holiday times, who goes about among the people in the middle of the night, distributing all sorts of toothsome and becoming gifts to the good boys and girls in this his favorite city. Some say that he comes down the chimneys in a little Jersey wagon; others, that he wears a pair of Holland skates, with which he travels like the wind; and others, who pretend to have seen him, maintain that he has lately adopted a locomotive, and was once actually detected

on the *Albany* rail-road. But this last assertion is looked upon to be entirely fabulous, because St. Nicholas has too much discretion to trust himself in such a new-fangled jarvie; and so I leave this matter to be settled by whomsoever will take the trouble. Our own opinion is, that his favorite mode of traveling is on a canal, the motion and speed of which aptly comports with the philosophic dignity of his character. But this is not material, and I will no longer detain my readers with extraneous and irrelevant matters, as is too much the fashion with our statesmen, orators, biographers, and story-tellers.

It was in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty, or sixty-one, for the most orthodox chronicles differ in this respect; but it was a very remarkable year, and it was called *annus mirabilis* on that account. It was said that several people were detected in speaking the truth about that time; that nine staid, sober, and discreet widows, who had sworn on an anti-masonic almanac, never to enter a second time into the holy state, were snapt up by young husbands, before they knew what they were about; that six venerable bachelors wedded as many buxom young bells, and, it is reported, were afterwards sorry for what they had done; that many people actually went to church, from motives of piety; and that a great scholar, who had written a book in support of certain opinions, was not only convinced of his error, but acknowledged it publicly afterwards. No wonder the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty, if that was the year, was called *annus mirabilis*!

What contributed to render this year still more remarkable, was the building of six new three-story brick houses in the city, and three persons setting up equipages, who, I cannot find, ever failed in business, afterwards, or compounded with their creditors at a pistorian in the pound. It is, moreover, recorded in the annals of the horticultural society of that day, which were written on a cabbage-leaf, as is said, that a member produced a forked radish, of such vast dimensions, that being dressed up in fashionable male attire at the exhibition, it was actually mistaken for a traveled beau by several inexperienced young ladies, who pined away for love of its beautiful complexion, and were changed into daffadowndillies. Some maintained it was a mandrake, but it was finally detected by an inquest of experienced matrons. No wonder the year seventeen hundred and sixty was called *annus mirabilis*!

But the most extraordinary thing of all was the confident assertion, that there was but one *gray mare* within the bills of mortality; and, incredible as it may appear, she was the wife of a responsible citizen, who, it was affirmed, had grown rich by weaving velvet purses out of sows' ears. But this we look upon as being somewhat of the character of the predictions of almanac-makers. Certain it is, however, that Amos Shuttle possessed the treasure of a wife who was shrewdly suspected of having established within doors a system of government not laid down in Aristotle or the Abbe Sieyès, who made a constitution for every day in the year, and two for the first of April.

Amos Shuttle, though a mighty pompous little man out of doors, was the meekest of human creatures within. He belonged to that class of people who pass for great among the little, and little among the great; and he would certainly have been master in his own house had it not been for a woman! We have read some-

where that no wise woman ever thinks her husband a demi-god. If so, it is a blessing that there are so few wise women in the world.

Amos had grown rich, heaven knows how; he didn't know himself; but, what was somewhat extraordinary, he considered his wealth a signal proof of his talents and sagacity, and valued himself according to the infallible standard of pounds, shillings and pence. But though he lorded it without, he was, as we have said, the most gentle of men within doors. The moment he stepped inside of his own house his spirit cowered down like that of a pious man entering a church; he felt as if he was in the presence of a superior being—to wit, Mrs. Abigail Shuttle. He was, indeed, the meekest of beings at home, except Moses; and Sir Andrew Aguecheek's song, which Sir Toby Belch declared "would draw nine souls out of one weaver," would have failed in drawing half of one out of Amos. The truth is his wife, who ought to have known, affirmed he had no more soul than a monkey; but he was the only man in the city thus circumstanced at the time we speak of. No wonder, therefore, the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty was called *annus mirabilis*!

Such as he was, Mr. Amos Shuttle waxed richer and richer every day, inasmuch that those who envied his prosperity were wont to say, "that he had certainly been born with a dozen silver spoons in his mouth, or such a great blockhead would never have got together such a heap of money." When he had become worth ten thousand pounds, he lanced his shuttle magnanimously out of the window, ordered his weaver's beam to be split up for oven wood, and Mrs. Amos turned his weaver's shop into a *boudoir*. Fortune followed him faster than he ran away from her. In a few years the ten thousand doubled, and in a few more trebled, quadrupled—in short, Amos could hardly count his money.

"What shall we do now, my dear?" asked Mrs. Shuttle, who never sought his opinion, that I can learn except for the pleasures of contradicting him.

"Let us go and live in the country, and enjoy ourselves," quoth Amos.

"Go into the country! go to—!" I could never satisfy myself what Mrs. Shuttle meant, but she stopped short, and concluded the sentence with a withering look of scorn, that would have cowed the spirits of nineteen weavers.

Amos named all sorts of places, enumerated all sorts of modes of life he could think of, and every pleasure that might enter into the imagination of a man without a soul. His wife despised them all; she would not hear of them.

"Well, my dear, suppose you suggest something; do now, Abby," at length said Amos, in a coaxing whisper; "will you, my onydoney?"

"Only fiddlestick! I wonder you repeat such vagaries. But if I must say what I should like, I should like to travel."

"Well, let us go and make a tour as far as Jamaica, or Hackinsack, or Spring-devil. There is excellent fishing for striped bass there."

"Spring-devil!" screamed Mrs. Shuttle; "ain't you ashamed to swear so, you wicked mortal; I won't go to Jamaica, nor Hackinsack among the Dutch hottentots, nor to Spring-devil, to catch striped bass. I'll go to Europe!"

If Amos had possessed a soul it would have jumped



out of its skin at the idea of going beyond seas. He had once been on the sea-bass banks, and got a sea-sickness there; the very thought of which made him sick. But, as he had no soul, there was no great harm done.

When Mrs. Shuttle said a thing it was settled. They went to Europe, taking their only son with them; the lady ransacked all the milliners' shops in Paris, and the gentleman visited all the restaurateurs. He became such a desperate connoisseur and gourmand, that he could almost tell an *omelette au jambon* from a gammon of bacon. After consummating the polish, they came home, the lady with the newest old fashions, and the weaver with a confirmed preference of *potage-a-la-turque* over pepper-pot. It is said the city trembled, as with an earthquake, when they landed; but the notion was probably superstitious.

They arrived near the close of the year, the memorable year, the *annus mirabilis*, one thousand seven hundred and sixty. Everybody that had ever known the Shuttles flocked to see them, or rather to see what they had brought with them; and such was the magic of a voyage to Europe, that Mr. and Mrs. Amos Shuttle, who had been nobodies when they departed, became somebodies when they returned, and mounted at once to the summit of *ton*.

"You have come in good time to enjoy the festivities of the holidays," said Mrs. Hubblebubble, an old friend of Amos the weaver and his wife.

"We shall have a merry Christmas and a happy new-year," exclaimed Mr. Doubletrouble, another old acquaintance of old times.

"The holidays," drawled Mrs. Shuttle; "the holidays? Christmas and new-year? Pray what are they?"

It is something to see how people lose their memories abroad sometimes. They often forget their old friends, old customs, and occasionally themselves.

"Why, la! now who'd have thought it," cried Mrs. Doubletrouble; "why sure you haven't forgot the oily cooks and the mince pies, the merry-meetings of friends, the sleigh-rides, the kissing bridge, and the family parties?"

"Family parties?" shrieked Mrs. Shuttle, and held her salts to her nose; "family parties! I never heard of anything so gothic in Paris or Rome; and oily cooks—oh shocking! and mince pies! detestable; and throwing open one's doors to all one's old friends, whom one wishes to forget as soon as possible. Oh! the idea is insupportable!" and again she held the salts to her nose.

Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble found they had exposed themselves sadly, and were quite ashamed. A real, genteel well-bred, enlightened lady of fashion ought to have no rule of conduct; no conscience, but Paris—whatever is fashionable there is genteel—whatever is not fashionable is vulgar. There is no other standard of right, and no other eternal fitness of things. At least so thought Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble.

"But is it possible that all these things are out of fashion abroad?" asked the latter, beseechingly.

"They never were in," said Mrs. Amos Shuttle.

"For my part, I mean to close my doors and windows on new-year's day, I'm determined."

"And so am I," said Mrs. Hubblebubble.

"And so am I," said Mrs. Doubletrouble.

And it was settled that they should make a combination among themselves and their friends, to put down

the ancient and good customs of the city, and abolish the sports and enjoyments of the jolly new year. The conspirators then separated, each to pursue her diabolical designs against oily cooks, mince pies, sleigh-rides, sociable visitings, and family parties.

Now the excellent St. Nicholas, who knows well what is going on in every house in the city, though, like a good and honorable saint, he never betrays any family secrets, overheard these wicked women plotting against his favorite anniversary, and he said to himself—

"*Der Blyndchap!* but I'll be even with you, *mejs frou.*" So he determined he would play these concealed and misled women a trick or two before he had done with them.

It was now the first day of the new year, and Mrs. Amos Shuttle, and Mrs. Doubletrouble, and Mrs. Hubblebubble, and all their wicked abettors had shut up their doors and windows, so that when their old friends called they could not get into their houses. Moreover, they had neither prepared mince pies, nor oily cooks, nor crullers, nor any of the good things consecrated to St. Nicholas by his pious and well-intentioned votaries, and they were mightily pleased at having been as dull and stupid as owls, while all the rest of the city were as merry as crickets, chirping and frisking in the warm chimney-corner. Little did they think what horrible judgments were impending over them, prepared by the wrath of the excellent St. Nicholas, who was resolved to make an example of them for attempting to introduce their new-fangled corruptions in place of the ancient customs of his favorite city. These wicked women never had another comfortable sleep in their lives!

The night was still, clear and frosty—the earth was everywhere one carpet of snow, and looked just like the ghost of a dead world, wrapped in a white winding-sheet; the moon was full, round, and of a silvery brightness, and by her discreet silence afforded an example to the rising generation of young damsels, while the myriads of stars that multiplied as you gazed at them, seemed as though they were frozen into icicles, they looked so cold, and sparkled with such a glorious lustre. The streets and roads leading from the city were all alive with sleighs, filled with jovial souls, whose echoing laughter and cheerful songs, mingled with a thousand merry bells, that jingled in harmonious dissonance, giving spirit to the horses, and animation to the scene. In the license of the season, halloed by long custom, each of the sleighs saluted the others in passing, with a "happy new year," a merry jest, or mischievous gibe, exchanged from one gay party to another. All was life, motion, and merriment; and as old frost-bitten winter, aroused from his trance by the rout and revelry around, raised his weather-beaten head to see what was passing, he felt his icy blood warming and coursing through his veins, and wished he could only overtake the laughing buxom spring, that he might dance a jig with her, and be as frisky as the best of them. But as the old rogue could not bring this desirable matter about, he contented himself with calling for a jolly bumper of cock-tail, and drinking a swingeling draught to the health of the blessed St. Nicholas, and those who honor the memory of the president of good-fellows.

At this time these wicked women and their abettors lay under the malediction of the good saint, who caused them to be bewitched by an old lady from

Salem. Mrs. Amos Shuttle could not sleep, because something had whispered in her apprehensive ear that her son, her only son, whom she had engaged to the daughter of Count Crenouille, in Paris, then about three years old, was actually at that moment crossing kissing bridge, in company with little Susan Varian, and some others besides. Now Susan was the fairest little lady of all the land; she had a face and an eye just like the widow Wadman, in Leslie's charming picture; a face and an eye which no reasonable man under heaven could resist, except my uncle Toby—beset him and his fortifications, I say! She was, moreover, a good little girl, and an accomplished little girl—but, alas! she had not mounted to the step in Jacob's ladder of fashion, which qualifies a person for the heaven of high ton, and Mrs. Shuttle had not been to Europe for nothing. She would rather have seen her son wedded to dissipation and profligacy than to Susan Varian; and the thought of his being out sleigh-riding with her, was worse than the tooth-ache. It kept her awake all the live-long night; and the only consolation she had was scolding poor Amos, because the sleigh bells made such a noise.

As for Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, they neither of them got a wink of sleep during a whole week, for thinking of the beautiful French chairs and damask curtains Mrs. Shuttle had brought from Europe. They forthwith beset their good men, leaving them no rest until they sent out orders to Paris for just such rich chairs and curtains as those of the thrice happy Mrs. Shuttle, from whom they kept the affair a profound secret, each meaning to treat her to an agreeable surprize. In the meanwhile they could not rest for fear the vessel which was to bring these treasures might be lost on the passage. Such was the dreadful judgment inflicted on them by the good St. Nicholas.

The perplexities of Mrs. Shuttle increased daily. In the first place, do all she could, she could not make Amos a fine gentleman. This was a metamorphosis which Ovid would never have dreamed of. He would be telling the price of everything in his house, his furniture, his wines, and his dinners, inasmuch that those who envied his prosperity, or, perhaps, only despised his pretensions, were wont to say, after eating his venison, and drinking his old Madeira, "that he ought to have been a tavern-keeper, he knew so well how to make out a bill." Mrs. Shuttle once overheard a speech of this kind, and the good St. Nicholas himself, who had brought it about, almost felt sorry for the mortification she endured on the occasion.

Scarcely had she got over this, when she was invited to a ball, by Mrs. Hubblebubble, and the first thing she saw on entering the drawing-room, was a suit of damask curtains and chairs, as much like her own as two peas, only the curtains had far handsomer fringe. Mrs. Shuttle came very near fainting away, but escaped for that time, determining to mortify this impudent creature, by taking not the least notice of her finery. But St. Nicholas ordered it otherwise, so that she was at last obliged to acknowledge they were very elegant indeed. Nay, this was not the worst, for she overheard one lady whisper to another, that Mrs. Hubblebubble's curtains were much richer than Mrs. Shuttle's.

"O, I dare say," replied the other—"I dare say Mrs. Shuttle bought them second-hand, for her husband is as mean as Parsley."

This was too much. The unfortunate woman was taken suddenly ill—called her carriage, and went home, where it is supposed she would have died that evening had she not wrought upon Amos to promise her an entire new suit of French furniture for her drawing-room and parlor to boot, besides a new carriage. But for all this she could not close her eyes that night for thinking of the "second-hand curtains."

Nor was the wicked Mrs. Doubletrouble a whit better off, when her friend Mr. Hubblebubble treated her to the agreeable surprize of the French window-curtains and chairs. "It is too bad—too bad, I declare," said she to herself; "but I'll pay her off soon." Accordingly she issued invitations for a grand ball and supper, at which both Mrs. Shuttle and Mrs. Hubblebubble were struck dumb at beholding a suit of curtains and a set of chairs exactly of the same pattern with theirs. The shock was terrible, and it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences, had not the two ladies all at once thought of uniting in abusing Mrs. Doubletrouble for her extravagance.

"I pity poor Mrs. Doubletrouble," said Mrs. Shuttle, shrugging her shoulders significantly, and glancing at the room.

"And so do I," sighed Mrs. Hubblebubble, doing the same.

Mrs. Doubletrouble had her eye on them, and enjoyed their mortification until her pride was brought to the ground by a dead shot from Mrs. Shuttle, who was heard to exclaim, in reply to a lady who observed the chairs and curtains were very handsome,

"Why, yes; but they have been out of fashion in Paris a long time; and, besides, really they are getting so common, that I intend to have mine removed to the nursery."

Heavens! what a blow! Poor Mrs. Doubletrouble hardly survived it. Such a night of misery as the wicked woman endured almost made the good St. Nicholas regret the judgment he had passed upon these mischievous and concealed females. But he thought to himself he would persevere until he had made them a sad example to all innovators upon the ancient customs of our forefathers.

Thus were these miserable and wicked women spurred on by witchcraft from one piece of extravagance to another, and a deadly rivalry grew up between them, which destroyed their own happiness and that of their husbands. Mrs. Shuttle's new carriage and drawing-room furniture in due time was followed by similar extravagancies on the part of the two other women, who had conspired against the hallowed institutions of St. Nicholas; and soon their rivalry came to such a height, that neither of them had a moment's rest or comfort from that time forward. But they still shut their doors on the jolly anniversary of St. Nicholas, though the old respectable burghers and their wives, who had held up their heads time out of mind, continued the good custom, and laughed at the presumption of these upstart interlopers, who were followed only by a few people, of silly pretensions, who had no more soul than Amos Shuttle himself. The three wicked women grew to be almost perfect skeletons, on account of the vehemence with which they strove to outdo each other, and the terrible exertions necessary to keep up the appearance of being the best friends in the world. In short, they became the laughing stock of the town; and sensible, well-bred folks cut their so-

quaintance, except when they sometimes accepted an invitation to a party, just to make merry with their folly and conceitedness.

The excellent St. Nicholas, finding they still persisted in their opposition to his rites and ceremonies, determined to inflict on them the last and worst punishment that can befall the sex. He decreed that they should be deprived of all the delights springing from the domestic affections, and all taste for the innocent and virtuous enjoyments of a happy fireside. Accordingly, they lost all relish for home; were continually gadding about from one place to another, in search of pleasure, and worried themselves to death to find happiness where it is never to be found. Their whole lives became one long series of disappointed hopes, galled pride, and knowing envy. They lost their health, they lost their time, and their days became days of harassing impatience, their nights nights of sleepless, feverish excitement, ending in weariness and disappointment. The good saint sometimes felt sorry for them, but their continued obstinacy determined him to persevere in his plan to punish the upstart pride of these rebellious females.

Young Shuttle, who had a soul, which I suppose he inherited from his mother, all this while continued his attentions to little Susan Varian, which added to the miseries inflicted on his wicked mother. Mrs. Shuttle insisted that Amos should threaten to disinherit his son, unless he gave up this attachment.

"Lord bless your soul, Abby," said Amos, "what's the use of my threatening? The boy knows as well as I do that I've no will of my own. Why, bless my soul, Abby—"

"Bless your soul!" interrupted Mrs. Shuttle, "I wonder who'd take the trouble to bless it but yourself? However, if you don't, I will."

Accordingly, she threatened the young man with being disinherited unless he turned his back on little Susan Varian, which no man ever did without getting a heart ache.

"If father goes on as he has done lately," sighed the youth, "he won't have anything left to disinherit me of but his affection, I fear. But if he had millions, I would not abandon Susan."

"Are you not ashamed of such a low-bred attachment? You that have been to Europe! But, once for all, remember this, renounce this low-born upstart, or quit your father's home forever."

"Upstart!" thought young Shuttle; "one of the oldest families in the city." He made his mother a respectful bow, bade heaven bless her, and left the house. He was, however, met by his father at the door, who said to him.

"Johnny, I give my consent; but mind, don't tell your mother a word of the matter. I'll let her know I've a soul as well as other people;" and he tossed his head like a war-horse.

The night after this Johnny was married to little Susan, and the blessing of affection and beauty lighted upon his pillow. Her old father, who was in a respectable business, took his son-in-law into partnership, and they prospered so well that in a few years Johnny was independent of all the world, with the prettiest wife and children in the land. But Mrs. Shuttle was inexorable, while the knowledge of his prosperity and happiness only worked her up to a higher pitch of anger, and added to the pangs of jealousy perpetually inflicted on her by the rivalry of Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mr. Dou-

bletrouble, who suffered under the like infliction from the wrathful St. Nicholas, who was resolved to make them an example to all posterity.

No fortune, be it ever so great, can stand the eternal snapping of wasteful extravagance engendered and stimulated by the baleful passion of envy. In less than ten years from the hatching of the diabolical conspiracy of these three wicked women against the supremacy of the excellent St. Nicholas, their spendthrift rivalry had ruined the fortunes of their husbands, and entailed upon themselves misery and remorse. Rich Amos Shuttle became at last as poor as a church mouse, and would have been obliged to take to the loom again in his old age, had not Johnny, now rich, and a worshipful magistrate of the city, afforded him and his better half a generous shelter under his own happy roof. Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble had scarcely time to condole with Mrs. Shuttle, and congratulate each other, when their husbands went the way of all flesh, that is to say, failed for a few tens of thousands, and called their creditors together to hear the good news. The two wicked women lived long enough after this to repent of their offence against St. Nicholas; but they never imported any more French curtains, and at last perished miserably in an attempt to set the fashions in Penny Pot alley.

Mrs. Abigail Shuttle might have lived happily the rest of her life with her children and grand-children, who all treated her with reverent courtesy and affection, now that the wrath of the mighty St. Nicholas was appeased by her exemplary punishment. But she could not get over her bad habits and feelings, or forgive her lovely little daughter-in-law for treating her so kindly when she so little deserved it. She gradually pined away; and though she revived at hearing of the catastrophe of Mrs. Hubblebubble and Mrs. Doubletrouble, it was only for a moment. The remainder of the life of this wicked woman was a series of disappointments and heart-burnings, and when she died, Amos tried to shed a tear, but he found it impossible; I suppose, because, as his wife always said, "he had no soul."

Such was the terrible revenge of St. Nicholas, which ought to be a warning to all who attempt to set themselves up against the venerable customs of their ancestors, and backslide from the hallowed institutions of the blessed saint, to whose good offices, without doubt, it is owing that this, his favorite city, has transcended all others of the universe in beautiful damsels, valorous young men, mince pies, and new-years cookies. The catastrophe of these three wicked women had a wonderful influence in the city, insomuch that from the time forward, no *gray mares* were ever known, no French furniture was ever used, and no woman was hardy enough to set herself up in opposition to the good customs of St. Nicholas. And so wishing many happy new-year to all my dear countrywomen and countrymen, saving those who shut their doors to old friends, high or low, rich or poor, on that blessed anniversary, which makes more glad hearts than all others put together—I say, wishing a thousand happy new-years to all, with this single exception, I lay down my pen, with a caution to all wicked women to beware of the revenge of St. Nicholas.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.—Some Yankees, who are familiar with the ice business, have gone to Chusen,

on the northern coast of China, where they intend to establish ice-houses, so as to supply Canton, Macao, Hong-Kong, and other ports in that quarter, with "northern ice," cheaper than it can be shipped by the "outside barbarians" of Boston. Chusan is about one thousand two hundred miles north of Canton, and is already the seat of an active business between the Americans and Chinese since the Chinese ports have been thrown open by the British. A lard oil factory is talked of at Canton. The Chinese mast-fed hog is said to be one of the most oily breeds known, and the animal is just the thing for the lard oil makers.

#### A JOURNEY DOWN EAST.

We have heard of journeying through the Red Sea—dreary wanderings in interminable deserts—long travels round the world, and even of a run to Ohio through mud that covered both poney and rider up to the shirt collar, but never in our lives have we heard of anything to match a late journey of a gentleman, whom we shall denominate Dickey Delver down east.

Dickey was a famous well digger somewhere in the western part of the good State of Maine, and undertook, as he supposed, at a most advantageous bargain, to dig a well for forty five dollars. Having labored with much assiduity till he arrived at the depth of nearly fifty feet with the prospect of soon completing his job, Dickey ascended in these upper regions to look for a little "leven o'clock," and had just effected his escape, when, alas! he caved the sides of his well and filled it fifteen feet with another solid mass. Dickey looked over the edge, groaned, scratched his head, and for a moment pondered in the bitterness of his heart, half murmuring a curse on his cruel stars, for thus doubling his heavy task; but, probably, never once thought of feeling grateful to a kind providence for his almost miraculous escape from instant death. Looking around, however, he saw his coat and hat lying near the margin of the well, and a thought struck him that if he should clear out, as the saying is, his friends and neighbors would soon discover the situation of the well, and seeing his coat and hat where he had left them when he descended, would no doubt consider him buried under the mass that had fallen, and with one consent would join to dig him out, and thus clear the well. So thought so determined, and away goes Dickey without coat or hat, not to another world but to another part of this. The affair of the well's caving it was soon known in the neighborhood, and as might be expected all were soon gathered around the fearful gulph, that as they supposed had closed upon Dickey with a dreadful vengeance. After the first surprise and silence were past, one and another ventured an observation upon poor Dickey's lot.

"Poor man, he is no doubt dead!" "How he must have felt when he saw the whole earth above falling in upon him." "But it is all over now." The relatives seemed to be quite calm, and it was at length very seriously agitated whether they should dig out the body. Some were in favor of that measure, but by a suggestion of a relative that it was no use for he was already well buried, they finally determined to leave him to his lot, and allow his bones to mingle with the gloomy depths in which they were confined. The particulars of the case soon traveled in the shape of news to the place of Dickey's retreat, who was so mortified at the result that he kept out of hearing half the year being ashamed to return home. At last he

thought of an answer to the inquiries which piled thickly to his ears on his first appearance above ground, and with that he resolved to make a venture. Dickey accordingly returned, and after a little surprize excited in his neighbors by the unexpected arrival, they began to inquire how he managed to get out, informing him of their conclusion to let him remain where he had buried himself. "Aye, aye," says Dickey, "I know all that very well for I waited till I found you had abandoned me, and then went to work to dig myself out, but missing my direction I had a long job of it, and lately came out in Somerset county, about fifty miles from the starting point!"

#### ANECDOTE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

Among the worthies who figured during the era of the American revolution, perhaps there was none possessing more originality of character than General Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier, without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the north, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisping, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

At the time a stronghold, called Horse-neck, some miles from New York, was in possession of the British, Putnam with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in its vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient, and importuned the general with questions, as to when they were going to have a 'bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind. "Fellers—you've been idle too long, and so have I. I'm going down to Bush's at Horse neck, in an hour, with an ox-team and a load of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars. If I should not, let them have it, by the hocky!"

He shortly after mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was soon at Bush's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers spy him, than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simple, (as they thought,) they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize the corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they.

"For mercy sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clodhopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my bull team and load for nothing; and if that won't dew, I'll give you my word I'll return to morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word; leave the team and provender with us, and we won't require any bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished; he then returned to his men, and told them of the foe and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clodhopper, he sarcastically remarked, "Gentleman, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."



## OLD WINTER IS COMING.

BY HUGH MORE.

Old Winter is coming again—slack!  
How icy and cold is he!  
He cares not a pin for a shivering back,  
He's a saucy old chap to white and to black,  
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,  
For he comes from a cold country.

A witty old fellow this winter is;  
A mighty old fellow for glee!  
He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet Miss,  
The wrinkled old maiden unfit to kiss,  
And freezes the dew on their lips—for this  
Is the way with such fellows as he.

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade, I wot—  
He is wild in his humor, and free!  
He'll whistle along for the 'want of his thought,  
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,  
And ruffle the laces by pretty girls bought,  
For a frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,  
And merrily shaking the tree!  
From morning to night he will sing his song;  
Now moaning and short, now howling and long,  
His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—  
A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a wicked old chap, I ween—  
As wicked as ever you'll see!  
He withers the flowers, so fresh and green,  
And bites the pert nose of the Miss of sixteen,  
As she trippingly walks in maidenly sheen—  
A wicked old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,  
As tough as ever you'll see!  
He will trip up our trotters and rend our clothes,  
And stiffen our limbs from fingers to toes—  
He minds not the cries of his friends or his foes—  
A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say.  
A cunning old fellow is he!  
He peeps in the crevices day by day,  
To see how we're passing our time away,  
And marks all our doings, from grave to gay,—  
I'm afraid he is peeping at me.

## BRIEF HISTORY OF TEXAS.

As the "lone star of Texas" seems to be the star now to which all eyes are turned, some account of its political history cannot fail to be interesting. The following account is furnished by a writer in the N. York Sun.

It is not denied that from the discovery of Louisiana to the year 1803, Texas belonged to France and formed no part of the territory of Mexico. In that year France sold Texas and Louisiana to the United States,—we held it as our territory for 16 years, or until 1819, when we transferred it to Spain, and during our possession it formed no part of the Mexican territory. At the time of our transferring it to Ferdinand VII, King of Spain, Mexico was in a state of revolt against the mother country. We could not therefore in transferring Texas to Spain be considered as giving it to her,

revolted colonies. Texas became independent of Old Spain and of all the world in 1836, before Spain acknowledged the independence of Mexico herself. What ground is there for assuming that Texas is now or ever has been Mexican territory, which she has a right to subjugate at will while we have no right to acquire it by treaty without her consent? The only party really entitled to consideration in this matter is Old Spain, and as she has made no opposition it is reasonable that she has no objection. The only connection which ever existed between the citizens of Texas and the people of Mexico was that of a civil compact or bargain. A compact can only endure so long as it is faithfully adhered to by the contracting parties. In 1824, Mexico made a constitution similar to our own, which like ours was ratified by the states forming the confederacy—it professed to be an instrument of limited powers preserving to each state its own sovereignty; each state had its Governor, Legislature and Judiciary. A President and Congress were to be chosen at the head of the confederation, precisely like our own. The people of Texas, whose territory had been sold to a foreign king who could afford them no protection, being at the same time severed from the United States, were compelled from their feeble state to seek other alliances. As the Constitution of Mexico was of a democratic character, it was arranged that Texas and Coahuila should form a distinct state and enter the confederacy as a member, with the *distinct understanding* that whenever Texas should become sufficiently populous to become a separate and independent state she should be admitted as such. The Constitution of 1824 was so formed that it did not prohibit the introduction of slaves from the United States. Under its administration and authority they were continually carried into Mexico and apprenticed to their owners for 99 years. In 1824 this federal compact went into operation, continuing in full force until 1825, when Santa Anna, a successful General in the rebellion formed the design of subverting the constitution, erecting a Central Government, making himself supreme Dictator. Accordingly the priests, who feared the Protestant faith under an entire free government, and especially through the Northern states of Coahuila and Texas, united their interests with Santa Anna to effect the contemplated revolution.

In 1825, they succeeded in electing a Congress who proclaimed the federal constitution at an end; pronounced all separate governments dissolved and decreed that all power and authority should be concentrated in the city of Mexico, from which edicts were to emanate for the government of the empire! The Roman Catholic religion was declared the established religion of the land, and the states, including Texas, were called upon to swear allegiance to the new form of government, and surrender their private arms to the agents appointed to receive, and also to subscribe to the Catholic faith as the established religion. An armed force was sent into Texas and Coahuila at the time their legislature was in session. Several members were seized and imprisoned with their Governor, without being charged with any offence. Gen. Stephen Austin went to the city of Mexico to intercede for his countrymen, and without accusation was thrown into a dungeon and confined two years, which so undermined his constitution as to cause his death. This violent, traitorous and sudden revolution and usurpation caused several of the states to take up arms in de-

fence of the federal constitution of 1824, among which were Zacatecas, Durango, Texas and Coahuila. In a short time Santa Anna having the army and the treasure, forced them all to submit except Texas alone. On this handful of free born Americans, Santa Anna in his pride and power, determined to pour all the vials of wrath, denouncing them as pirates, and demanding their unconditional submission, or threatening them with extermination from the land which they had improved and made fertile without protection or aid from Mexico.

The people of Texas resisted and drove their invaders out of the territory, declared themselves independent, and formed a constitution and government of their own. We contend, and it is clearly apparent, that Texas had no connection with Mexico, other than that of a civil compact or bargain; that so long as Mexico, in good faith, sustained this compact, Texas was bound to remain as a member of the federal family, and had no right to proclaim separation and independence. But when the compact, bargain, agreement or constitution was perfidiously destroyed and scattered to winds; when a central dictatorship was established for a republic, and the people called upon to embrace and swear allegiance to a religion to which they were opposed; it became righteous and proper to resist. The compact was at an end, and Texas was as free to become independent, or to form new alliances, as she was before the civil compact of connection was formed with the Mexican confederacy. This is the simple and just explanation of the position of Texas, as fortified by history.

#### THE AMERICAN FRIGATE CHESAPEAKE TURNED INTO AN OLD MILL.

A correspondent of the London *Times* sends to that paper the following interesting paragraph concerning the remains of the old frigate *Chesapeake*.

"The old well remembered American frigate *Chesapeake*, which, between 30 and 40 years ago, when under the command of Com. Lawrence, was captured by Capt. Brook, who commanded His Majesty's frigate the *Shannon*, during the American war, has been broken up for many years past, and at the present time forms a constituent portion of the timber which was used in the erection of a flour mill, situate upon a stream which runs near the town of Botley, in Hampshire. A few days since, the workmen, whilst engaged in repaling the mill, had occasion to remove some of the gable rafters, which formed a part of the old *Chesapeake*, and found the wood to be as sound and as fresh as it was on the day when she was first launched. Several curiously disposed persons have purchased sundry pieces of this noted vessel with a view of having the wood turned into snuff-boxes and other fancy articles of turnery."

#### FARMER SMITH AND MA'AM JONES.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

WIDOWER SMITH's wagon stopped one morning before widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house, by dropping the reins, and setting double, with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides,

and the widow waited for what was further to be said.

"Well Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there Mr. Smith, you couldn't have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone woman, like me, does not know what to do with so many critters, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow again—and so on through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when widow Jones was in a hurry to get through with her baking for Sunday—and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever.

"That e're Downing cow is a pretty fair cretur—" but he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked round her—not the widow, but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know"—another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare followed this speech—the pause was getting awkward, and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord! Mr. Smith, if I'm the one you want, do say so."

The intentions of the widower Smith and the widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were "out-published," they were married.

#### FAIR PLAY IN POLITICS.

We see in a southern paper an instance of devotedness to principles, in politics, which is truly worthy to be perpetuated. It seems that prior to the late presidential election the two parties at Natchitoches agreed to purchase by joint subscription two hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition, to be applied to the use of the party victorious.

The flag staffs of the two parties (says the paper alluded to,) were within a few yards of one another, and from their summits the banners of their respective chiefs streamed in graceful dilliance with the winds of Heaven. It was stipulated that on the result of the canvas being ascertained, a national salute of thirteen guns should be fired, when the banner of the defeated party should be lowered to the ground—that done, the firing of the remainder of the two hundred and fifty guns should be resumed.

When the intelligence of Mr. Polk's election reached Natchitoches, both parties assembled under their respective flag staffs. The firing was begun, and at the thirteenth discharge the Whigs lowered the ensign of Clay and Freelinghuysen, amid as profound a silence as ever reigned over the citadel of the dead.

Among the Whigs there was one deaf and dumb from birth. When the Clay banner was removed from the ground, after the discharge of thirteen guns, to a building hard by, he went away and was not seen again.

until the firing was ended. He was then discovered with his face buried in the folds of the fallen flag, and in a posture betokening the sincerest anguish. He had been a compositor in one of the printing offices of the village, and had embraced the Whig cause with the ardor peculiar to the fervid sensibilities of that best class of persons. When the emblem of his faith was no longer to be seen floating in the mid-air, there was no need for one like him at the meeting. The booming cannon pealed its thunder in vain; such things could not assuage or aggravate his grief. Nor could the condolence of friends reach his bruised spirit. The consolation of interchanging words of comfort with his brethren, was denied him by nature. He could only follow the symbol of his creed, speechless like himself, and fallen as were the hopes that erewhile warmed his bosom with the glow of joyous expectation. When he raised his head from the flag, tears were streaming down his cheeks and his eyes were dim with weeping. It was the only mode that misfortune had left him to throw off the pressure from his heart. Whig and Democrat were alike affected by this touching spectacle of sorrow. Nor did any one seek to disturb him in any way. The citizens dispersed each to his own home, and whether it was from sympathy for a fellow being despoiled by nature of the most important attributes of man, or a proneness of the heart to partake of the woe that is without guile, many a sturdy Democrat and stalwart Whig brushed away the dew that gathered upon their eyes-lids, as they pondered upon the speechless grief of the sorrow-stricken mute.

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From the Bunker Hill.

To Major Jack Downing, Editor of the Bunker Hill  
at New York.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 16, 1844.

DEAR COUSIN JACK:—The gale about Mexico, that I began to tell you about in my last, kept increasing and blowing harder and harder till to-day, when it all lulled away as calm as a summer morning. We shant have any war with Mexico this winter, I aint afraid to wager a great potatoe. After the letters from our Minister to Mexico got here, showing what a snarl he had got into, some thought we must have a war right off, there was no other way to get out of the scrape. And they was brushing up their old fire-locks and getting madder and madder, so as to be ready to strike hard, for they said the President would certainly send a message to Congress to-day declaring war against Mexico.

But the President hadn't sent in any such message, and more than all that, they find out now that he dont mean to. He and Mr. Calhoun chawed the matter all over, and finally concluded it was best to hush it up and not make any rumpus about it. They said Mr. Shannon had been a little too spunky, but they guessed it was best to let him cool down again without going to war; and besides, they thought it would be rather cruel to go so troubling Santa Anna now, when he had more than he could do to take care of his own folks.

But if we dont have any war with Mexico, that's no reason why we shouldn't have a war at home, all of our own. There seems to be a number of that kind a brewing; not to fight with guns, I dont believe they'll come to that; but to fight with quills, and pens,

and tongues, and politics, and offices, and sich kind of weapons. In the first place the old war between the Whigs and Democrats dont seem to be quite done yet; they keep having some after-brushes once in a while. They've been at it so long and got so use to it, they cant leave off.

And then there's a kind of under rumbling of a war breaking out between the southern Democrats and the northern Democrats. They've throwed the rope over the house, and Mr. Calhoun has got hold of one end of it, and is tugging away with all his might and calling upon the southern Democrats to take hold and pull; and Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Wright, have got hold of 'tother end, and are calling upon the northern Democrats to take hold and pull for dear life on their side of the house. And that aint the worst of it; Mr. Benton has clum up top of the house and got straddle of the ridge pole, and took a turn of the rope round the chimney, and declares they shant neither side have the rope, till they are a mind to pull as he wants them to. So there they are pullin and grinnin, and grinnin and pullin as if they'd pull each other's hair out of their heads.

And then there's the Native Americans are getting up a twenty-one years Naturalization war, and they say they'll fight twenty-one years for it, but what they'll get the victory. They had one little battle in this war in the Senate to-day. Mr. Johnson from Louisiana fired the first gun. He said there had been a great deal of monstrous cheating and fraud in the late election of President, and he wanted the Judiciary Committee to inquire into it, and see what could be done to put a stop to such things hereafter. Mr. Archer of Virginia, thought this cheating wouldn't be stopt till we built up a twenty-one years wall round the polls to keep foreigners out.

The committee man, Mr. Berrian, said he would go at it and make thorough work of it, and haul everybody over the coals, that he could find out who had been cheating in the elections. If he does this thoroughly, it's a wonder to me, if there aint more killed and wounded in this war than in any other war we've had for some time.

Mr. Adams keeps up his abolition war yet, and he's got so now he has it pretty much all his own way.

And then there's a kind of nullification war broke out between South Carolina and Massachusetts. I wish you would publish in the Bunker Hill that illustration of nullification, about getting the logs over saw-bago pond, that you published during the General's war with South Carolina about nullification. I think it might throw a little light on the subject.

We have a good deal of difficulty yet in settling Mr. Polk's cabinet so as to give satisfaction to all parties; but we keep holdin meetins and talking the matter over, and I'm in hopes we shall get it all right by and by. If any new war springs up here, I'll send it on by rail-road or express or telegraph, so you shall get the first gun as quick as anybody.

I remain your feller soger,  
SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

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The shock of an earthquake was very sensibly felt in New York on Saturday night the 14th inst, at about midnight. It was of some minutes duration, shaking buildings very perceptibly, and in some cases throwing dishes from the shelves.

## THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

SHE rose from her delicious sleep,  
 And put away her soft brown hair,  
 And in a tone as low and deep  
 As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer,  
 Her snow white hands together pressed,  
 Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,  
 The folded linen on her breast,  
 Just swelling with the charms it hid,  
 And from her long and flowing dress  
 Escaped a bare and snowy foot,  
 Whose step upon the earth did press  
 Like a new snow-flake, white and mute:  
 And then from slumbers soft and warm,  
 Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,  
 She bowed that slight and matchless form,  
 And humbly prayed to be forgiven.  
 O, God, if souls unsoiled as these,  
 Need daily mercy from thy throne;  
 If she upon her bended knees—  
 Our holiest and our purest one;  
 She with a face so clear and bright,  
 We deem her some stray child of night;  
 If she with those soft eyes in tears,  
 Day after day, in her young years,  
 Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,  
 What far, far deeper need have we!  
 How hardly, if she win not heaven,  
 Will our wild errors be forgiven!

## THE WORLD AS IT IS.

RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS, &amp;c.

## CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO—SANTA ANNA PROBABLY DEPOSED.

Mexico appears to have too much trouble at present within her own borders to think of war with us or any other foreign power. A correspondent of the N. York Sun, writing from Vera Cruz, Nov. 21st, gives the following picture of the state of affairs:

"Couriers were arriving here yesterday evening and last night, announcing revolt after revolt. Seven departments or states have declared against Santa Anna, and he is reported to have taken flight for this city, on his way to the Island of Cuba, where he will probably seek a temporary asylum. I am not without hope that we may be able now to restore the constitution of 1824, overthrowing the present union of Church and State, (which is sucking our life blood,) and obtain a government more like that under which you of the North repose in happiness and peace. God grant that we may be successful. The states now against Santa Anna, are:—Guanajuata, Xalisco, (or Guadalajara,) San Louis Potosi, Zacatecas, Durango, Queretaro and Mechoacan, being the seven principal states of Central Mexico.

"The states of Mexico and Vera Cruz, garrisoned as they are by Santa Anna's favorite troops (whom he has paid well and taken good care of, each soldier being provided with a mistress,) have declared against the revolution. We have yet to hear from the South, North and North West. With vallant and patriotic Yucatan, Tabasco and Chiapas in the South; Chihuahua, Sonora and Sinaloa, New Mexico, Santa Fe and California in the North and North West, the revolution

will be complete. I do not think there is a doubtful state among them.

While on his way to Xalisco, to put down Paredes, intending to march through the city of Mexico, Santa Anna received the accounts from the interior, and with it the report that the army of the Revolution numbered thirty thousand men. This intelligence, with signs of discontent greeting him in every direction, probably caused his retreat.

"The committee of investigation in Congress, to which was referred the charge against him of embezzling five millions of dollars from the public Treasury, have not yet reported. In anticipation of that report, he had resolved upon testing the strength of his opponents, discharging Gen. Arista from the command of the Northern division of the army, threatening Paredes with a Court Martial, and courting their opposition with the hope of gaining new laurels in a war of extermination against all who opposed him. Returning to Mexico as a conqueror, he expected to bring Congress into the views. Should the fates be against him, he will retire to Spain, or perhaps to England, where he has invested five or six millions of dollars upon which he can live comfortably for the rest of his days."

The New Orleans Picayune contains some further accounts in the following letter from Jalapa.

"JALAPA, Nov. 20, 1844.

Eds. Picayune:—Having promised to write you, should anything worthy of remark turn up, I have now an opportunity to scratch you a few lines in relation to the troubles in this distracted country. From all accounts, it would seem that the whole interior is up in arms against Santa Anna, with Gen. Paredes at the head of the revolutionary forces. The States of Jalisco, San Luis, Agus-Calientes, Guanojuato and Queretaro have already declared against Santa Anna, and every post brings intelligence of disaffection in other quarters. Some few garrisons in other states may declared themselves in favor of the Government, but that is all humbug. A passenger just arrived from Vera Cruz says that the garrisons there have declared for Santa Anna, but there were many who thought the soldiers were ready to throw up their caps for Paredes, should half a chance occur.

Santa Anna is on his march towards Mexico with 6,000 men, and at the last accounts was near the city; but the desertion from his ranks has been immense. One regiment, number 800, men, had been reduced to its officers and four privates by this means. The cause of the Dictator certainly looks desperate, and you may confidently look for his total overthrow. Yours,  
 COSMOPOLITE."

Doubts are expressed as to whether the people of Vera Cruz would permit Santa Anna to seek refuge in that city.

The New Orleans Jeffersonian says: "A private letter received in this city by the schr. Water Witch states that it is the general opinions in that city, that Santa Anna's administration was about to be overthrown. More than thirty thousand of the citizens were under arms, and the gates of the city would be closed against him in case he should seek refuge there in his falling fortune."

## WAR BETWEEN SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

By a law of South Carolina, of several years standing, free colored persons from other states arriving in



vessels in the harbors of that state are taken and imprisoned till such vessels are ready for sea, when they are again allowed to go on shipboard and depart. We believe a similar law exists in several of the southern states.

Massachusetts thinking this an unwarrantable violation of the rights of free citizens of the United States, and especially of the sovereign state of Massachusetts, employed and sent Mr. Hoar, a distinguished lawyer, to reside in Charleston for the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the law, by taking such colored sailors, belonging to Massachusetts, as he might find in prison, into the United States courts by writ of habeas corpus.

Mr. Hoar on his arrival informed the governor of the object of his mission. Whereupon the governor sent a message to the legislature communicating the circumstance, and the legislature forthwith passed the following belligerent resolutions:

Resolved, 1st, That the right to exclude from their territories seditious persons, or others, whose presence may be dangerous to their peace, is essential to every Independent State.

Resolved, 2d, That free negroes and persons of color, are not citizens of the United States within the meaning of the Constitution, which confers upon the citizens of one state, the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several states.

Resolved, 3d, That the emissary sent by the state of Massachusetts to the state of South Carolina, with the avowed purpose of interfering with her institutions and disturbing her peace is to be regarded, in the character he has assumed, and to be treated accordingly.

Resolved, 4th, That his Excellency the governor, be requested to expel from our territory, the said agent after due notice to depart, and the legislature, will sustain executive authority in any measure it may adopt for the purpose aforesaid.

It is stated that Mr. Hoar, instead of waiting for the actual commencement of hostilities, took his *passports* and started for home.

#### MR. BENTON'S BILL.

Mr. Benton will go for the annexation of Texas if Congress will agree to his mode and terms of performing the operation, which differs very materially from the plan of President Tyler. Mr. Benton has introduced to the consideration of the Senate the following Bill.

*A Bill to provide for the Annexation of Texas to the United States.*

*Be it enacted, &c.* That the President of the United States be and he hereby is authorized and advised to open negotiations with Mexico and Texas for the adjustment of boundaries, and the annexation of the latter to the United States on the following bases, to-wit:

I. The boundary of the territory annexed to be in the desert prairie west of the Nueces, and along the highlands and mountain heights which divide the waters of the Mississippi from the waters of the Rio del Norte, and to latitude forty-two degrees north.

II. The people of Texas, by a legislative act, or by any authentic act which shows the will of the majority, to express their assent to said annexation.

III. A State, to be called "the State of Texas," with boundaries fixed by herself, and an extent not exceeding that of the largest State in the Union, be

admitted into the Union, by virtue of this act, on an equal footing with the original States.

IV. The remainder of the annexed territory to be held and disposed of by the United States as one of their territories, and to be called "the Southwest Territory."

V. The existence of slavery to be forever prohibited in the northern and northwestern part of said territory, west of the 100th degree of longitude west from Greenwich, so as to divide as equally as may be the whole of the annexed country between slaveholding and non-slave-holding States.

VI. The assent of Mexico to be obtained by treaty to such annexation and boundary, or to be disposed with when the Congress of the United States may deem such assent to be necessary.

VII. Other details of the annexation to be adjusted by treaty, so far as the same may come within the scope of the treaty-making power.

#### ILLINOIS, WITH A MILL-STONE TIED TO ITS NECK.

We had hoped that all the indebted states would soon be in a way to redeem their debts. But by the late message of the Governor of Illinois to the Legislature, it would seem that there is no present prospect in that state, of any such desirable result.

The revenue of the state is not equal to ordinary disbursements for state purposes.

In relation to the state debt, Governor Ford holds the following language:—

"As to the extraordinary debt of the state, contracted for the canal and other internal improvements, no interest has been paid on it, which has accrued, since the 1st of July, 1841; and no provision of law has been made for such payment. The magnitude of this debt, compared with the resources of the state, has been a continual terror to the people. They have lived in expectation of oppressive taxes. The same has been anticipated by all who would otherwise emigrate to the state. The popular vote at the last election shows that our population has been increased but little since 1840; and it is a fact, too notorious to be concealed, that nothing but the utter impossibility of selling real estate, prevents the rapid decrease of our numbers. The adjacent territories are filling up with inhabitants at our expense. The high and palmy days have departed, when we doubled our population in a few years; when, if a citizen owned more land than he wanted to cultivate, or if he wanted to leave the country, or remove from one part of the state to another, he could sell his land for cash. What has produced this state of things? Has it been high taxes? No. It has been the fear of them only. Is it because money has been drawn from our pockets, as a tax upon our industry? No. Not one cent has yet been paid by taxation. On the contrary, our taxes, for state purposes, are three times less than they are in the great and flourishing state of Ohio. Nevertheless, Ohio is advancing to greatness with unparalleled rapidity; whilst we are paralyzed with the torpid fear of evil only, when no such evil really exists."

FORREST, the distinguished actor, is soon to leave the country on an engagement at Paris. He made this announcement at the close of his late engagement at Philadelphia. So it seems the Parisians are bent on having a fine treat in the theatrical way, having Macready and Forrest there at the same time.

General Morris peremptorily declines the honor of a complementary concert for his benefit, which Mr. Willis and two or three other friends were attempting to get up for him, believing that the public owed him a benefit for his many songs. So says Mr. Willis in the *Evening Mirror*.

There is already, some talk of building a new Opera house on the upper part of Broadway, somewhere in the neighborhood of the New York Hotel. Half a dozen years ago this spot was out of town.

#### THE ROVER BOOK-TABLE.

THE following communication is rather too long for the subject; nevertheless, we give place to it, premising that we have not received or read the book ourselves.

REDBURN; or the Schoolmaster of a Morning. New York: W. M. Christy, 2 Astor House.

THIS poem is neatly printed in a volume of seventy-two pages. It is embraced in four cantos, under the following heads: the Announcement, the Arrival, the School, and the Denouement. It is from a new aspirant, and judging from the ability here displayed, we are led to hope better things of the author: being his first claim upon public attention, we give him great credit for the successful manner in which he has handled a subject not fraught with much poetical interest. We have seen some kind notices of the poem by some of our brethren of the press, and in one or two instances an unkind, and, we should think, a hasty opinion of its merits. One paper said, in a dyspeptic tone, "The author and we have different opinions of what constitutes poetry,"—or what amounted to the same. Why is it that some people always greet a stranger with coldness? Can the wisacre who uttered the above sentence, do better than this? and would he break the chord that produced it? We extract the opening of the fourth canto.

"Would you know why the rivulet ripples along,  
In the centre so brawling and fast,  
While the stream at the side is not rapid or strong,  
And the water seems loth to go past?  
Oh, the brook at the edge hath the green bank to kiss,  
As it laughs in the field-flower's eye,  
But the desolate channel enjoys no such bliss,  
And so dashes all heedlessly by."

Possibly anybody can produce eight lines as good as those above quoted, but we doubt it.

Perhaps a critic with a disordered stomach would not see any merit in the following:

"Have you ne'er, as you sat of a summer's day  
In the shade of a tree at noon,  
When the harp-strings of nature were swept to play  
A sweet and a varied tune—  
When the streamlet danced quick to its own soft note  
On the floor of the slippery stone,  
And the melody gush'd from the wild bird's throat,  
And the breeze had a pleasant tone:  
Have you ne'er from the distant, clover-spread lea  
Heard a gradual murmur come,  
As his provident care the weariless bee  
Enliven'd with musical hum?"

If we except the last two lines, which we do not like the turn of, as they seem to be shoved in backward, can the above be much bettered by many of our butcher-critics, who rush upon the trembling invaders of their territory with tomahawk and scalping-knife.

We have not room, or we could make more extracts to prove that there *was* poetry in the book, but having shown thus much, we dare say our readers will believe that more is to be obtained from the same mine. But it will not do to be all honey, and so we must pour on a little vinegar for the sake of tartness.

Although the author in a first attempt has done remarkably well, he must not expect to thrive by doing no better. Poetry, now-a-days, merely *well* done, had better have been left *undone*; there is no particular merit in mediocrity, and in this age of transcendentalism, the muse must be wooed with boldness, strength and passion. The author of Redburn has not chosen a subject of much interest—it is tame, and that is one particular fault of the poem. There are also many blemishes and much carelessness. It is a good rule for an author never to pass a single line or sentence that does not harmonize with his ear, or which his own taste does not fully approve of, for he may be sure that less partial minds will not fail to mark it; and in the present era, when so much poetry is published, that which is not *very* good is neglected, for nothing in a readable *shape* is so unreadable as poor, or even tolerable poetry, nor so profitless to both writer and publisher.

The poet's task is a thankless one, and nothing but an aching heart, a throbbing brow, privation, self-denial, and sleepless nights, can place him upon that pinnacle to which he has aspired; and even when the height is won, he looks around him and exclaims: "Is this all?" He is not happy; for the pleasant memories and the familiar music of the past are crowding upon his brain and gushing through his soul, and he sighs for the fabled Lethe, that he might plunge into its dark depths. How gladly would he change lots with the whistling plough-boy.

We will tell thee what, thou consumer of midnight oil—thou watcher in the night, but dreamer in the world—literature, as a profession, and more particularly poetry, is, in fact, another apple in *our* garden of Eden—*forbidden* fruit in the Paradise of life. Wo, wo, to the taster! for from the day he tasteth thereof, even from that day he shall never know peace or happiness. It is a wearying, never-ending chase after a phantom—a being haunted by an invisible demon that urges you on to more than the spirit can accomplish—a very incubus upon the heart—a sort of perpetual night-mare of the soul. It is true there are some gleams of glorious sunshine; but, alas! how much gloom—how much shadow! Go to the far West, young man—to Oregon, to Texas, anywhere; dig, delve, kill Indians, hunt bears or buffalo—do anything, so that you are along with Nature's self; but do not shut yourself up in a close room and invoke horrible spectres to set your brain a buzzing like ten millions of humble-bees. Eat, drink, laugh and be happy; be virtuous, be honest, be just, and die contented; but never write poetry.

Having written ourselves up so high, we will write ourselves down again, alighting as easy as a bird upon a bush, and wind off by commending Redburn to the kind notice of the public, and by hoping that he will not have his eyes pecked out by a community of literary sparrow-hawks, who are continually on the wing for new Redburns.

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Engraved by A. L. L.

Painted by E. Landwehr, N.Y.

*Interior of a Highlanders' Cottage.*



# THE ROVER.

## INTERIOR OF A HIGHLANDER'S COTTAGE.

THE beautiful engraving in the present number of the Rover is from a painting by Landseer, who is said to have no equal in his life-like and accurate delineation of animals. This view, therefore, of the interior of a Highlander's cottage, is undoubtedly as true to life as it is picturesque. Mr. Dick has also done good justice to the subject in his branch of the art.

### THE PILOT.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

Oh, pilot! 'tis a fearful night,  
There's danger on the deep;  
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,  
I dare not go to sleep.  
Go down! the sailor cried, go down,  
This is no place for thee;  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah! pilot, dangers often met,  
We all are apt to slight,  
And thou hast known these raging waves  
But to subdue their might:  
It is not apathy, he cried,  
That gives this strength to me;  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night the sea engulf'd  
My father's lifeless form;  
My only brother's boat went down  
In just so wild a storm:  
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,  
But still I say to thee  
Fear not! but trust in Providence,  
Wherever thou may'st be.

## THE LEGEND OF KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

WRITERS inform us that King Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urban, and of the Emperor Valdemond, was a prince of great valor and renown, but of a temper so proud and impatient, that he did not like to bend his knee to Heaven itself, but would sit twirling his beard, and looking with something worse than indifference round about; during the gravest services of the church.

One day, while he was present at vespers on the eve of St. John, his attention was excited to some words in the Magnificat, in consequence of a sudden dropping of the choristers' voices. The words were these: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles.*" "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath exalted the humble." Being far too great and warlike a prince to know anything about Latin, he asked a chaplain near him the meaning of these words; and being told what it was, observed that such expressions were no better than an old song, since men like himself were not so easily pulled down, much less

supplanted by poor creatures whom people called "humble."

The chaplain, doubtless out of pure astonishment and horror, made no reply; and his majesty, partly from the heat of the weather, and partly to relieve himself from the rest of the service, fell asleep.

After some lapse of time, the royal "alter in the seat of the scornful," owing, as he thought, to the sound of the organ, but in reality to a great droning melody in his ear, woke up in more than his usual state of impatience, and he was preparing to vent it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived the church empty. Every soul was gone, excepting a deaf old woman who was turning up the cushions. He addressed her to no purpose: he spoke louder and louder, and was proceeding, as well as rage and amaze would let him, to try if he could walk out of the church without a dozen lords before him, when suddenly catching a sight of his face, the woman uttered a cry of "thieves!" and shuffled away, just closing the door behind her.

King Robert then looked at the door in silence, then round him at the empty church, then at himself. His cloak of ermine was gone. The coronet was taken from his cap. The very jewels were taken from his fingers. "Thieves, verily!" thought the king, turning white for shame and rage. "Here is a conspiracy—rebellion! This is that sanctified traitor, the duke. Horses shall tear them all to pieces. What do you there! Open the door for the king!"

"For the constable, you mean," said a voice through the keyhole. "You're a pretty fellow!"

The king said nothing.

"Thinking to escape, in the king's name," said the voice, "after hiding to plunder his closet. We've got you."

"Still the king said nothing.

The sexton could not refrain from another jibe at his prisoner.

"I see you, there," said he, "by the big lamp, grinning like a rat in a trap. How do you like your bacon?"

Now whether King Robert was of the blood of that Norman chief who felled his enemy's horse with a blow of his fist, we know not; but certain it is, that the only answer he made the sexton was by dashing his enormous foot against the door, and bursting it open in his teeth. The sexton, who felt as if a horse had given him a blow in the face, fainted away; and the king, as far as a sense of dignity would allow him, hurried to his palace which was close by.

"Well," said the porter, "what do you want?"

"Stand aside, fellow!" roared the king, pushing back the door with the gigantic foot.

"Go to the devil!" said the porter, who was a stout fellow too, and pushed the king back before he expected resistance. The king, however, was too much for him. He felled him to the ground, and half strode, half rushed into the palace, followed by the exasperated janitor.

"Seize him!" cried the porter.

"On your lives!" cried the king. "Look at me, fellow—who am I?"

"A mad beast and a fool—that's what you are," cried the porter; "and you're a dead man for coming

drunk into the palace, and hitting the king's servants. Hold him fast."

In came the guards, with an officer at their head, who was going to visit his mistress, and had been dressing his curls at a looking-glass. He had the looking-glass in his hand.

"Captain Francaville," said the king, "is the world run mad? or what is it? Do your rebels pretend not to know me? Go before me, sir, to my rooms!"

And as he spoke, the king shook off his assailants, as a lion does curs, and moved onward.

Captain Francaville put his finger gently before the king to stop him; and looking with a sort of staring indifference in his face, said in a very mild tone, "some madman."

King Robert tore the looking-glass from the captain's hand, and looked himself in the face. It was not his own face. It was another man's face, very hot and vulgar; and had something in it at once melancholy and ridiculous.

"By the living God!" exclaimed Robert, "here is witchcraft! I am changed."

And, for the first time in his life, a sensation of fear came upon him, but nothing so great as the rage and fury that remained. All the world believed witchcraft, as well as King Robert; but they had still more certain proofs of the existence of drunkenness and madness; and the king's household had seen the king come forth as usual, and were ready to split their sides for laughter at the figment of this raging imposter, pretending to be King Robert changed.

"Bring him in—bring him in!" now exclaimed other voices, the news having got to the royal apartments; "the king wants to see him."

King Robert was brought in; and there, amidst roars of laughter, (for courts were not quite so well bred places then as they now are,) he found himself face to face with another King Robert, seated on his throne, and as like his former self as he himself was unlike, but with more dignity.

"Hidious imposter!" exclaimed Robert, rushing forward to tear him down.

The court at the word "hidious," roared with greater laughter than before; for the king, in spite of his pride, was at all times a handsome man; and there was a strong feeling at present that he had never in his life looked so well.

Robert, when half way to the throne, felt as though a palsy had struck him. He stopped, and essayed to vent his rage, but he could not speak.

The figure on the throne looked him steadily in the face. Robert thought it was a wizard, but hated far more than he feared him, for he was of great courage.

It was an angel.

But the angel was not going to disclose himself yet, nor for a long time. Meanwhile, he behaved, on the occasion, very much like a man: we mean like a man of ordinary feelings and resentments, though still mixed with dignity beyond what had been before observed in the Sicilian monarch. Some of the courtiers attributed it to a sort of royal instinct of contrast with the claims of the imposter; but others (by the angel's contrivance) had seen him as he came out of the church, half suddenly, with an abashed and altered visage, before the shrine of St. Thomas, as if supernaturally struck with some visitation from heaven for his pride and unbelief. The rumor flew about on the instant, and was confirmed by an order given from the throne,

the moment the angel seated himself upon it, for a gift of hitherto unheard-of amount to the shrine itself.

"Since thou art royal-mad," said the new sovereign, "and in truth the very king of idiots, thou shalt be crowned and sceptered with a cap and bauble, and be my fool."

Robert was still tongue-tied. He tried in vain to speak—to roar out his disgust and defiance; and half mad indeed, with the inability, pointed with his quivering finger to the inside of his mouth, as if in apology to the beholders for not doing it. Fresh shouts of laughter made his brain seem to reel within him.

"Fetch the cap and bauble," said the sovereign, "and let the king of fools have his coronation."

Robert felt that he must submit to what he thought the power of the devil; and began to have glimpses of a real though hesitating sense of the advantage of securing friendship on the side of Heaven. But rage and indignation were uppermost; and while the attendants were shaving his head, fixing the cap, and jeeringly dignifying him with the bauble sceptre, he was racking his brains for schemes of vengeance. What exasperated him most of all, next to the shaving, was to observe, that those who had flattered him most when a king, were the loudest in their contempt, now that he was the court-zany. One pompous lord in particular, with a high and ridiculous voice, who continued to laugh when all the rest had done, and produced fresh peals by the continuance, was so excessively provoking, that Robert, who felt his vocal and muscular power restored to him as if for the occasion, could not help shaking his fist at the grinning slave, and crying out: "Thou beast, Terranover!" which in all but the person so addressed, only produced additional merriment.

At length, the king ordered the fool to be taken away, in order to sup with the dogs. Robert was stupefied; but he found himself hungry against his will, and knawed the bones which had been chucked away by his nobles.

The proud King Robert of Sicily lived in this way for two years, always raging in his mind, always sullen in his manners and subjected to every indignity that his quondam favorites could heap on him without the power to resent it. For the new monarch seemed unjust to him only. He had all the humiliations, without any of the privileges of the cap and bells, and was the dullest fool ever heard of. All the notice the king took of him, consisted in his asking, now and then, in full court, when everything was silent, "Well, fool, art thou still a king?" Robert for some weeks, loudly answered that he was; but, finding that the answer was but the signal for a roar of laughter, converted his speech into the silent dignity of a haughty and royal attitude, till, observing that the laughter was greater at this dumb show, he ingeniously adopted a manner which expressed neither defiance nor acquiescence, and the angel for some time let him alone.

Meantime, everybody but the unhappy Robert blessed the new, or as they supposed him, the altered king, for everything in the mode of government was changed. Taxes were light; the poor had plenty; work was reasonable; the nobles themselves were expected to work after their fashion—to study, to watch zealously over the interests of their tenants, to travel and bring home new books and innocent luxuries. Half the day throughout Sicily was given to industry, and half to healthy and intellectual enjoyment; and the inhabitants became at once the manliest and tender-

est, the gayest and most studious people in the world. Wherever the king went, he was loaded with benedictions; and the fool heard them and began to wonder what the devil had to do with appearances so extraordinary. And thus for the space of time we have mentioned, he lived wondering, and sullen, and hating, and hated, and despised.

At the expiration of these two years or nearly so, the king announced his intention of a visit to his brother the pope, and his brother the emperor, the latter agreeing to come to Rome for the purpose. He went accordingly with a great train, clad in most magnificent garments, all but the fool, who was arrayed in fox tails, and put side by side with an ape, dressed like himself. The people poured out of their houses, and fields, and vineyards all struggling to get a sight of the king's face, and to bless it, the ladies strewing flowers, and the peasants' wife holding up their rosy children—which last sight seemed particularly to delight the sovereign. The fool, bewildered, came after the court pages, by the side of his ape, exciting shouts of laughter, and, in some bosoms, not a little astonishment, to think how a monarch so kind and considerate to all the rest of the world, should be so hard upon a sorry fool. But it was told them, that this fool was the most perverse and insolent of men toward the prince himself; and then, although their wonder hardly ceased, it was full of indignation against the unhappy wretch, and he was loaded with every kind of scorn and abuse. The proud King Robert seemed the only blot and disgrace upon the land.

The fool had still a hope; that when his holiness the pope saw him, the magician's arts would be at an end; for though he had no religion at all, properly speaking, he had retained something even of a superstitious faith in the highest worldly form of it. The pope however beheld him without the least recognition; so did the emperor; and when he saw them both gazing with unfeigned admiration at the exalted beauty of his former altered self and not with the old faces of pretended good will and secret dislike, a sense of awe and humanity, for the first time fell gently upon him. Instead of getting as far as possible from his companion the ape, he approached him closer and closer, partly that he might hide himself under the very shadow of his insignificance, partly from a feeling of absolute sympathy, and a desire to possess, if not one friend in the world, at least one associate who was not an enemy.

It happened that day that it was the eve of St. John, the same on which two years ago, Robert had heard and scorned the words in the Magnificat. Vespers were performed before the pope, and two sovereigns: the music and the soft voices fell softer as they came to the words, and Robert again heard, but with far different feelings. *Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and exalted the humble." Tears gushed into his eyes, and, to the astonishment of the court, the sullen and brutal fool was seen with his hands reverently clasped upon his bosom in prayer, and the water pouring down his face in floods of penitence. Something of holier feeling than usual had turned all hearts that day. The king's own favorite chaplain had preached from the text which declares charity to be greater than faith or hope. The emperor began to think mankind really his brothers. The pope wished that some new council of the church would authorize him to set over

the Jewish Ten Commandments and in more glorious letters, the new, *eleventh*, or greater christain commandment—"Behold, I give unto you a new commandment, LOVE ONE ANOTHER." In short, Rome felt that day like angel-governed Sicily.

When the service was over, and the sovereigns had retired to their apartments, the unknown King Robert's behavior was reported to the unsuspected King-Angel, who had seen it, but said nothing. The sacred interloper announced his intention of giving the fool a trial in some better office, and he sent for him accordingly, having first dismissed every other person. King Robert came in his fool's cap and bells, and stood humbly at a distance before the strange great charitable unknown, looking on the floor and blushing. He had the ape by the hand, who had long courted his good-will, and who, having now obtained it, clung to his human friend in a way that, to a Roman, might have seemed ridiculous, but to the angel, was affecting.

"Art thou still a king?" said the angel, putting the old question, but without the word "fool."

"I am a fool," said King Robert, "and no king."

What would'st thou, "Robert?" returned the angel, in a mild voice.

King Robert trembled from head to foot, and said, "Even what thou would'st, O mighty and good stranger, whom I know not how to name—hardly to look at!"

The stranger laid his hand on the shoulder of King Robert, who felt an inexpressible calm suddenly diffuse itself over his whole being. He knelt down, and clasped his hands to thank him.

"Not to me," interrupted the angel, in a grave, but sweet voice; and kneeling down by the side of Robert, he said, as if in church, "let us pray."

King Robert prayed, and the angel prayed, and after a few moments, the king look up, and the angel was gone; and then the king knew that it was an angel indeed.

And his own likeness returned to King Robert, but never an atom of his pride, and after a blessed reign, he died, disclosing this history to his weeping nobles, and requesting that it might be recorded in the Sicilian Annals.

#### MR. CLAY AN ABOLITIONIST.

The New York Tribune publishes the following:

MR. CLAY emancipated his personal servant Charles—widely known as worthy of such a master and worthy, too, of Freedom—on the 9th inst. Charles, five years ago, traveled through Canada with his master, but declined all solicitations to leave him. A friend who was in court at the time, sends us the following transcript of the deed of emancipation:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry Clay of Ashland, for and in consideration of the fidelity, attachment and services of Charles Dupey, (the son of Aaron, commonly called Charles, and Charlotte,) and of my esteem and regard for him, do hereby liberate and emancipate the said Charles Dupey, from this day from all obligation of service to me, or my representatives, investing him, as far as any act of mine can invest him, with all the rights and privileges of a free-man.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal, this 9th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1844.

H. CLAY. [SEAL.]

Sealed and delivered in the presence of  
THOS. H. CLAY.

## THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

BY LORD BYRON.

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!  
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?  
Can guilt like man's ere be forgiven?  
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light! on thee I call!  
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;  
Thou, who can'st mark the sparrow's fall,  
Avert from me the death of sin:

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown,  
Oh, point to me the path of truth!  
Thy dread omnipotence I own,  
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,  
Let superstition hail the pile,  
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,  
With tales of mystic rights beguile.

Shall man confine his maker's sway  
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?  
Thy temple is the face of day:  
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless throne.

Shall man condemn his race to hell  
Unless they bend in pompous form?  
Tell us that all, for one who fell,  
Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies  
Yet doom his brother to expire,  
Whose soul a different hope supplies,  
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,  
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?  
Shall reptiles, groveling on the ground,  
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Father! no prophet's law I seek,—  
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;  
I own myself corrupt and weak,  
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear.

Thou who can'st guide the wandering star  
Through trackless realms of ether's space;  
Who calm'st the elemental war,  
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace;—

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,  
Who, when thou wilt, can take me hence,  
Ah! while I tread this earthly sphere,  
Extend to me thy wide defence.

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!  
Whatever weal or woe betide,  
By thy command I rise or fall,  
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust, to dust restored,  
My soul shall float on airy wing,  
How shall thy glorious name adored  
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

## PRISON ASSOCIATION.

A VERY important movement has lately been made in this city, in regard to prisons and convict prisoners, to which, with all our heart, we say God speed. We have long thought that society did not perform its whole duty to the people of this class, nor even to itself, in regard to them. To shut them up when their vicious propensities render it useful for them to be at large—to inflict punishment upon them as a terror to other evil doers, is often both wise and necessary; but, after these purposes are answered, the victim of this necessity is frequently reduced to a condition as deplorable as it is hopeless. He is sent forth into the world with the mark of Cain upon him, and it is almost a miracle, if he does not become "a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth." Deprived of that confidence in himself which enables the honest man to stand erect in the presence of his fellow man, distrusted by employers, and shunned by their workmen, he finds himself, on his exit from the prison house of the felon, compelled to endure a more horrible seclusion, or to associate alone with those who are fit tenants of the place he has left. It is Chourineur who asks in the name of the whole class, "And where should I live? Who will associate with a liberated convict? I am not fond of solitude; here I find my equals."

With many of these people, their punishment may be said to begin only on their discharge from confinement. With their associates in prison, their crime is no disgrace, and it works no exclusion from the society of their fellows; but upon their re-entrance in the world, they, from the first, feel the most horrible of all solitudes, that of being alone amid a multitude. We once knew an Irish girl, of quick sensibility, but of rather dull perception, who was beyond measure delighted at her release. She began at once to mix with those about her, and it was only by slow degrees, that she perceived her seclusion from all society, as one after another of those she approached repelled her advances. And when at length the truth broke upon her, it seemed as if her heart would break. She could not endure the awful loneliness to which she was condemned—the absence of all confidence in her; and she prayed to be released from such a living death, by being sent back to prison.

Such acuteness of feeling, does not indeed characterize them all. With many, the want and destitution to which they are reduced by this absence of confidence, this natural distrust of one who has once proved himself to be unworthy, often operate with far greater force in compelling a return to crime.

To save such from a relapse, is, or at least ought to be, as important an object of a just penitentiary system, as the prevention of crime in the first instance. This object has been too much overlooked, and we are glad to perceive public attention awakened to it.

The meeting on the 6th inst. was well calculated to produce this effect. Emanating as it did, from the officers of our State Prison, and endorsed as it was by a score or two of our first citizens, it was expected to be numerously attended. The expectation was realized, and a numerous and highly intelligent audience, among whom were many ladies, assembled at the Appollo.

The meeting was organized by the appointment of Vice Chancellor McCoun as President; Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring and Gen. Prosper M. Wetmore as Vice Presidents; and John Jay and John L. O'Sullivan as Secretaries.



Mr. Edmonds, the President of the Board of Inspectors of the State Prison, opened the ball, by stating the motives which had induced his colleagues to make this appeal to the public. It is not in our line to give his speech, but some of the considerations which he urged, are of too general importance not to be of some interest to our readers.

He stated that the whole number of prisoners was 943, more than half of whom were sent from the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and of course returned to those places on their discharge; besides that, the means of getting to and from Sing Sing from all parts of the state, were through New York, so that all the convicts, with scarce an exception, on their discharge, found their way to this city, and as many of them had no home to go to, they tarried here. About 250 were discharged every year, so that the prison emptied upon this place from 20 to 25 convicted felons every month!

It became then, as Mr. E. said, a pretty important question for our citizens, what was to be done with these people?

The great object of sending them to prison, was to deter them from committing crimes again, and yet if, when they came out, they could find no employment, they must of necessity, starve or steal.

He admitted there was some, whose capacity to abstain from crime, was, to say the least, very questionable, such as the old and hardened offenders, and the *wanted* convicts. But that constituted a small portion of them. The majority of them, he said, and we confess much to our surprise, were young—under the age of 30—with education enough to read, of temperate habits, who had never been in prison before, and whose only crime, for which they were now confined, was caused either by want, sudden temptation or evil associations. And he insisted that many of them could be reformed and made good citizens of. And sure enough! If of such a class of our fallen fellow creatures we can have no hopes, whom can we hope for?

The first step to effect that object, was to afford them the means of obtaining an honest livelihood and raising them above the temptation of want.

He argued also, the infusion of greater kindness and benevolence into the government of our prisons, would do much toward reforming the convicts, and he drew a comparison between the state of crime in other countries, where the old fashioned harshness and cruelty of prison discipline still prevails, and in this country, where a more humane system had obtained. And truly the statements were not more grateful to our humanity, than to our national pride.

Thus in Ireland, crime had increased from 1805 to 1841, from 3,600 a year to 20,796.

In Scotland, from 1820 to 1841, from 1,486 a year to 3,884; in England, from 1805 to 1842, from 4,605 a year to 31,309.

While in ten states of the Union, of which he had an account, crime had actually diminished, during a period when the population had nearly doubled.

In Great Britain, crime had increased four times as fast as the population, and in this country it had not kept pace with it.

He also stated an astonishing fact, that during the year 1842, 139,388 people had been arrested and confined in England, on a charge of crime, or nearly one in every hundred of her population, of which number,

87,299 were convicted! or about one in every 160 people in the whole country.

To bring the comparison close home, he showed that in our state in 1830, the number of convictions was one in 1811 of our population, and in 1840, it was one in every 1808; and during that time our population had increased nearly half a million. In England in 1842, the number of similar convictions was one in every 150 inhabitants.

He then asked what was the cause of this enormous difference? Making all due allowance for the cause of temperance, Education and other things, he insisted that it was owing in part, to our having about 25 years ago, adopted a milder, more humane and just system of criminal law, and punishment for crime. But in Great Britain, the process of reform in her prison system had been much more slow, and she was now hesitating about adopting our system, because of its alleged cruelty and hardness.

By arousing public attention to the subject, by disseminating information and by judicious appeals to the press and our legislatures, he contended that much might be done still further to increase the reformatory character of our system, and by removing the objections to its severity, cause it to be generally adopted.

He concluded his speech, which was rather "lengthy" for such a meeting, by moving the appointment of a committee to report a Constitution and officers for an Association.

The Rev. W. H. Channing seconded his motion, and it was adopted.

Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, from that committee reported a constitution and list of officers which were adopted by the meeting. The following were the prominent officers:

VICE CHANCELLOR McCOWN, President.  
THEODORE FREELINGHUYSEN, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,  
ABRAHAM VAN NEE, JOHN W. EDMONDS, Vice Presidents.

GORHAM A. WORTH, Treasurer.  
JOHN JAY, Recording Secretary.  
W. H. CHANNING, Corresponding Secretary.

The meeting was also addressed by Mrs. Rose, a Polish lady, who made an eloquent appeal in behalf of her own sex; by Professor Tellkamp, Isaac T. Hopper, a benevolent quaker, and some others, and at a late hour the assemblage disappeared.

And now that the society is organized under such favorable auspices, we hope that it will rapidly proceed in its good work, and if it will only avoid the shoals of a mawkish and sickly sensibility, we augur for it a long career of success, and a rich harvest of usefulness.—*New World*.

#### THE WIDOWER AND HIS BIRDS.

THE following touching incident, illustrating the sentiment of *pet-ship*, is related by the editor of the Boston Transcript.

"Mr. George Golding, a noted bird fancier, who is well known in State street, having been over twenty years messenger of the New England Marine Insurance Office, was much afflicted last summer by the sudden death of his wife. For many years he has also suffered severely from the effects of rheumatism, so much so as frequently to be confined for months to his chamber. But amid all his afflictions he seemed to derive great pleasure from rearing a large family of

canaries. Frequently, when he has been so racked with pain as to be unable to stand upright, he has scrambled out of bed on his hands and knees, seated himself by the cages, and whistled and talked to his 'little minstrels,' as he called them, for hours; and they in their turn, piping their shrillest notes, or sporting from perch to perch, or eating out of his hand. Every bird had its name, and so perfectly were they trained that nearly all of them knew when he called them; and their names, too had each its meaning or association, sometimes in the Oriental style. One would be named 'Clear Voice,' another 'Little Red Riding Hood,' a third 'Weeping Willow,' &c., &c. So perfect was the sympathy between them, that he would open the doors of the cage, then stretch himself on the floor of his chamber, and call them to him by name, and in a few minutes, they would cluster around him, eat out of his mouth, whistle as he spoke to them, nestle in his bosom, and play a great variety of other interesting antics, such as birds only can play.

"Last Tuesday, Mr. Golding thought that the chamber was too cold for his feathered family, and in a luckless hour, he placed a charcoal furnace in the room for the purpose of warming it. Half an hour afterward he visited the room, but who can describe the old man's agony, when he beheld the greater part of the darlings, in which all his affections seemed to centre, lying dead on the bottoms of their cages!—'Oh, my God!' he exclaimed, 'all, all my little ones gone—what have I done to deserve this?' and he sank on the floor, burying his face in his hands. His daughter came immediately to his assistance, removed the furnace, threw the windows open, and succeeded by these means, in preserving twenty birds. He had fifty in all, and lost thirty of them.

"Nearly an hour elapsed before the old man could muster courage to attend to the wants of the living members of his family, and remove the dead ones. Slowly and sorrowfully he opened the doors of the cages—the tears, the while streaming down his aged cheeks—and sad and plaintive were the words he uttered as he separated the dead from the living.

"The first dead one he pressed to his lips and kissed again and again, and in a tone of deep sorrow he commenced reciting its history. 'Thou, my sweet little Morning Star, were the first to tell me that the night was gone, and the daylight near, but no more shall I hear thy voice—it is hushed forever, and my poor heart is almost broken. And thou too, my Evening Star,' continued he, pressing another to his lips, 'why art thou gone? Why didst thou leave the old man? he was kind to thee, he used to kiss thee and feed thee from his mouth, and listen with delight to thy calm sweet notes, as they sung the sun beneath the sea. My Morning and Evening Stars are both set, and I will soon follow them.' He could proceed no further, but again sank on the floor, and cried as if his heart would break. Although the birds to him were a great pecuniary loss, say one hundred and fifty dollars, yet he not once alluded to them in that sense, and we are satisfied, that if he had ten times that amount, he would freely have given it all if by doing so he could have restored them to life. So warmly is he attached to them still, that he contemplates having them stuffed, that he may gaze on them while he lives."

**WOMAN'S TEMPER.**—No trait of character is more valuable in a female, than the possession of a sweet

temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied and worn by the toil of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling upon the heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has a soothing influence over the minds of a whole family.

Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the bad feelings of a natural heart. Smiles, kind words and looks, characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwellings there. Study then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life retains all its freshness and power.

#### A PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF AARON BURR.

BUSINESS of pressing importance, called Colonel B. to the village of H—, a spot which he had not visited for fifty years and upwards, and as he rolled onward in the vehicle that bore him, he seemed wrapped in thought. Ever and anon he would pass his eyes over the face of the country, and his countenance was lighted up with a peculiar smile, he would sink backwards in his seat, and resume his self-communion. He stopped at a small looking tavern, and giving directions to have his horse cared for the night, he was soon seated in the best parlor by a comfortable fire, for it was in the month of December. The business which called him there, could not receive his attention until an early hour the following morning, and preparations were made to make him comfortable for the night. His companion was directed to go to the bar-room and give some necessary order, in the prosecution of which he mentioned the name of Colonel Burr.

An elderly female standing behind the bar who had not before been noticed, suddenly turned around and asked quickly, "what Colonel B?—Is it Aaron B?"

"Yes," briefly responded the person addressed.

The female suddenly laid down something she had in her hand and, seating herself appeared to be terribly excited, trembling like an aspen leaf. She remained seated for several minutes her eyes fixed on the ground, then starting up she exclaimed—

"I must see him; I have wished and hoped to see that man before I die; but I had hardly expected that I should ever be gratified," and turning to the glass, hanging inside the bar, she smoothed the white hairs that straggled over her forehead, and through her tidy cap—pressed down her dress where it was rumpled, and in a moment was in the parlor where Colonel B. was seated, perusing some law papers connected with the business that brought him thither.

As the female entered the room, the Colonel arose, and, with a grace peculiar to himself, motioned her to be seated; but she paid no attention to him, but stood gazing upon him with a look of the most fixed earnestness, scanning him from head to foot, and finally meeting his eyes without quailing.

"When you have sufficiently examined me, Madam, I shall feel pleased to afford you any information you may desire," said the Colonel in his blandest tones, as the old lady without uttering a word, kept her gaze intently fixed upon him, in silence.

At length, when she had satisfied herself with looking at him, she took the chair to which he had motioned her, and as she sank into it, she exclaimed loud enough for him to hear—

"What a change has fifty years wrought here!" and before he had time to ask if she had ever met him before, she added—"You are very much altered, Colonel B. since you were here before."

"Why, yes, Madam, fifty years are apt to displace black hair and a smooth face, to make way for snowy locks, and wrinkled fronts. It is about fifty years since I have been in this neighborhood, and I was then quartered—"

"At farmer L's," said the old lady. "Yes, I remember all about those times now. I had hoped that time and change would have done the work, and freed me from the memory of those days; but your presence calls them back again, with undiminished force. Let me see; you were about twenty, then, and as fine and gallant a youth as ever eyes might look upon—"

"And now I am seventy, and worn out, you may add," chimed in the colonel following up her humor. "Yes, I passed many happy hours at Farmer L's. I wonder what has become of his daughter Anna; I had almost forgotten her, but you mentioned the old farmer, and that reminds me of his daughter, whom I remember, now distinctly."

"You do not suppose you would know her again do you?"

"Oh, no," laughingly responded the colonel, "I doubt not time has done his duty by her as well as myself, and I should find as much difficulty in recognizing her, as she, doubtless would to discover in me the young colonel who used to make love to her."

"You hoary headed villain! you withered anatomy! You shriveled, toothless remnant of humanity! Look at me! you treacherous villain, and see if, in my gray hairs, in my toothless gums, in my wrinkled, furrowed face, you can discover any resemblance to Anna L., for she I am, as sure as you are Aaron B."

Colonel B. never suffered himself to appear surprised. Nothing was ever allowed to disturb his stoicism—his equanimity. Nor was it ruffled now. He gazed for an instant upon the female who had risen up and approached him, and was about to reply when she interrupted him.

"And is it thus you dare to speak of one, whom your villainy has doomed to days, and nights, and weeks, and months, aye and years of mental agony? Is it thus that you, with one foot in the grave, with your hair whitened by snows of many winters—your heart seared and deadened to all noble impulses, dare to speak of your outrageous villainy? Old man, old man, remember you are on the verge of the grave, and oh! let me, whom you have so deeply, dreadfully injured, beg you to repent, and turn from your sins while it is called to day. Your hour *must* come, with all your sins and guilt upon your head you must go down to the grave, unless you repent and are forgiven: and my prayer shall be, deeply as I have been injured, that you may obtain as free forgiveness from him, who alone can pardon, as I now forgive the wrongs done me."

During the delivery of these few words the old lady was standing close to the colonel, her bony hand stretched out toward him, and her eyes fixed firmly on his own. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, not a feature changed, but he sat looking upon the

woman as she called up the memory of her own deep wrongs, like a statue of marble. When he saw that she had finished, he rose and, bowing to her with most finished grace and ease remarked:

"Advice from such lips cannot be otherwise than good. I will reflect upon what you have said, and perhaps I may see the necessity of pursuing the course you recommend. For the present, however, I am fatigued, and must ask to be shown to my room for the night."

The old lady said nothing, but slowly moved from the room, and as the door closed upon her retiring form, he turned to his companion and, with an air of chagrin, remarked:

"This comes from promising marriage," and in a moment, he was deeply engaged in perusing his law papers, as if nothing had occurred.

#### STORY OF A BACKLOG.

Our nearest neighbor was Squire Peleg Sanford; well the old squire and all his family was all of them the most awful passionate folks that ever lived, when they chose; and then they could keep in their temper, and be as cool at other times as cucumbers. One night, old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucom, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. A backlog, you know, squire, in a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout junk of a boy to lift one.

Well, as soon as Gucom goes to fetch the log, the old squire drew forward the coals, and fixed the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucom with a little cat stick, no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but seized his ridin' whip, and gave him a "most an awful whippin'." He tuned his hide properly for him, you may depend. "Now," said he, "go, sir, and bring in a proper backlog."

Gucom was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip of the old block, and no mistake; so out he goes without so much as saying a word, but instead of goin' to the wood pile, he walks off altogether, and staid away eighty years, till he was one-and-twenty, and his own master. Well so soon as he was a man grown and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go to home and see his old father and mother again, and show them that he was 'alive and kicking;' for they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never havin' heard from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived to the old house, daylight was down and the lights lit, and as he passed the keepin'-room winder, he looked in, and there was old squire sittin' in the same chair he was eight years afore, when he ordered the backlog, and gave him such an unmerciful whippin'. So what does Gucom do but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a most hugeaceous log, (for he had grow'd to be a most a thunderin' big feller then,) and openin' the door, he marched in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' up, said he—

"Father, I've brought you in a backlog."

Uncle Peleg (was struck up all of a heap; he couldn't believe his eyes, that that great sixfooter was the boy he had cowed, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprized him more, he was quite

onfakilled and bedumbed for a minute. But he came to right off, and was iced down to a freezin' pint in no time.

"What did you say?" says he.

"That I have brought you in the backlog, sir, you sent me out for."

"Well, then, you've been a confounded long time a fetchin' it," says he; "that's all I can say. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed."

"Now, that's fact Squire; I know the parties myself—and that's what I call coolness—and no mistake! —Sam Slick.

#### THE MOSAIC LAW OF NATURALIZATION.

Professor Wines, in one of his lectures says: "Admission to citizenship was denominated by Moses, entering into the congregation of Jehovah." He ordained that this should never take place the first or second generation. Some nations, as the Ammonites, and Moabites, for particular reasons were not to be admitted to the tenth generation—that is, never. But the Edomites, Egyptians, and probably foreigners of other nations, could become Israelitish citizens in the third generation. That is to say, the grand-children of those who had immigrated into Judea from foreign climes, could be admitted to the privileges of natives of the soil. Why this jealousy of foreign influence? The reason is plain. Moses was an intelligent and devoted lover of his country's liberties, and he was not willing that they should be lightly subjected to the peril of destruction, through the ignorance and recklessness of foreign voters. Hence he required that foreigners should become naturalized in their sentiments, habits, sympathies and manners, before by a legal naturalization they should be incorporated into the body politic and invested with the rights and dignities of citizens. And, certainly the principle of this enactment must commend itself to the sober understanding, as founded in the wisest policy and the most true hearted patriotism; though, doubtless, the application of the principle need not, in all cases, be carried to the equal degree of rigor."

#### ASTONISHING FACTS IN RELATION TO THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.

The materials of which the pyramids are constructed, afford scope for long dissertation, because, independently of the science and skill requisite for their adaptation, the distance from which most of them were brought proves that each Monarch's sway extended all over Egypt and Lower Nubia, if not beyond: and in relation to this subject we gather the following facts from the second lecture of Mr. Gliddon's course:

Geologically considered, Egypt is a very peculiar country, the quarries of different kinds of stone lying at great distances from each other in distinctly marked localities. If you see a piece of basalt on the beach of the Mediterranean, you know there is no basaltic quarry nearer than between the first and second cataract, and, when you find a block of granite at Memphis, you know that no granite exists but at the first cataract—nearer than the eastern desert on the Red Sea with the peninsula of Mount Sinai. Early civilization and extended dominion is indicated in these facts, and when we reflect upon them, we almost think we witness the work of transportation going on; that we see the builders, and the buildings themselves in pro-

gress of erection. The blocks of Arabian limestone used in the interior of the pyramids were brought from the ancient quarries of Toorah, on the opposite side of the Nile, distant about fifteen or twenty miles from each pyramid. These very quarries are vast halls as it were excavated in the living Rock, wherein entire armies might encamp, are adorned with now mutilated tables recording the age of their respective openings by different Pharaohs, not only show the *very beds* whence the stupendous blocks of some of the pyramids were taken; but are in themselves, works as wondrous and sublime as the Memphite Pyramids! nay, at the foot of these quarries, lie the countless tombs and Sarcophagi of unnumbered generations of ancient quarrymen! These quarries are of intense archæological interest, because tablets in them record that stone was cut in them for Memphis, on such a day, such a month, such a year of the reign of such a king; and these kings begin from the remotest times before the sixteenth dynasty, and, at different intervals come down through the Pharaonic period with many of the other, till we reach the Ptoleic epoch—and end with Latin inscriptions similar to others in Egypt attesting that "these quarries were worked" in the propitious era of our Lord and Emperors Severus and Antoninus, thus enabling us to descend almost step by step from the remote antiquity of two thousand years B. C., down to two hundred years after the christian era. The hand of modern barbarism, prompted by the destructiveness of Mohammed Ali has since 1830 done more to deface these tablets—to blow up many of those halls in sheer wantonness than has been effected by time in four thousand years!

Every atom of the hundred thousand tons of granite used in the pyramids was cut at Syene, the first cataract, distant six hundred and forty miles. The blocks, some of which are forty feet long had to be cut out of their beds with wooden wedges and copper chisels; then polished with emery till they were smooth as looking-glass and then carried by land half a mile to the river—placed on rafts and floated down six hundred and forty miles to Memphis—brought by canals to the foot of the Lybian chain—conveyed by land over gigantic causeways from one mile to three in length to the pyramids for which they were intended, and then elevated by machinery and placed in their present position, with a skill, and a masonic precision that has confounded the most scientific European engineer with amazement! The very *basalt* sarcophagi that once held the mummy of the Pharaohs, in the inmost recesses of these pyramidal mausolea, eight and a half feet long by three and a half broad and three deep were all brought from Lower Nubia, from the basaltic quarries of the second cataract not nearer than seven hundred and fifty miles up the river! Looking into the *interior* of the pyramids, there is still much to stagger belief—to excite our admiration. In the pyramid of five steps, the upper beams that support the roof of the chamber are of oak larch, and cedar, not one of which trees grow in Egypt, and establish the fact of the *timber trade* with Illyria, Asia Minor, and Mount Lebanon in ages long before Abraham! In the fragments of a mummy the cloth is found to be saturated with the "Pissaspaltum"—Jew's pitch or bitumen Judiacum, compound of vegetable pitch from the Archipelago, and of asphaltum of the Dead Sea in Palestine; we find *Gum Arabic* that does not grow nearer than one thousand two hundred miles from the pyramids; at-



testing commerce with Upper Nubia. The *gold leaf* came from the mines of Suskim, on the Red Sea, or from remote Fazoglu. The liquor which cleansed out the body of the mummy was *Cedria* the fluid rosin of the pinus cedrus—that grows not nearer than Syria. The *spices* send us to the Indian Ocean—the aloes to Succotra—the cinnamon to Ceylon, the ancient Taprohane—and then the *arts and sciences* brought to bear upon the pyramids that must have arrived at perfection long before *that day* are not only themes for endless reflections, but oblige us to confess that in *chronology* we are yet children!

Among this novel and strange assertion, in relation to the science of the ancient Egyptians, Mr. Gliddon maintained that from the *very nature of the country*, and the vast *fossil remains* in their quarries, &c., the Egyptian priests must have been *geologists*; and referred to his "Chapters," page 49—for the remarks of the priest of Solon. "You mentioned one deluge only whereas many happened," and other evidences, that the *Egyptians* recognized in their mythology and chronology of the world *vast periods* of time, anterior to the creation of man.—*Boston Transcript*.

By the note accompanying the following lines from a fair correspondent, we learn that she is an inexperienced writer; nevertheless they embody a sweet sentiment, gracefully expressed, and are better than many of the articles published from poets who have a name.

## TO MY LITTLE ABSENT SISTER.

BY T. C. I.

On sister dear, I don't forget—

Round thee my fondest thought still strays;  
For thee in patient study yet

My evenings pass; in toil my days;  
And still ascends my heartfelt prayer  
That we again one home may share.

Aloud I seldom breathe thy name,  
For none around me cares for thee;  
But yet, methinks, no tenderer flame  
Within a sister's breast could be,  
Than that which still ascends in prayer,  
That we again one home may share.

I never see a laughing eye,  
I never mark glad children play,  
Without remembering with a sigh  
Our dear Eliza, far away.  
When good-night kisses I receive,  
I think of those thou used to give.

When day's fatigues and cares are o'er,  
I love to ramble, book in hand;  
I love to mark my moonlit flowers,  
As graceful in the breeze they bend;  
But, oh, I would that thou wert here,  
My books, my walks, my flowers to share.

When round the social board we meet,  
Round the domestic altar bend,  
When Sabbath hours, in converse sweet,  
Or in the Sabbath school, I spend,  
My thoughts take wing to the bless'd home  
Where words of parting are unknown.

Dear sister, dost thou bear in mind

God's favor morn and eve to seek?

If spared to meet thee, shall I find

Thy manners bland, thy spirit meek?

Art thou still studying, hour by hour,

Thy mind with Learning's sweets to store?

Ah, dear Eliza, don't forget,

Though near thee now I may not be;

Think fondly of thy sister yet,

For well she loves to think of thee;

And join her in the heart-felt prayer

That we again one home may share.

For the ROVER—New York, Dec. 1844

## MYSTETIOUS.

A VERY short time since, our readers may recollect, the press, generally, noticed the circumstance of a young woman in Boston, N. H., having disclosed a murder which, years before, when quite a child she saw her mother (now an old woman in the poor house) commit upon a pedlar as he slept upon their hearth; rifling the body and afterward sinking it in a pond, &c.

The story is one of singular interest, and we have waited for further developments, watching the account, in the mean time, as it has spread about the country far and wide. No further information, however, appearing likely to be elicited, we shall even tell what we know of the matter. The following will throw much light upon the subject—it was published by the Pica-yune a few years ago.

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MYSTERY.

The remarkable history we are about to relate, occurred within our recollection, and near a certain locality in New Hampshire, the exciting event will be recognized and remembered. About two miles from a small town in the state we have mentioned, the road crossed a hill of considerable eminence, behind which a valley of a mile broad, called by the people an "interval," lay extended. This piece of land from over-tillage was worn out, and belonged to a man who kept a tavern on the roadside. Near the top of the hill, on the side nearest the valley, was a deep pond—a strange place, it is true, for such a thing to exist, but the nature of the ground made a permanent lodging of water in the hollow of the hill perfectly natural. Near this pond there stood a little rude tenement in which lived a woman unknown in the neighborhood, and looked upon with great distrust and suspicion. She had a little girl with her, a child of five years old, whom she called her daughter, and who was her only companion in the hut in which she lived.

A farmer who resided upon the out-skirts of the town, upon opening his door one morning, discovered this poor little girl, barefooted and ragged, crouched beneath the eave of the house, and seemingly very much terrified. When he questioned her, she said she had come to tell him something dreadful, but she feared her mother would kill her for doing so.

"Oh, good sir," she said, "I think it is right that I should tell you, for it is something very bad, but my mother will kill me if you tell her."

The farmer quieted the child's fears, and then learned from her the horrid relation that her mother had last night murdered and robbed a traveler who had stopped at her house. It had stormed desperately during the night, and a stranger man, she said, had come

to the little lonely hut looking for shelter. He had gone to sleep, stretched upon the floor before the fire, and hearing a groan in the night, she woke up and saw her mother killing the stranger with a knife. She lay still, in great terror, and saw her mother take money from the man's pockets and hide it, then drag the body into a narrow space behind the chimney and cover it with the brush wood used for fuel, after which the miserable murderess crept into bed by the child's side. The poor girl could not sleep, and at the first peep of morning she saw her mother rise again, drag the body from behind the chimney to the pond at the back of the house, tie stones to it, and with a long pole forced it down into the thick mud at the bottom. Terrified, pale, and almost speechless with fear, the little girl fled from her miserable mother's habitation, and ran a mile and a half to a farmer's house to relate these horrid details.

Of course the alarm was instantly given, and a terrific excitement flew through the town and among the neighbors for miles around. An early hour in the morning found constables and a large crowd of persons assembled at the woman's dwelling. The unhappy wretch instantly turned pale and exhibited every sign of guilt, first refusing the officers admission, then forcing herself between them and the space behind the chimney, as if eager to retard the investigation, but still vociferously asserting her innocence. An officer got behind the chimney and picked up a large knife, which together with the floor around was newly cluttered with blood; but the woman continued insolently to deny her guilt, and accused the child of lying, in revenge for having been whipped the night before. This rash assertion instantly confirmed her guilt, for it was quite evident a child of five years old could never invent such a story, and the burst of indignation against the mother for her unnatural charge told the strong feeling that was already awakened against her. The girl was still overcome with terror and kept in awe by the mother's frowns, so that it required long persuasion and promises of protection before she would reveal where the money was hidden. At length she pointed to the spot, and the sum of thirty dollars was dug up, the miserable amount for which a female demon had launched a human being into eternity.

The investigation was continued; the woman was placed in custody, and the pond, about a quarter of a mile wide, was dragged with grappling irons in all directions, yet no body was discovered. The next day the search went on with like success, and at length, when all other efforts seemed useless, it was suggested that the pond might be drained dry, and by this process the body must inevitably come to light. The plan after some further search, (in which the pole mentioned by the child was found, stained with blood and with some remnants of apparel attached to it), was adopted by the authorities, and a sluice was dug to let the water off down the hill side. The operation occupied some time, and, when at length a vent was opened, the impetuous rush of water swept nearly the whole band upon the hill side, letting off the whole at one bound, followed by a mass of pitch black mud, dead logs, fresh water turtles, cat fish, paddocks, eels, water snakes, and all the strange tenants of the pond. Still the body did not appear, and after a thorough examination of the black bottom of the pond, vague suspicions of some other kind of rognery began to be entertained by the crowd. The child was again examined, the

pond was again scraped, the "interval," over which the dark sediment and filth of the pond now lay a foot deep, was carefully inspected in all directions, and still the dreadful mystery was unexplained.

The evidence of the child, the finding of the knife, the pole, the money, the woman's strong appearance of guilt, all proved that a heartless and horrid human butchery had been perpetrated, and the fruitless search after the body seemed but to add new terror to the excitement. Who was the unfortunate stranger? evidently some traveler from a distance, for nobody in the neighborhood was missed. Why could the body not be found? Ten thousand conjectures flew around, each of which only added to the perplexing mystery. A strange uncertainty forced itself upon the minds of the people. By all appearances it seemed certain that the murdered man had never been thrown into the pond at all, yet that the bloody deed had been perpetrated, was, from the evidence, conclusively established.

Thus the affair continued enveloped in darkness, and all hope was abandoned of discovering the body. The woman could not be convicted upon the evidence of the child, and that evidence itself could not be substantiated without the finding of the body. So, while every person was satisfied of her guilt, it was clear nothing but her own confession would ever bring the murderer within the power of the law. She, with unflinching obstinacy, continued to deny all knowledge of the murder, and at length she was actually released from confinement, no possibility appearing of ever being able to secure her conviction.

A few months passed on, and the "interval" upon which the pond had been almost worthless, now grew to a rich and flourishing piece of land, and people would remark that the draining of the big pond had at least proved a good thing for the Yankee tavern keeper who owned the ground below.

Now for the development of the mysterious tragedy. A quarrel occurred between the heroine of the story and the innkeeper of the "interval." In her exasperation she came forward and threw a blaze of light on this blood-chilling mystery, which at once opened all eyes wide with astonishment. A scheme was laid open, the intricate and cunningly devised wheels of which could have been set in motion but by a genuine bred and born and thoroughly educated son of Yankee land. The tavern keeper wanted his land improved; he wanted the pond turned on to it, and soon hit upon a plan of having the job done free of expense. He laid awake three nights, matured his plan, contracted with the poor woman for fifty dollars to put it in operation, and she, with the assistance of a consummately artful child, carried it on. She killed a pig, smeared a knife and a pole, taught her child the story to tell, and acted out the game in a manner worthy of the best living representative of Lady Macbeth. The tavern keeper had furnished the thirty dollars of the murdered man's money, but when his object was gained he refused to pay the promised fifty, not caring a pin whether the woman would expose his trick or not. This led to the grand development, and thus our thrilling narrative of "A New Hampshire Mystery," gentle reader, turns out to be neither more nor less than a superexcellent and surpassingly executed "Yankee trick!"—*St. Louis Revue*.

## YANKEEISMS AND AMERICANISMS.

At a late monthly meeting of the New York Historical society, Mr. J. R. Bartlett read an interesting and frequently humorous disquisition upon the birth and parentage of American Provincialisms. He set out by remarking, that as some people had contended that the provincialisms of a language were not worthy of grave investigation, it would be necessary for him to say a few words about the power of language. There was nothing which so distinctly marked the nationality of a people as their language. The color of the skin had been considered a sure test—that test could only be applied in certain cases—and in no case was color as reliable a test as language. Language had always remained the imperishable source by which the history of a people could be traced to its fountain-head. It was true that in various nations speaking what strangers to their tongues would call different languages—such, for example, as the hosts of people classed as the Hindoo Germanic family—but an examination into the differences between the languages of these coterminous races, which consist almost altogether in their provincialisms, left no doubt at all that they sprung from a common stock. All nations had their provincialisms, and he considered it an unnecessary scrutiny for us to trace our provincialisms to our English ancestors. He contended, however, that the provincialisms of a people were a legitimate subject of history. In the United States, the difference between the provincialisms of the various sections consisted more in the manner than in anything else. They were doloed out, in the Eastern states, in a drawling, unimpassioned manner, while in the south they were pronounced with a quickness and a fierceness that totally changed their features. He believed he could prove that out of the provincialisms, or "Yankeeisms," (as the British writers were in the habit of calling them,) of the New England states, seven-eighths are good English words, or at least, were so years ago. The provincialisms of the western states were pure English words—words which had been adopted by the most eminent English authors, and words generally of strong meaning. One of the most common provincialisms in the New England states was the word "guess." Every foreign writer puts this word down as an Americanism, or Yankeeism. Such is not the case. There may be, in this country, some little abuse of the word, by a too general application of it. The strict meaning of the word "guess," is to conjecture. The American applies it, however, when he knows anything, thinks, supposes. The word can bear all these applications, and he is quite right in so applying them. He then showed, by extracts from Shakspeare, Dryden, Locke, &c., that all these great writers had used the word "guess" in different senses. Next, he would take the word "lick," and show that even that was of Saxon origin. He quoted Chaucer, and a variety of English authors, to show that every one who had made use of the word spelt and pronounced it "lick," except Shakspeare, who alone set it down "sleek." In succession, he illustrated (sometimes with bursts of humor) the origin of the words "hope," "mightily," "mighty." In reference to the last word, he presented a striking contrast between the use of it by Pryor, of England, and Davy Crockett of America, who, on one occasion, exclaimed, "What mighty hard land this is!" (A laugh.) The words "here tell" were quite common in New England, and

could be traced back as far as Chaucer. The words "to lick," meaning to whip, were of old date. They came from the Saxon, and could be traced as far back as Chaucer. They were, at this day, used as a provincialism in England, in the same sense as *hern*. A great deal had been said by English writers, and they had let off a good deal of fun, about the word "swap," and yet that obnoxious word had been used in the Spectator—it had been used by Bishop Hall—and Dryden had put it into the mouth of one of his persons: "I would have swapped youth for old age." Judge Haliburton gives a description of the baleful effects of "swapping," and makes his hero wind up with saying, "I've seen swaps where both sides got tuk in." (A laugh.) The words, "power," "plaguy," "plagully," "tiptop," "touchy," "strange goings on," "great," "greenhorn," "gumption," "spunky," "epoony," "beat all hollow," and "wapper," were prominent provincialisms, here, and they were all in use in England. Mr. Bartlett then referred to a few words and expressions of another class to which no English organ could be assigned. Among these were, "I am proud to see you"—"A crowd of people"—"To stump it"—"To slope," "half slewed," meaning on the road to get drunk—"store," "caucus" "Stir up sticks," &c.—"Frat," (a word common in the south)—"Cocked hat," &c. The last word had lately sprung up, and was applied variously in the country, although he could not discover that it had any meaning whatever. He would relate to them an anecdote about it, however, which would show how it was appreciated by the people of England. About two years ago, there was a severe storm in this section of the country, the mails were all stopped, and the N. York Commercial Advertiser on the morning of the sailing of the steamer for England, apologized for the paucity of its news, by saying that the storm had been so heavy as to knock all the mails into a cocked hat. Upon this the London Spectator remarked that the news from America, by that arrival, was very light, which was accounted for by the New York Commercial Advertiser in a very singular way. That paper stated that there had been a heavy storm there, and that all the mails had been knocked into a cocked hat, a singular position of things which it was impossible to define. [Great laughter.] There were the words "whole," "worry," "poke," &c., to which no origin could be assigned, but the great mass of provincialisms among us were in quite common use in three parts of England—Norfolkshire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and the North of England. Nine-tenths of the provincialisms of New England came from these sections of England, and it was from there that our ancestors chiefly came. Mr. Bartlett said that he would have liked to pursue the subject farther, but he had already detained the large assembly too long for the present.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Bartlett, and a copy of his paper requested.

## WESTERN ORATORY.

They have some very tall orators out west, as the following extract from an orator will sufficiently show. It was delivered on the 4th of July, at Lancaster, Wisconsin Territory. The speaker after stating that Europe was no *whar*: that she was a mere obsolete idea in comparison to us, proceeded in this fashion: If young America then in the cradle, strangled the

British Lion, and afterward bucked John Bull into the briny gulf of Mexico, with what ease can our country, now in the giant strength of manhood plant its flag on the shores of the Pacific, seize Quebec and Gibraltar, blockade the English channel, and plant the stars and stripes upon the Tower of London. (Loud cheering.)

Americans! remember that your country was born in blood, baptized in gore, cradled in the war hoop, and bred to the rifle and bowie knife. We have *feet* our way up. First came the war of the revolution. The colonies cut their way out of it, through blood and carnage and thunder. They tore their blanket wide open. Onst or twist it looked like a mighty slim chance: but they cut and seared and tore and slathered away like blazes. (Cheering.) They grappled John Bull like a pack of bull terriers. They tuck him by the haunches; they grappled the wine-pipe, and at last they made him bellow like bloody thunder. Washington sheathed the sword. The gentle olive branch of peace waved her green and luxuriant foliage in majesty over the shores of Columbia; and foreigners flocked in and built their nests with us among its sheltered boughs. But a few more years had rolled away down the railroad track of time, when John Bull again came bellowing up the Mississippi, pawing up on to his back the rich and luxuriant *sile* of Louisiana; and horning the bank of *sayed* river and lashing his tail like fury. But just below Orleans he found the great Jackson, and he could shake him no more than an oxen, he couldn't shure! (Great applause.) Jackson stood thar like a taurieror, and met John Bull as he advanced every time. At last he hit a llick, right back in under between the horns that knocked the breath out of him, and sent him off reeling and blating and bellowing like he felt disagreeable at the stumik.

"Soldiers of the Winnebago war, and invincibles of Sank furse! (Here thirteen men arose.) Heroes of bad axe! Veterans of Stillman's fight! Very nimble men! You have come down to us from reform of generation. Heaven has bountifully prolonged out your lives that you might see the fruit of your valor. You behold around no longer the torch of the savage, and the gleaming of the tomahawk and the scalping knife. You no longer watch the Indian trail or the ambush, or hear the savage yell and the terrific war-hoop. All is now peace and quiet. Those houses that you see around you are the abodes of civilized and refined white folks. This spacious edifice that surrounds you is not a wigwam; but the temple of justice. How changed are all things! Under the spur of the school-master, the very fall of civilization has advanced beyond what the front cars then was. Let me die in contemplation of thy sublime destiny, exclaiming with my dying breath, 'Bear the stars and stripes aloft—and onward—onward.'"

#### MOUNTAIN SCENERY OF VIRGINIA.

The Grand Tunnel in Scott County.

Few countries surpass Western Virginia in beauty and sublimity of natural scenery. The lofty and almost interminable ranges of mountains, which extend in all directions through this region, compose a mighty net-work, through whose mazes the traveler wanders in delighted amazement: his eye, at one moment, measuring the steep ascent of some huge mount, hoary with cliffs, or rustling with foliage; anon, resting on some broad, deep valley, robed in green and gorgeous

in beauty—and again tracing the course of some mountain river, rushing over a rocky chasm, or sliding softly through a quiet glen, its waters dashed into foam, gleaming in the sunlight, or resting, deep and still in the shades of green and wooded banks.

Nor have nature's efforts been confined to the productions of these more plainly apparent mountains of her power. Proud of her might, and capricious in her fancy, she has marked this with many and wonderful results of her skill and labor. Out of materials, lasting as her own existence, she has constructed altars, meet for the orisons of her worshippers; shrines where love and admiration of nature, adoration and reverence of Nature's Author may be poured forth, unchecked by the intrusion of crowds, unshackled by the futile pomp of man's poor grandeur. To some of these I would fain, (so far as mere description can effect that object,) introduce the distant readers of the Messenger: and if they will accompany me, in lieu of a better guide, I will lead them to one—the Natural Bridge, as it is called, but in reality Natural Tunnel, in Scott county.

Turning southwardly out of the Cumberland Gap Turnpike, about twelve miles north west of Eastville, a rough and broken bridle path leads down Stock Creek, a large branch of Chinch River between very high hills, or rather shall mountains. Following the course of the glen nearly a mile, in a southern direction, we find a third ridge stretching across from hill to hill, forming the valley into a vast but irregular representation of the letter H. This crossing ridge is several hundred feet in height; steep and inaccessible on each side. Against the base of this mound the water rushes in search of a passage, and it finds a channel, perhaps the most awful and sublime on earth, hollowed out by nature's own mighty hand. Standing in the brink of the chasm, the eye is raised to a vast arch, two hundred feet in height, and as much in width, composed of whitish limestone, and formed with considerable regularity. This arch gradually slopes downward and narrows into the bosom of the mountain. Clambering over huge masses of rock, that have evidently fallen from above, and among which the waters foam and plunge along, we proceed through the gorge about a hundred yards. Here we find the chasm, thus far constantly sinking and narrowing, reduced to dimensions of about fifteen feet in height, and in width about thirty or forty. We are now involved in deep twilight, though at the entrance the sun-light is gleaming on the walls of white rock, and gleaming on the cedar boughs that fringe the water's edge. At this point the chasm turns to the south east, and light from the farther extremity is visible. Thirty yards onward and the tunnel makes another angle, and the stream resumed its former course to the south west. The arch begins to expand again, and with more regularity, symmetry and beauty than at the northern extremity. Strange and awful, yet wondrously beautiful, is the spectacle which we behold on emerging from the bosom of the mountain. The arch opens out of a circular wall of solid rock, which if extended in a straight line would be four hundred feet in length; and is full as much in height. On coming out we experience feelings akin to the sensations we would attribute to Sinbad the sailor, when he found himself enclosed in the rock-walled Valley of Diamonds. The vast rampart extends in an irregular circle, or rather oval; and on coming out of the tunnel we do not im-



mediately perceive a long opening cave that from which we have just emerged. Thus we are apparently confined to an immense dungeon, walled in by rock, and celled by the Heavens alone. The stream does not run directly across the oval area; but entering near one end, we perceive it, after turning to the right and washing the base of a segment of the wall, plunge through a narrow outlet, and rush on down the glen, between the rough and wild crags.

I have stood on peaks from which the eye's farthest range was unobstructed by any obstacle; I have almost trembled on the summits of precipices, from whence a single false step would have hurled me, a shapeless mass, to feed the carrion birds, which alone could have reached my shattered remains. I have stood beneath the arch of the *real* natural bridge, and admired its vast proportions and finished symmetry; I have seen many of Nature's master pieces in a region where she works on her most magnificent scale; but I have never experienced, amidst them all, such sensations as when standing alone in this mighty amphitheatre of God's own workmanship. In such a scene what an overwhelming sense of man's weakness and insignificance seizes upon us: how strong is the feeling of the almost visible presence of Deity. An eye accustomed from infancy to measure lofty heights and penetrate profound abysses, reeled in its socket when upturned to view that towering wall; a shuddering frame witnessed the performance of an homage due to nature, in this temple fitted for her holiest worship. Then came the thought of man; his power, his strength, his pride, his weakness, his woe, his madness. And I thought of pyramids, cathedrals, and coliseum: aye! *here* is a coliseum, prouder than Rome could boast when Cæsars were her rulers, and monarchs were her citizens. Yonder jagged rocks protruding from the walls, and those deep, shaggy crevices are seats; that over arching summit, sweeping round in ample curves, is gallery too noble for man's imitation; that dark tunnel, piercing the mountain's rugged breast, is a den whence ye might lead the wild beast and fiercer gladiator. But away with such thoughts in such a scene. What should blood and misery, and man's crime and fearful fierceness do in this temple of nature—amidst these memorials of her skill and her grandeur.

The length of the tunnel is some two hundred, or two hundred and fifty yards; but on this point I can not be exact, having visited it alone, without the means of measuring. In the centre it is not near as high nor so wide as at the extremities; still a man can walk through erect. At the northern end, the arch, or precipice, is about two hundred feet high; nearly double as high at the southern opening. The oval area, which is so nearly surrounded by the precipice at the southern extremity, contains about half an acre of land. There is no view through the entire length of the tunnel, owing to the curve in the centre; and when standing immediately in that curve, neither opening is visible, though the light finds it way from both, and renders a torch unnecessary.

The material of which this stupendous fabric is composed, is a whitish limestone, strongly impregnated with saltpetre. The saltpetre was formerly collected in large quantities for the purpose of making gunpowder. I saw large heaps of earthy matter from which the nitre had been extracted. Gathering the earth which contained the nitrous matter was an occupation almost as perilous as the "dreadful trade" of a sapphire gath-

erer in Shakspeare's day. A tradition is current in the neighborhood, which I will give, though I cannot vouch for the exactness of the details. In order to reach a certain vein of saltpetre, it was necessary to lower a man to a small hole, one hundred and fifty feet below the top of the precipice, in which he could crawl, and thence throw the nitrous earth to the bottom of the rock. At that period, in this region, ropes were scarce and costly articles; and their place, in the labor which I have mentioned was supplied by green hickory wythes lashed together, which made a very good substitute. The task of descending to the opening was, at all times, one of difficulty and danger: for the cliff arches over at the top, and its side presents several sharp jagged points. Upon one occasion an adventurous man had performed his task, and prepared for his ascent in the usual manner. He fastened the wythes under his arms, and having swung off from his foothold, his companions commenced drawing him up. Conceive the poor fellow's horror and dismay when, at this point, he perceived that just above him one of the fastenings of the wythes was untwisting. His fellow laborers, ignorant of their comrade's situation, pulled away as if nothing was the matter; and at each involuntary gyration, his peril became imminent. There he was, swinging above the frightful abyss with nothing between him and a horrible death, save the slender grapple of the week bough. Terror deprived him of utterance, though speech would have availed nothing. Slender as was his hold upon life, it proved sufficient. He was brought to the top before the wythe became wholly untwisted; but though life was preserved, terror had produced an effect similar to that recorded in other instances. His bushy locks were blanched "white as wool," and to his dying day he bore a memento of his narrow escape from a fearful death.

This place has been often compared to the Natural Bridge; but there is little resemblance between the two. Whilst the one is really a *bridge*, finished complete and symmetrical, the other is a tunnel. Born in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, I had been taught to consider it the master work of Nature; but this prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, I know not if the bridge can claim the palm from its rival of the south west. The bridge is certainly the more beautiful, the more curious, the more artistical; but it sinks almost into insignificance when compared in magnitude, in massiveness, in sublimity to the tunnel. Nature finished off the bridge with the more elegant touches of her skillful hand; but she piled up, in yon mountain archway, rock enough for half a dozen Natural Bridges.

A tolerably good road leads over the ridge, at a right angle with the course of the tunnel. From this road the valley on the upper or north side is visible; but the precipice on the southern side, rising above the level of the road, shuts out the view in that direction; and I cared but little about creeping to the edge and throwing my eyes down the profound abyss below. Even now the thought of it makes me shudder. My eye never before faltered when gazing from the loftiest pinnacles—but it is, in truth, at least doubtful if the firmest nerves would not quail on that wild arch.

I cannot imagine why this place has attracted so little attention from the traveling public. It is but little known beyond the distance of a day's journey from its location. This is, most likely, owing to its remote situation in the midst of a rough and broken country.

Now, however, this obstacle to its proper examination is partially removed. A capital road has been lately constructed, passing within less than a mile of the spot; and I understand that the people of the neighborhood are about to make a passable road down the creek immediately to the arch. Hereafter I hope the many travelers who resort annually to our mountains, will behold the "Giant's Archway," among the many other wonders of Western Virginia.

W. H. C.

## THE EXHIBITED DWARF.

BY THOMAS H. BAYLEY.

I LAY without my father's door,  
A wretched, dwarfish boy;  
I did not dare to lift the latch—  
I heard the voice of joy:  
Too well I knew when I was near,  
My father never smiled;  
And she who bore me turned away,  
Abhorring her poor child.

A stranger saw me, and he bribed  
My parents with his gold;  
Oh! deeper shame awaited me—  
The dwarfish boy was sold!  
They never loved me, never claimed  
The love I could have felt;  
And yet, with bitter tears I left  
The cottage where they dwelt.

The stranger seemed more kind to me,  
He spoke of brighter days:  
He lured each slumbering talent forth,  
And gave unwonted praise.  
Unused to smiles, how ardently  
I panted for applause!  
And daily he instructed me—  
Too soon I learnt the cause.

I stood upon his native shore;  
The secret was explained;  
I was a vile, degraded slave,  
In mind and body chained!  
Condemned to face, day after day,  
The rabble's ruffian gaze;  
To shrink before their merriment,  
Or blush before their praise!

In anguish I must still perform  
The oft repeated task,  
And courteously reply to all  
Frivolity may ask!  
And bear inhuman scrutiny,  
And hear the hateful jest!  
And sing the song—then crawl away  
To tears instead of rest.

I know I am diminutive,  
Aye, loathsome, if you will;  
But say, ye hard hearts! am I not  
A human being still;  
With feelings sensitive as yours,  
Perhaps I have been born;  
I could not wound a fellow man  
In mockery or scorn.

But some there are, who seem to shrink  
Away from me at first,  
And then speak kindly; to my heart  
The trial is the worst!  
Oh, then I long to kneel to them,  
Imploring them to save  
A hopeless wretch who only asks  
An honorable grave.

## STUMP'S WAR.

I was conversing the other day about old times, with Major Isaac Bonser of this country, one of the few surviving pioneers of the west. He first visited this country in 1794 from what has since become Lycoming county, Pa., and assisted in building the first log cabin erected, as he believes, on the Ohio between Manchester and Fort Harmer, which was at Dr. Offner's place, three miles above town. The next spring he moved out, in company with Uriah Barber; and settled at Little Scioto. There were, by that time, a few cabins at the mouth of Big Scioto, and at Old Town a company had settled and raised corn in the bottom, protected by one common fence around all the fields. Maj. Bonser's first trip down the Ohio was made alone in a canoe. Floating down in day time and camping on shore at night. He saw many boats with families moving. They would always hail him, being suspicious of Indians who were still prowling about in small parties. He lived upon game, which was pretty plenty.

Many settlers came up from Limestone, Ky., in 1795, to take up land—the mouth of Little Scioto, Alexandria; the bottom opposite the mouth of Brush Creek, and Pee Pee Prairie being the only places settled that year. Maj. Bonser was an experienced woodsman, and lived where Indians were about him all the first part of his life. He, in common with all who have had much intercourse with the savages, says that there are some men of as honorable principles among them as can be found anywhere in the world. He knew Cornplanter well, having once piloted a surveying party over the mountains from the Susquehanna to the Allegheny in his neighborhood. Cornplanter received the party with friendly greeting, and when they got through their survey, invited them all to his town, gave a feast, and made a speech, the purport of which was, that he still kept his faith and friendship with the whites and explained that some murders which had been perpetrated, had not been done by his people, but by some Ohio Indians who had visited him and committed the outrage on their way home. This was interpreted by a chap who had a store there, and spoke the dialect freely.

The major knew a fellow called Shawnee John, who visited his father's often. John came in one day while the family were at dinner, and after the rest were done he was invited to eat. The major's mother put some mustard on John's plate, in a tea spoon, the usual quantity with those accustomed to it use. John took it into his head it must be something good, and not liking the very small portion with which he was served, muttered out "stingy squaw!" Mrs. Bonser immediately said "No, John, you may have it all if you wish," and handed him the cruet. John took a spoonful, licked it up and swallowed it in no time. He instantly clapped his hands to his mouth, jumped up from the table, and ran down to the creek yelling like a scared

panther, and plunged into the water head foremost. He was so offended, he did not return to that house for many months.

It was near the town of Muncey, 1767, that the circumstances took place which were called "Stump's War." I do not think they have been chronicled,—if they have, I have not seen any account of them. Jacob Stump was a distiller, living upon the verge of white settlements, and had lost all his kindred by Indian cruelty. He vowed vengeance, and determined to destroy every Indian that came into his power. A party of ten came one day to his place, and although they professed to be friendly, he did not like their familiarity. He went to his house and found them amusing themselves by showing his wife how Indians scalp white people. This so enraged him, he took his axe, fastened his door to prevent their escape, and actually slew the whole party! He dragged their bodies to the river which was frozen over, cut a hole in the ice and pushed them in. To enquire made of him about the appearances of blood, he replied that he had been butchering hogs. The Indians were missed by their tribe, active measures were taken to find out what had become of them; but many months passed away without any discovery. Many whites were suspected, and Stump among others.

Some time after this, Stump was out hunting, and came across a camp of seven Indians. He watched until they got to sleep, and killed every one of them. This raised a great commotion. The whites were afraid it would bring on a general war, and Stump being generally suspected, was arrested and taken to Lancaster and lodged in jail, that being the nearest prison. The people of his settlement, however, became dissatisfied at his imprisonment, and his friends formed a large party, went down to Lancaster, broke open the jail, and took him off with them to the mountains. The Governor offered a large reward for his apprehension, but little notice was taken of it, no one being willing to undertake his arrest. He went to his home and engaged in his business as usual, supposing the affair would blow over. But the Indians were still determined to kill him, it being pretty well understood by this time that he was the author of the two terrible slaughters above described.

They formed a party to waylay Stump, they came to his plantation and sent one of their number, who did not know Stump personally, to his house to ascertain whether he was at home, and bring them the intelligence. This Indian found Stump ploughing, and enquired if Stump lived there. Stump gave an evasive answer—accosted him in a friendly way, and admired the fellow's gun, got hold of it and shot him. He now became convinced that his only safety was in flight. He went to his house, packed a few things, took his wife, and with his horses left the country. That night the Indians came to his house, fired it, and left the neighborhood. Stump went down to French Broad in North Carolina, where he settled and raised a large family. I saw one of his sons here, boating cotton in keel boats, from Tennessee to Pittsburgh.

From the Barker Hill.

TO UNCLE JOSHUA, OF DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF MAINE.

New York, Dec. 25, 1844.

DEAR UNCLE:—It's een almost as long since I heard from home as our fathers used to have to wait to hear

from home before they knocked off from old England. They used to have to wait sometimes in them days three moths without hearing a word from home. You know *home* in them days meant England. All our folks before the revolution used to call England and Ireland and them places over the water, "*home*." But somehow or other, since the revolution, the dictionary has been kind of gradually turning round, till now, most everybody on 'tother side of the water I believe thinks *this* country is "*home*;" and by George it seems as if they was all coming home as fast as they can get here. More than a hundred thousand of 'em come home in one year; only think of that, uncle; in five years there's enough of 'em come home to make a state as large as Maine; that is, I mean as many inhabitants, for Maine has n't got more than five hundred thousand inhabitants.

Now the fact is, uncle, seems to me we've got too many cousins on 'tother side of the water, for our own good, that is if they are all a coming home in sich a rush. To be sure we've got house-room enough yet, and might get along with 'em I suppose if they was only all decent and well behaved people; but the fact is they ain't, and a good many of 'em is very troublesome. Instead of going quietly into the unoccupied rooms and eating their bread and cheese and minding their own busines, they stick themselves right up in the parlor and setting room and kitchen and all the best sleeping rooms in the house. And not only so, but they go right to meddling and ordering things about, jest as if the house and everything in it was their own; and if they cant get the best rooms to sleep in and have the thickest slices of bread and butter, they'll kick up a row and threaten to turn the house out of door. Now seems to me, uncle, something ought to be done to stop this kind of business, or we shant have a home fit to stay in much longer. I'm as fond of cousins and as glad to see my relations as anybody, but I dont like to see a joke carried too far: and unless they can keep themselves to themselves and leave off medlin with our household affairs the moment they get here, I say *shet the door right in their faces*.

But, uncle, I like to forgot what I sot down to write to you about. Thinking of that word *home* led me off upon a track that I didn't think of when I begun. It does seem to be a good while since I heard from home, and do wish you would set down and write me one of your good long letters and let me know how you all do, Aunt Keziah and cousin Nabby all, and how you are all getting on. But what I was a'going to say, it is Christmas morning to day, and I jest sot down to wish you and all the folks a happy Christmas. But it takes a good while even to do this, for anybody that has to work as hard as I do and don't know how to spare the time, and especially when they set down to write three lines, and their ideas go to stretching off on a new track and carry them they don't hardly know where. But there's something afoot here, uncle, that 'll remedy this inconvenience, so that I could wish you a happy Christmas in a minute any time.

You remember I told you some time ago in one of my letters about Professor Morse's talking machine, to talk from Washington to Baltimore. Well, now they've begun to put up the same kind of machine here in New York, so as talk from here to Boston. They've got it done almost the whole length of the city now. And I hope you will stir up the folks down east to

have a branch of it run from Boston to Portland and from Portland to Downingville. Then I shouldn't be so lonesome here in New York, as I am now; it would seem almost jest like being at home. All I should have to do Christmas morning, when I got up and was going to Bunker Hill to write an editorial, for editors have to work Christmas days and all, I should only jest have to stop on my way a minute at the wires, and say,

"Good morning, uncle Joshua, good morning aunt Keziah, I wish you a happy Christmas." And in a moment aunt Heziah would hop up to 'tother end of the wires, for women always speak first, and the next breath would be,

"Good morning, Jack, a happy Christmas to you."

Then says I, "how's all the folks? What you got for Christmas dinner?"

And before I could turn round, aunt Keziah would answer, "all pretty well, only your cousin Nabby's got a little headache; she had a spark last night, she's getting young again. Oh, the dinner to-day is to be roast goose and punkin pie."

By this time, uncle, you'd get a chance to slip a word in edge ways, and say, "well, I dont know, Jack, I'm jogging along about as usual, only I've got a little of the rumatiz this cold weather. I wish you'd jest speak to Doctor Brandreth to send me on a box of his pills, I hear they are good for rumatiz. He can frank 'em to me by mail, as I'm post master yet."

Now all this could be done in two minutes, uncle. What an improvement for folks that are in a hurry and aint much use to writing letters. There's some other things that I want to write about, now I've got my pen agoing, but I've got so much else to do I shall have to put 'em over till another time. Love to all, and tell Nabby to write.

Your loving nephew,  
MAJOR JACK DOWNING,  
*Editor of the Bunker Hill.*

~~~~~  
From the Bunker Hill.

To Major Jack Downing, Editor of the Bunker Hill  
at New York.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 23, 1844.

DEAR JACK—Things isn't very lively here in Congress yet, and they say they wont get fairly to work till after New Year's day. The fact is, the members like to live pretty easy, and think as much of the holidays as other folks. The President did send in a message to Congress, after I sent you my last letter, about Mexico and Texas and Mr. Shannon and so on, and says we must stick up to Mexico and take none of her ease, and we must annex Texas immediately, which means *now*. However, I don't believe yet that they will get up any war about it, and I shant believe it till I hear the guns fire.

Our country is growing mighty fast. You know the territory of Iowa has been the jumping off place away out west for some time past. Everybody thought it was out of the world almost. Well, now, this Iowa is making her prettiest kurchey to Congress, and asking to be made into a *state*. So Congress has got to go to work now and make another jumping off place; and they've got up a new bill to make another territory away beyond Iowa, to be called Nebraska. I don't see any kind of need of our country's growing so fast, unless it is to make room for the Native American party,

which grows faster than that punkin vine did, that you told about in your paper a few weeks ago.

There's petitions come in most every day to have the naturalization laws altered, so that foreigners shant be allowed to dabble so much in our politics, and go right to voting as soon they get here. And there's considerable talk about Texas and Oregon and Mexico and abolition and annexation and such kind of things, and as soon as anything is done I'll tell you.

Your cousin and feller soger,  
SARGENT JOEL DOWNING.

~~~~~  
SEA WEED.]

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic

The gigantic

Storm wind of the Equinox,

Landward in his wrath he scourges

The tolling surges,

Laden with sea weed from the rocks.

From Bermuda's Reefs, from edges,

Of sunken ledges,

In some far-off bright Azore,

From Bahama, and the dashing,

Silver flashing

Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling serf, that buries

The Orkneyan Sherries,

Answering the hoarse Hebrides;

And from wrecks of ships, and drifting

Spars, uplifting

On the desolate, rainy seas;

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting

On the shifting

Currents of the restless main;

Till in the sheltered caves, and reaches

Of sandy beaches,

All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion

Strike the ocean

Of the Poet's soul, ere long

From each cave and rocky fastness,

In its vastness,

Floats some fragment of a song.

From the far-off isles enchanted,

Heaven has planted

With the golden fruit of Truth;

From the flashing serf, whose vision

Gleams Elysian

In the tropic climes of Youth.

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor

That forever

Wrestles with the tides of Fate;

From the wreck of hopes far scattered,

Tempest shattered,

Floating waste and desolate.

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting

On the shifting

Currents of the restless heart,

Till at length in bonds recorded

They like hoarded

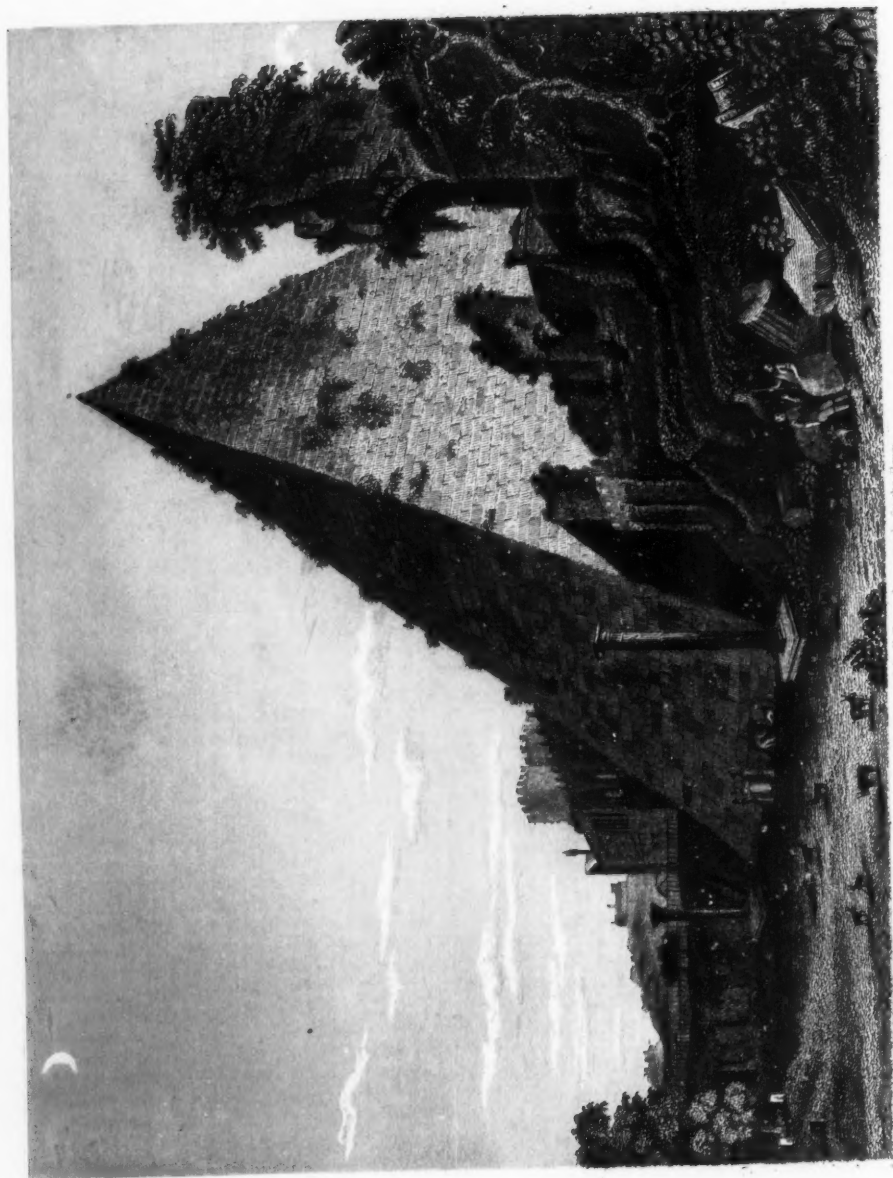
Household words no more depart.



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Engraved by P. Ostander expressly for the Rover.

Board of Civil Rights and Crime

# THE ROVER.

THE beautiful plate in this week's Rover sufficiently explains itself. Some few of our readers may have seen it, but as we have not always found it practicable to get new plates rapidly enough to supply a weekly demand, we are obliged to ask their indulgence in this respect. Those to whom the plate is new, cannot fail to consider it particularly valuable.

## THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

It was a gloomy evening. The sun had set, angry and threatening, lighting up the horizon with lurid flame and flakes of blood-red—slowly quenched by slants of distant rain, dense and dark as segments of the old deluge. At last the whole sky was black, except the low driving gray scud, amidst which faint streaks of lightning wandered capriciously toward their appointed aim, like young fire-fiends playing on their errands.

"There will be a storm!" whispered Nature herself, as the crisp fallen leaves of autumn started up with a hollow rustle, and began dancing a wild round, with a whirlwind of dust, like some frantic orgy ushering in a revolution.

"There will be a storm!" I echoed, instinctively looking round for the nearest shelter, and making toward it at my best pace. At such times the proudest heads will bow to very low lintels; and setting dignity against a ducking, I very willingly condescended to stoop into "The Plough."

It was a small hedge alehouse, too humble for the refinement of a separate parlor. One large tap-room served for all comers gentle or simple, if gentlefolks, except from stress of weather, ever sought such a place of entertainment. Its scanty accommodations were even meaner than usual; the Plough had suffered from the hardness of the times, and exhibited the barrenness of a house recently unfurnished by the broker. The aspect of the public room was cold and cheerless. There was a mere glimmer of fire in the grate, and a single unsnuffed candle stood guttering over the neck of the stone bottle in which it was stuck, in the middle of the deal table. The low ceiling, blackened by smoke, hung overhead like a canopy of gloomy clouds; the walls were stained with damp, and patches of the plaster had peeled off from the naked laths. Ornaments there was none, except a solitary print, gaudily daubed in body-colors, and formerly glazed, as hinted by a small triangle of glass on one corner of the black frame. The subject "the Shipwrecked Mariner," whose corpse, jacketed in sky-blue, rolled on a still brighter strip of yellow shingle, between two grass-green wheat-sheaves with white ears—but intended for foaming billows. Above all, the customary odors were wanting; the faint smell of beer and ale, the strong scent of spirits, the fumes of tobacco; none of them agreeable to nice sense, but decidedly missed with a feeling akin to disappointment. Rank or vapid, they belonged to the place, representing, though in an infinitely lower key, the bouquet of Burgundy, the aroma of choice liqueurs—the breath of Social Enjoyment.

Yet there was no lack of company. Ten or twelve

VOLUME IV.—No. 17.

men, some young, but the majority of the middle age, and one or two advanced in years, were seated at the sordid board. As many glasses and jugs of various patterns stood before them; but mostly empty, as was the tin tankard from which they had been replenished. Only a few of the party in the neighborhood of a brown earthenware pitcher had full cups; but of the very small ale called Adam's. Their coin and credit exhausted, they were keeping up the forms of drinking and good fellowship with plain water. For the same cause, a bundle of new clay pipes lay idle on the table, unsold by the Indian weed.

A glance sufficed to show that the company were of the laboring class—men with tanned, furrowed faces, and hairy freckled hands—who smelt: "of the earth, earthy," and were clad in fastian and leather, in velvet and corduroy, glossy with wear or wet, soiled by brown clay and green moss, scratched and torn by brambles, wrinkled, warped, and threadbare with age, and variously patched—garments for need and decency, not show; for if, amidst the prevailing russets, drabs and olives, there was a gayer scrap of green, blue or red, it was a tribute not to vanity, but expediency—some fragment of military broadcloth or livery plush.

As I entered, the whole party turned their eyes upon me, and having satisfied themselves by a brief scrutiny that my face and person were unknown to them, thenceforward took no more notice of me than of their own shadows on the wall. I could have fancied myself invisible; they resumed their conversation with so little reserve. The topics, such as poor men discuss among themselves: the dearness of bread, the shortness of work, the long hours of labor, the lowliness of wages, the badness of the weather, the sickness of the season, the signs of a hard winter, the general evils of want, poverty and disease; but accompanied by such particular revelations, such minute details, and frank disclosures, as should only have come from persons talking in their sleep! The vulgar indelicacy, methought, with which they gossiped before me of family matters—the brutal callousness with which they exposed their private affairs, the whole history and mystery of bed, board and hearth, the secrets of home! But a little more listening and reflection converted my disgust into pity and concern. Alas! I had forgotten that the lives of certain classes of our species have been laid almost as bare and open as those of the beasts of the field! The poor men had no domestic secrets—no private affairs! All were public—matters of notoriety—friend and foe concurring in the advertisement. The law had ferreted their huts, and scheduled their three-legged tables and bottomless chairs. Statistical Grocers had taken notes, and printed them, of every hole in their coats. Political reporters had calculated their incomings down to fractions of pence and half ounces of tea; and had supplied the minutiae of their domestic economy for paragraphs and leading articles. Charity, arm in arm with Curiosity, and clerical Philanthropy, linked perhaps with a religious Inquisitor, had taken an inventory of their defects moral and spiritual; while medical visitors had inspected and recorded their physical sores, cancerous or scrofulous, their humors, and their tumors.

Society, like a policeman, had turned upon them the full blaze of its bull's eye—exploring the shadiest recesses of the privacy, till their means, food, habits, and modes of existence were as minutely familiar as those of the animalculæ exhibited in Regent street by the solar microscope. They had no longer any decent appearances to keep up—any shabby ones to mask with a better face—any petty shifts to slur over—any household struggles to conceal. Their circumstances were known intimately, not merely to next-door neighbors, and kith and kin, but to the whole parish, the whole county, the whole country. It was one of their last few privileges to discuss in common with the Parliament, the Press, and the Public, the deplorable details of their own affairs. Their destitution was a naked Great Fact, and they talked of it like proclaimed Bankrupts, as they were, in the wide world's Gazette.

"What matters?" said a gray-headed man, in fustian, in answer to a warning nudge and whisper from his neighbor. "If walls has ears, they are welcome to what they can catch—ay, and the stranger to boot—if so be he don't know all about us already—for it's all in print. What we yarn, and what we spend—what we eat, and what we drink—what we wear, and the cost on it from top to toe—where we sleep, and how many on us lie in a bed—our consarns are as common as waste land."

"And as many geese and donkeys turned out on to them, I do think!" cried a young fellow in velveteens—"to hear how folks cackle and bray about our states. And then the queer remedies as is prescribed, like, for a starving man! A Bible, says one—a Reading made Easy, says another—a Temperance Medal, says another—or may be a Hagricultural Prize. But what is he to eat, I ax? Why, says one, a Corkassian Jew—says another, a cricket-ball—says another, a May-pole—and says another, the Venus bound for Horsetrail-ye."

"As if idle hands and empty pockets," said the gray-headed man, "did not make signs, of themselves, for work and wages—and a hungry belly for bread and cheese."

"That's true, anyhow," said one of the water-drinkers. "I only wish a doctor could come at this minute, and listen with his telescope on my stomach, and he would hear it a-talking as plain as our magpie, and saying, I wants wittles."

There was a general peal of mirth at this speech, but brief and ending abruptly, as laughter does, when extorted by the odd treatment of a serious subject—a flash followed by a deeper gloom. The conversation then assumed a graver tone; each man in turn recounting the trials, privations and visitations of himself, his wife and children, or his neighbor's—not mentioned with fierceness, intermingling oath and threats, nor with bitterness—some few allusions excepted to harsh overseers or miserly masters—but as soldiers or sailors describe the hardships and sufferings they have had to encounter in their rough vocation, and evidently endured in their own persons with a manly fortitude. If the speaker's voice faltered, or his eyes moistened, it was only when he painted the sharp bones showing through the skin, the skin through the rags, of the wife of his bosom; or how the traditional wolf, no longer to be kept from the door, had rushed in and fastened on his young ones. What a revelation it was! Fathers, with more children than shillings per week; infants starving before the parents' eyes, with cold, and

famishing for food! Human creatures, male and female, old and young, not gnawed and torn by single woes, but worried at once by Winter, Disease, and Want, as by that triple-headed dog, whelped in the realm of Torments!

My ears tingled, and my cheeks flushed with self-reproach, remembering my fretful impatience under my own inflictions, no light ones either, till compared with the heavy complications of anguish, moral and physical, experienced by those poor men. My heart swelled with indignation, my soul sickened with disgust, to recall the sobs, sighs, tears and hysterics—the lamentations and imprecations bestowed by pampered Selfishness on a sick bird or beast, a sore finger, a swelled toe, a lost rubber, a missing luxury, an ill-made garment, a culinary failure!—to think of the cold looks and harsh words cast by the same eyes and lips, eloquent in self-indulgence, on nakedness, starvation, and poverty. Wealth, with his own million of money—Gluttony, gorged with dainties, washed down by iced champagne, complacently commending his humble brethren to the brook of Elisha and the salads of Nebuchadnezza; and Fashion, in furs and velvet, comfortably beholding her squalid sisters shivering in robes de zephyr, woven by winter itself, with the warp of a north, and the woof of an east wind!

"The job up at Bosely is finished," said one of the middle-aged men. "I have enjoyed but three days' work in the last fortnight, and God above knows when I shall get another, even at a shilling a day. And nine mouths to feed, big and little; and nine backs to clothe; with the winter a-settin in; and the rent behind-hand; and never a bed to lie on, and my good woman, poor soul!"—A choking sound and a hasty gulp of water smothered the rest of the sentence. "There must be something done for us—there must!" he added, with an emphatic slap of his broad, brown, barked hand, that made the glasses jingle and the idle pipes clatter on the board. And every voice in the room echoed "there must," my own involuntarily swelling the chorus.

"Ay, there must, and that full soon," said the gray-headed man in fustian, with an upward appealing look, as if through the smoky clouds of the ceiling to God himself for confirmation of the necessity. "But come, lads, time's up, so let's have our chant, and then squander."

"The company immediately stood up; and one of the elders, with a deep, bass voice, and to a slow, sad air, began a rude song, the composition probably of some provincial poet of his own class, the rest of the party joining occasionally in a verse that served for the burden.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!  
A pickaxe, or a bill!  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will—  
And here's a ready hand  
To ply the needful tool,  
And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,  
In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,  
To lop or fell the tree,  
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,  
Or plough the stubborn lea;  
The harvest stack to bind,  
The wheaten rick to thatch,



And never fear in my pouch to find  
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm  
My fancies never roam;  
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn,  
Is on the hearth of Home;  
Where children huddle and crouch  
Through dark long winter days,  
Where starving children huddle and crouch,  
To see the cheerful rays,  
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,  
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To him who sends a drought  
To parch the fields frolorn,  
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,  
The blight to blast the corn,  
To him I leave to guide  
The bolt in its crooked path,  
To strick the miser's rick, and show  
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!  
A pickaxe or a bill!  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will—  
The corn to thrash, or a hedge to plash,  
The market team to drive,  
Or mend the fence by the cover side,  
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,  
And then you need not fear  
That I shall snare his worship's hare,  
Or kill his grace's deer;  
Break into his lordship's house,  
To steel the plate so rich;  
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse  
To welter in the ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,  
Wherever Labor calls,  
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,  
To shun the workhouse walls;  
Where savage laws begrudge  
The pauper babe its breath,  
And doom a wife to a widow's life,  
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,  
With labor stiff and stark,  
By lawful turn, my living to earn,  
Between the light and dark;  
My daily bread and nightly bed,  
My bacon and drop of beer—  
But all from the hand that holds the land,  
And none from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,  
No pauper badges for me,  
A son of the soil, by right of toll  
Entitled to my fee.

No alms I ask, give me my task:  
Here are the arm, the leg,  
The strength, the sinews of a man,  
To work and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,  
Though doom'd by chance of birth  
To dress so mean, and eat the lean,  
Instead of the fat of the earth;  
To make such humble meals  
As honest labor can,  
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,  
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!  
A pickaxe, or a bill!  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what you will—  
Whatever the tool to ply,  
Here is a willing drudge,  
With muscle and limb, and wo to him  
Who does their bondage begrudge!

Who every weekly score  
Docks laborer's little mite,  
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,  
But robb'd them over night.  
The very shilling he hoped to save,  
As health and morals fall,  
Shall visit me in the New Bastille,  
The Spital or the Gaol!

As the last ominous word ceased ringing, the candle  
wick suddenly dropped into the neck of the stone bot-  
tle, and all was darkness and silence.

The vision is dispelled—the Fiction is gone—but a  
Fact and a Figure remain.

Some time since, a strong inward impulse moved  
me to paint the destitution of an overtasked class of  
females, who work, work, work, for wages almost no-  
minal. But deplorable as is their condition, in the low  
deep, there is, it seems, a lower still—below that gloomy  
gulf a darker region of human misery,—beneath that  
Purgatory a Hell—resounding with more doleful wail-  
ings and a sharper outcry—the voices of famishing  
wretches, pleading vainly for work! work! work!—  
imploing as a blessing, what was laid upon Man as a  
curse—the labor that wrings sweat from the brow, and  
bread from the soil!

In the spring of the present year this very unfortu-  
nate and very young man was indicted, at the Hunt-  
ingdon Assizes, for throwing the following letter, ad-  
dressed externally and internally to the Farmers of  
Bluntisham, Hunts, into a strawyard:—

"We are determined to set fire to the whole of this  
place, if you don't set us to work, and burn you in  
your beds, if there is not an alteration. What do you  
think the young men are to do if you don't set them to  
work? They must do something. The fact is, we  
cannot go any longer. We must commit robbery, and  
everything that is contrary to your wish.

"I am,  
"AN ENEMY."

For this offence, admitted by his plea, the prisoner  
aged eighteen, was sentenced, by a judge since de-  
ceased, to Transportation for Life! Far be it from  
me to palliate Incendiarism.

I confess to have searched, in vain through the epis-  
tle for any animus of peculiar atrocity. Its address,  
generally to the farmers, shows it not to have been in-  
spiration of personal malice or private revenge. The  
threat is not a direct and positive one as in resolved,

relation for some by-gone wrong; but put hypothetically, and rather in the nature of warning of probable consequences, dependent on future contingencies, The wish of the writer is obviously not father to the menace: on the contrary, he expostulates, and appeals, methinks most touchingly, to the reason, the justice, even the compassion, of the very parties—to be burnt in their beds. So clear a proof to me, of the absence of any serious intent, or malice prepenze that the only agitation from the fall of such a missive in my farm-yard, if I had one, would be the flutter amongst the poultry. At least theirs would be the only personal terror and alarm,—for, with other feelings, who could fail to be moved by a momentous question and declaration re-echoed by hundreds and thousands of able and willing but starving laborers. "What are we to do if you don't set us to work? We must do something. The fact is, we cannot go on any longer!"

Can the wholesale emigration, so often proposed, be only transportation in disguise for using such language in common with Gifford White?—*Hoods' Magazine*.

#### FUNERAL OF CAMPBELL THE POET.

BY SAM SLICK.

"THEY are a curious people is the English; they are like Deacon Flint—he could never see the point of a good thing till it was too late. Sometimes after dinner he'd burst out a larfin' like anything, for all the world as if he was born a fool, seemin'ly at nothin', and I'd say, 'why, Deacon, what maggot's hit you now?' 'I was larfin,' he'd say, 'at a joke of your'n this morning;' I didn't take jist then, but I see it now;' 'Me!' sais I, 'why, what did I say, it's so long ago I forgot?' 'Why, sais he, 'don't you mind we was a-talkin' of them two parties the jury found not guilty, and the court turned loose on the town; you said it was all right, for they was loose characters. Oh! I see it now, it was rael jam that.' 'Oh!' sais I, not overly pleased nother, for a joke like an egg, is never no good 'xcept it's fresh laid—is it? Well, the English are like the old deacon; they don't see a man's merit till he's dead, then they wake up all of a sudden and say, 'Oh! we must honor this feller's skeleton;' and Peel, and Brougham, and all the dons, go and play pall bearers to it, stand over his grave, look sentimental, and attitudinize a few; and when I say to 'em you hadn't ought to have laid him right a'top of old Dr. Johnson—for he hated Scotchmen so, like old Scratch; if he was to find it out, he'd kick straight up on eend, and throw him off; they wont larf, but give us a look, as much as to say, Westminster Abby aint no place to joke in. Just as if it warn't a most beautiful joke to see these men, who could have done ever so much for the poet in his lifetime, when it could have done him good—but who never even so much as held out a finger to him, except a little matter not worth havin'—now he is dead, start up all at once and patronize his body and bones, when it can't do him one mossel of good. Oh! they are like Deacon Flint, they understood when it's too late.

"Poor old Tom Campbell, there was some pleasures of hope that he never sot down in his book, I know. He hoped—as he had charmed the nation, and given 'em another ondyn' name to add to their list of poets, to crack and brag of—he'd a had a recompense at least in some government appointment, that would have

cheered and soothed his old age, and he was disappointed, that's all; and that's the pleasures of hope, squire, eh? He hoped that fame, which he had in his life would have done him some good in his life—didn't he? Well, he lived on that hope till he died, and that didn't disappoint him; for how can a feller say he is disappointed by a thing he has lived on all his days! and that's the pleasure of hope.

"He hoped, in course, Peel would be a patron of poets; and so he is, he acts as pall bearer, 'cause as soon as the pall is over him, he'd never bother him nor any other minister no more. Oh! 'Hope told a flatterin' tale;' but all flatterers are liars. Peel has a princely fortune, and is a prince of a feller; but there is an old sayin', 'Put not your trust in princes.'

"Ah! poor Campbell! he was a poet, a good poet, a beautiful poet! He know'd all about the world of imagination, and the realms of fancy; but he didn't know nothing at all about this world of our'n, or of the realm of England, or he never would have talked of the 'Pleasures of Hope' for an author. Lord bless you! let a dancin' gal come to the opera, jump six foot high, 'light on one toe, hold up the other so high you can see her stays a'most, and then spin round like a daddy-long-legs that's got one foot caught in a taller candle, and go spinnin' round arter that fashion for ten minits, it will touch Peel's heart in a giffy. This spinnin' jenny will be honored by the highest folks in the land, have diamond rings, gold snuff boxes, and pusses of money given her, and gracious knows what. Let Ginncral Tom thumb come to London that's two foot nothin', and the Kentucky boy that's eight foot somethin', and see how they will be patronized, and what a sight of honor they will have. Let Van Amburg come with his lion, make him open his jaws and then put his head down his throat and pull it out, and say, 'What a brave boy am I!' and kings and queens and princes and nobles, will come and see him, and see his lion feed too. Did any of 'em ever come to see Campbell feed? He was a great lion this many a long day. Oh dear! he didn't know nothin', that's a fact: he though himself a cut above the folks; it jist shewed how much he know'd. Fine sentiments! Lord, who cares for them?

"Do you go to Nova Scotia now, and travel all down to Cape Canso, the whole length of the province, pick out the two best lines from his 'Hope,' and ask every feller you meet, 'did you ever hear these?' and how many will you find that has seen 'em; or heard tell of 'em? Why a few gals that's sentimental, and a few boys that's a courtin', spoony-like, that's all. But ax 'em this, 'Master, if that house cost five hundred dollars, and a barrel of nails five dollars, what would a good sizeable pig come?—do you give it up? Well, he'd come to a bushel of corn.' Every man, woman, and child, would tell you they heard the clown say that at the circus, and that they mind they larfed ready to kill themselves. Ginncin' pays better nor rhymn', and ticklin' the ribs with fingers pleases folks more, and makes 'em' larf more than ticklin' their ears with verses—tha's a fact. I guess, when Campbell writ, 'The Mariners of England,'—that will live till the British sailors get whipped by us so they will be ashamed to sing it—he thought himself great shakes; heavens and earth! he warn't half so big as Tom Thumb—he was jist nothin'. But let some foreign hussy, whose skin aint clear, and whose character

aint clear, and whose debts aint clear, and who hante nothin' clear about her but her voice, let her come and sing that splendid song that puts more ginger into sailors than grog or prize money, or anythin', and Lord! all the old admirals, and flag-officers, and yacht-men and others that do understand, and all the lords and ladies, and princes, that don't understand where the springs are in that song that touch the chords of the heart, all of them will come and worship a'most; and some duke or another will fancy he is a Jupiter, and come down in a shower of gold a'most for her, while the poet has, 'Pleasures of Hope' to feed on. Oh! I envy him, glorious man, I envy him his great reward; it was worth seventy years of 'Hope' was that funeral."

## MR. GALLATIN ON ANNEXATION.

WHILE the question of the annexation of Texas is absorbing so deeply the public mind, the opinions, of a statesman of so much ability and experience as Albert Gallatin, cannot fail to be read with interest. The following letter in answer to one asking his views of the subject has been published.

Dear Sir:—I have received your note of yesterday, asking my opinion respecting the constitutional character of the resolution for annexing Texas by a legislative act, now before congress. Had not that resolution been proposed, I should not have thought that there could be a difference of opinion on that subject.

A doubt has been suggested, that whether the general government has the right, by its sole authority, to add a foreign independent state to the union; and I have ever been of opinion that conditions might occur in a treaty ratified by the president and senate, such as any binding the United States to pay a sum of money, which would require the free assent of congress before such conditions could be carried into effect. But it is unnecessary on this occasion to discuss those questions. That now at issue is simply this: In whom is the power of making treaties vested by the constitution? The United States have recognized the independence of Texas; and every compact between independent nations is a treaty.

The constitution of the United States declares that "the president shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the senate to make treaties, provided two thirds of the senators concur." This power is not given to congress by any clause of the constitution.

The Intended joint resolution proposes that the treaty of annexation between the United States of America and the Republic of Texas, signed on the 12th of April, 1844, (which treaty is recited verbatim in the resolution) shall, by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, be declared to be a fundamental law of union between the said United States and Texas, so soon as the supreme authority of the said Republic of Texas shall agree to the same.

The senate had refused to give its consent to the said treaty, and the resolution declares that it shall nevertheless be made by congress a fundamental law binding the United States. It transfers to a majority of both Houses of Congress, with the approbation of the president, and two-thirds of both houses without his approbation, the power of making treaties, which, by the constitution, was expressly and exclusively vested in the president with the consent of two thirds

of the senate. It substitutes for a written constitution, which distributes and defines powers, the supremacy or as it is called, the omnipotence of the British Parliament. The resolution is evidently a direct and in its present shape, an undisguised usurpation of power and violation of the constitution.

It would not be difficult to show that it is not less at war with the spirit than with the letter of that sacred instrument; and that the provision which requires the consent of two-thirds of the senate, was intended as a guarantee of the states' rights, and to protect the weaker against the abuse of the treaty-making power, if invested in a bare majority. But the case appears to me so clear, that I would fear to obscure that which is self-evident, by adding any argument to the simple recital of the constitutional provision of the proposed resolution.

I have the honor to be, with high consideration and personal regard, dear sir, your most obedient servant.

ALBERT GALLATIN.

New York, 17th Dec. 1844.

David Dudley Field, Esq. New York.

## NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

THIS society as usual celebrated the late anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims with interesting services and ceremonies. As the 22d of December occurred on Sunday, the celebration took place on Monday the 23d. Public and appropriate services were held in the Tabernacle in the afternoon, where an able and brilliant oration was delivered by Hon. George P. Marsh, of Burlington, Vermont, and in the evening the society with invited guests sat down to a very sumptuous dinner at the Astor House. Here, after the cloth was removed, there was an abundance of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Many excellent speeches were made and sparkling sentiments elicited. We can only give one, and we select that of Judge Warren of Boston as being eminently full of spice. He was called out by the third regular toast, which was as follows:

New England.—We are willing to share her fortune, and her destiny.

JUDGE WARREN, of Boston, replied to this toast by saying, I came, Mr. President, from Boston: from the banks of the Charles, and I have some fear that I possess some of the qualities alluded to in the remarks of the gentleman from Vermont, in his anecdote of the wanderer from the banks of the Hudson. I hope they will not make we less welcome. It is common for individuals, called out on occasions like these, to begin with some egotism. Sometimes, they say it was an honor they did not expect. That is not my case, because it was intimated to me, by authority, that a speech was expected from me. Sometimes, it is said that they are loth to occupy the time of the company; which is my case more truly, for such fears have I, and therefore shall endeavor to say what I have to offer as briefly as possible. But I have a right to be egotistical, and I have a right to be here, and therefore to speak; for I claim the right to feel some little interest in the celebration of this day, by virtue of several associations upon which I do value myself considerably. (Laughter.) For it so happens that I was born under the shadow of that same rock of Plymouth. (Cheers.) And there were forefathers of mine in that same ship, the "Mayflower." But I will not dwell longer on these

personal reminiscences, lest it be said of me as was said of some who were given to boast of their ancestors, that they were like potatoes: the best part of them was under ground! (Laughter.)

I do not come to this festival, Mr. President, as a delegate from Massachusetts. I wish I had. Although, if Massachusetts had made a choice, I fear I should not have come at all. (Laughter.) So my state is not committed, sir, by anything I may say. (Renewed laughter.) Still I assume for the time to represent her; and I do represent her when I say that there is no association in all this land which commands more of her sympathy than that of the Sons of New England in New York. (Warm applause.) The toast to which I am responding expresses a determination of that association to share the fortunes, and willingness to abide the destiny of New England. What that may be, sir, we know not. But we do know what it has been, what now it is. It may be that in the course of time we may be called on once more to stand, shoulder to shoulder, as our fathers did in the days gone by, to brave anew what they braved of old, and to battle for The Right.

If such should be our destiny, we shall derive no little strength, Mr. President, from remembering that we have such allies as the men who compose this association. (Rounds of cheering.) It will be no idle quarrel in which we shall ever engage; and if it be any, it will be in the defence of the principles for which our fathers contended. And this leads me to say that, in our fathers the love of civil liberty and freedom was the distinguishing trait. Of course, I do not forget their religious character; but as a motive and spring of action, I believe that it held a less conspicuous place in their character than that love of civil liberty which led to their first expatriation from England. From it, I believe, too, the gradually increasing freedom of England herself took its rise. The Hampdens and the Cromwells, and men of their stamp, who sympathizing with the Pilgrims, staid behind in the mother country, laid the foundation of the free and happy constitution under which Englishmen now live. (Cheers.)

Civil liberty, sir, was born in 1620, was baptized in 1776, and it will be buried just when we forget the principles of our fathers. (Tremendous cheering.) But what are those principles? I am not here now to re-state them at length. They may be thought dry and uninteresting as topics of discussion. But I do maintain that the two great principles of the Pilgrims, (which I do not mean to say they monopolized, by any means,) on which their colony was founded, and by which it has been maintained, are, first, that all true freedom in a country must find its root in a cultivated and educated morality; and, secondly, that the people having become free, by these means all their future happiness must be in proportion to their intellectual development. Morality and industry. These are the true principles of the New England character. They have been often sneered at. It is for us to say whether we are willing to stand by them.

Some call us crafty, some cunning, others superstitious, and some of "the chivalry," fanatical. (Laughter.) But, after all, we have a right to inquire how far, with all their faults they have been able, by the exercise of their principles, to carry out the public good. And I am glad to meet around this board the company I see before me; all but two rather suspicious looking gentlemen, at the head of yonder table, with

pens in their hands, to whom, if they are inclined to sleep, I would kindly suggest that they cannot possibly have a better opportunity nor a fairer excuse than now. (Roars of merriment.) Hoping therefore, that they will pursue their occupation no further, for the present, and as the doors are all shut, and we are alone together, as brothers, (ay, and sisters, too,) I will say that this strikes me as a fitting opportunity for us to brag a little among ourselves.

And let me ask who, that has ever gone out from N. England, has ever been afraid to stand a comparison of his own with any other section of the country? Who has ever denied, or been willing to deny, that he came from the land of churches and school-houses? That he could read, and that "without spelling," as the boys used to say at school? Who was ever ashamed of the industry of his fathers, which has given them wealth and prosperity, and contentment and influence, and moral power? That has created what Mr. McDuffie calls that "unnatural aristocracy,"—AN ARISTOCRACY, WHICH, INSTEAD OF BEING ROCKED IN A CRADLE, WAS CRADLED ON A ROCK? (Applause, which lasted a long space of time.) An aristocracy which digs the earth, which toils and spins, and catches fish,—and presumes to raise itself to an equality with the silken-gloved aristocracies, and the "fishers of men." (Renewed applause.) And let us see to what tests these principles have been brought. Do they create men? Do they last? Are they inheritable? Look at the men who have gone out from New England parentage. See that "man eloquent," trembling with age, yet boldly dealing out such buffets in the cause of freedom; (great cheering) and ask if John Adams would be ashamed of such a son? And look at that man, who, in increasing old age, was yet adding increasing lustre to the name of Otis. (Cheers.) And at the Prescotts, and the Winthropes, and the Kings—and answer whether there is in all these, anything to be ashamed of, any thing unworthy of mention? And turn your eye farther north, and consider the story that sturdy farmer of New Hampshire, who, when a boy, was bound to a master, who had conditioned to give him every year, three months schooling, but who yet received none, who entered the army, and fought in the French war, until he became a captain; who, when he left the army, at the peace, brought an action against his master for a breach of his contract, and received, as a compromise, the tract of land which is the present homestead of his family.

The revolution coming on again, he took up arms, and two nights before the treason of Arnold, kept guard at the head-quarters of Washington, who thanked him in person for his fidelity. That old man is dead, and has left a son, who has also often mounted guard when treason lurked in the camp. (Here the applause was, for some moments, absolutely deafening.) I see I need not name the son of Ebenezer Webster! And how is it, sir, in your own city, with New England men? Go to your churches here,—churches with bishops, and churches without bishops—(bursts of laughter,)—to your exchange, your counting rooms, in each and all you will find the predominance of the same principles. And your lawyers, too, many of whom are among the best of our New England staples. (This allusion to a gentleman present, was received with a round of applause.) You have come out from among us, (and have probably done wisely,) like Israel of old, under the guidance of Moser. (Another explosion of



merriment, the allusion being understood to apply to the President of the Society.) But not from a land of bondage: and we follow you, as we have opportunity, desiring to bring you back, like Pharaoh,—but without his fear of being overwhelmed—except by your kindness. (Laughter.) We are proud of those who remain, and of these who go, and reason enough have we to be so.

But the climate is said to be inclement, and it must be admitted that, as the orator of the day said, it is sometimes rather cold now and then,—a perfect shiver-de-freeze (laughter,) against immigrants, from warmer climes. But while we have a good many Jack Frosts in our country, we have very few Jack Oades. (Merriment.) We have more weeds than corn, and more sand than either. But there is one weed, Burke said, would grow on every soil, that grows not there,—the weed of slavery. (Applause.) We have no cotton plantations, but then we have very extensive fields—of ice; (laughter,) and though we have, as you may have observed to day, most highly cultivated Marshes. (Long continued applause, at this allusion to the eloquent orator of the day.) Mr. President, it was my good fortune to be in Boston when the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument was celebrated, there; and when the sons of New England from New York, met in Summer street, on the old Church green,—a fitting spot for New Englanders to meet upon—in strength, not only of numbers, but of character, and as the long procession moved along our streets, no banner was borne more proudly, none blazoned with a prouder heraldry than that which marked their place in the line.

I have said that I was sorry that you had gone out from among us. I retract it. I am glad. We lose no strength by your departure; for the more widely the branches of the oak extend themselves, the more vigorous becomes the root. (Applause.) The more the mine is worked, the better the ore. The N. England spirit, manifested and kept alive by this Society, is a realization of the fabled fountain of Vaucluse—the breaking out in a distant spot of the old stream. [Applause.] But I will detain you, sir, no longer; and will resume my seat after offering you the following sentiment: "The influence of our forefathers, which spread undiminished, and operates unspent."

#### THE PEASANT GIRL OF URBINO.

BY MISS ELIZABETH C. BARBER.

The last rays of an Italian sunset were fading in the west, tinging every object with a golden hue. Its declining rays were streaming into the antique window of an old and somewhat dilapidated mansion, situated in the very heart of Naples, or rather in one of those wide yet obscure courts so frequently met with in that city. Humble and unpretending, however, as its appearance was, it was the residence of the famed Bernadotti, a painter of Naples. Seated in his studio, and surrounded by his pupils, the painter was deeply engaged in his favorite pursuits, and though age had silvered over his head and marked deep furrows on his brow, yet his eyes were lighted up with the fire and animation of youth. His face, however wore a careworn and anxious expression as he bent over the canvas, now tracing an elaborate outline with the skill and rapidity of a proficient, and as rapidly effacing it, as if dissatisfied with his production. Again, and

again, he applied himself with renewed assiduity, and as often with contracted brow, relaxed his efforts. But at last, as if weary, with repeated and unsuccessful trials, he cast his pencil aside, and folding his arms, gazed round the studio upon his pupils. Many of them were descendants of the most powerful families of Naples, and some were of obscure and humble origin, but all were busily engaged in their employments. As he gazed round upon his pupils, his eye fell upon the youngest of the group, who sat at some distance from the rest, deeply engaged in a large and magnificent painting before him. Bernadotti gazed at him with interest and admiration, for the fine dark eye of the youth was lighted up with the fire of genius, and his high and classic brow wore the impress of intellect. So deeply was his attention fixed upon his employment, that he heeded not the voice of Bernadotti bidding his pupils suspend their exertions, until the command was thrice repeated. Slowly and reluctantly he left the canvas; for the sun had already set in the west, and the dim twilight was shadowing the apartment.

The early rays of the morning sun were illuminating the studio, casting a faint and rosy hue over the antique statuary, grouped around the apartment. It was deserted by all the pupils save one: the youth who had excited the attention of his master the preceding day. He had hastened toward his almost completed employment, the painting which had exercised his pencil the preceding evening, when his attention was arrested by an unfinished painting of his master's, lying in a conspicuous place. The picture was that of the infant Jesus, and as the youth gazed upon the dimly portrayed outlines, and the imperfectly caught expressions of the face, a sudden thought seemed to have crossed his mind, for he seized the pencil and soon was deeply engaged in the work before him, so deeply that he heeded not the lapse of time. The canvas beneath his touch, had already begun to glow with the beauty and almost vividness of life. As the last strokes were given to the canvas, the youthful painter cast aside his pencil, and stood motionless before the creation of his genius. The face of the infant Jesus was represented with almost angelic beauty, and the smile that played upon its lips was celestial! The artist stood spell-bound before the work of his pencil! An exulting smile lighted up his features, as he exclaimed:

"Henceforth be it mine to own no rival! The wish, the hidden wish of my heart may yet be accomplished."

Suddenly he was startled by the sound of footsteps, and starting with surprise, he turned and beheld his master and fellow pupils. Then, and not till then, the thought of his temerity rushed upon his mind, and the color faded from his face, as he saw the eye of Bernadotti fixed upon the picture, he feared in the deepest indignation. But the old man was gazing in astonishment and admiration at the work of his pupil.

"Boy! thou has excelled thy master!" he at length exclaimed, as he turned to the youth that stood before him. "Thou hast excelled thy master, or rather, thou art such an one as thy master was, ere age had dimmed his eye or impaired his touch. My hand must soon resign the pencil, boy; but I glory in the thought, that I shall leave behind me one who gives promise of future glory, and who, perchance, when his name is wreathed with laurels, shall point to Bernadotti as the teacher of his youth. But thy wish, boy! the wish,

which thou wast so earnestly expressing?" The color mounted to the brow of the youth as he replied—"Fame! give me fame, and I ask for nought besides."

"Thy wish will be granted, boy; for already I see the promise of future glory in thee. Continue in the path thou hast marked out for thyself, and the way to future greatness is before thee."

Meanwhile, the pupils had gathered round the young artist, all, save one, who stood apart from the rest, with envy and jealousy painted on his face. It was Adrian Vadelin, the rival of the young painter. Descending from obscure parentage, he looked with envy on those whom birth and talents had placed above him. He had long watched with a jealous eyes, the increasing progress of his comrade, and now, when all were ready to bestow their warmest plaudits upon that comrade, he stood apart with a heart filled with jealousy, inwardly compelled to bow before the genius of his rival, yet, unwilling to own his superiority even to himself. Stung at the commendations bestowed on one whom he had ever regarded with envy, his evil passions were aroused; and he inwardly resolved revenge. How well he accomplished that revenge, remains to be shown.

All Naples was resounding with the praises of the beautiful and far-famed Ada Savellan, who had just appeared on the Neapolitan stage. Rumor, as usual, with her ten thousand tongues had magnified reports of her parentage, &c., but she was generally allowed to be an Italian by birth. She was an orphan, and left under the care of a mercenary relation who early brought her upon the stage. Her matchless beauty was the theme of every tongue, and her wonderful power of acting drew crowds around her. It was a brilliant scene within the Palazzo Di—where the young actress was performing. All the young and beautiful of Naples assembled there, "and bright the lamps shown over fair women and brave men." All were in breathless expectation, for the actress had not yet made her appearance. Conspicuous among the crowd stood the young artist. His mantle was closely wrapped around him and his plumed cap drawn closely over his forehead, shading but not concealing his features as he stood leaning against one of the massive pillars which supported a magnificent arch. He was apparently unconscious of the presence of any one save himself, though many a dark-eyed Signora was casting stolen glances at the stranger so apparently sedulous to conceal his features, for his noble bearing and *spirituelle* beauty were such as no one could pass unnoticed. But the sudden stir throughout the audience roused him from his reverie, for the curtain was rising, and surrounded by a blaze of light the young actress advanced.

She was arrayed in the costume of a young Hungarian peasant girl, and as she stood directly beneath the light of an enormous chandelier, thunders of applause saluted her. Her long black hair fell in luxuriance about her neck and shoulders, and her large dark eyes were beautiful and soft in their expression as those of the young gazelle. Her beauty was of that resplendent kind which dazzles and entrances the beholder, and her picturesque dress served but to lighten it, and show to advantage the exquisite moulding of her form. As she stood for a moment as if hesitating whether to advance or retreat, the young painter leaning breathlessly forward, motionless with astonishment and admiration, a worshipper at the shrine of beauty. He

felt that the star had arisen on his pathway of which he was destined to be the worshipper, and a thrill ran through his frame as he gazed upon the matchless face upon which hundreds like himself were gazing in passionate admiration. As the curtain fell, he turned away and met the eye of his rival, Vadelin, fixed upon him with a look so dark, so full of malignity, that the youth shuddered, he scarcely knew why, as he left his station, and folding his mantle about him, quitted the Palazzo.

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The moon was looking down silently on the long and almost deserted streets of Naples. Two figures might have been distinctly seen standing on the marble colonnade of the Palazzo Di—and as the moon shone brightly upon them, it revealed the faces of the young painter and the actress. They were so deeply engaged in conversation, that they heeded not the approach of a third person, who stole noiselessly along the colonnade secreted himself behind one of the magnificent pillars, which entirely concealed him from the view of the two who were now approaching him. They were conversing in low and earnest tones which gradually grew more distinct. "Then my Ada thou wilt seek no more the applause of the multitude. Say that thou wilt be the bride of a painter. Say that thou wilt leave thy wanderings over, and accept the heart which so long has beat for thee alone." "Shall the friendless orphan aspire to the hand of Raphael, the far-famed Raphael?" she replied. "No, leave the peasant girl of Urbino to her fate. The lot held forth to her is too exalted for one all lowly, all portionless, like herself." "Urbino! sayest thou," exclaimed the painter. Urbino was my home, the place of my birth. Art thou of Urbino, like myself?" "My childhood's home was Urbino," she replied, "and often when surrounded by the pomp, the adulation of the crowd, I have sighed for the green fields and crystal fountains of my early home." "Then is not thy lot cast with mine," exclaimed the painter rapturously "shall we not seek together the green haunts of our childhood? leaving the cold and heartless world behind, shall we not find in each other a world of our own?" "Never!" exclaimed a voice of thunder, and a figure started from behind a pillar, and a rapier flashed in the moonbeams! It was aimed at the breast of the painter, but quick as the lightning's flash the actress had started forward and received the thrust. A faint cry burst from her lips as she fell back senseless, and as the assassin rushed forward to seize his victim, the mask which concealed his features fell off, revealing the features of Adrian Vadelin. Astonishment was painted on his face as he saw who was his victim, but the next instant the strong grasp of the painter had seized him—there was flashing of rapiers, and the next moment Vadelin was stretched lifeless on the earth. "Thou art well revenged!" exclaimed the painter, as he gazed upon the inanimate form of Ada. Life was fast ebbing but she cast one long parting look at him and closed her eyes forever.

Years rolled on, and fame had richly wreathed her laurels around the brow of the painter, and the name of Raphael dwelt on every tongue and found a response in every heart; but there was a pang within his breast, a secret spring of misery. The name of one was not forgotten, or her memory banished from his thoughts. Though the plaudits of thousands were his,

one still small voice was ever breathing in his ear like the dim faint music of the Æolian harp.

The painter lay stretched upon his couch. Disease had laid his heavy hand upon him, but his eyes were fixed upon his last, his unfinished work before him. "Bring hither my pencil and canvass," he muttered to his attendants. They would have remonstrated, but there was authority in his tone, and the canvas was placed before him. His hand even in sickness had not lost its magic power, and those around him gazed in silent wonder at the creation of his genius. An unearthly fire lighted up his sunken eye as he gazed on the canvas. It was the representation of the Virgin Child, and well as the painter performed his task, but the face of the Virgin was the face of the peasant girl of Urbino.

The last rays of the setting sun illumined the apartment of the dying painter. The damp dews of death were on his brow, but the light of his eye was quenchless and burning as he gazed on the face of the Madonna, for the painting hung before the couch, on the opposite side of the apartment. A ray of celestial glory seemed to illumine her face as the last red beams of the sun faintly shown upon it, and the eyes of the Madonna seemed looking down upon him with a seraph like expression. The painter smiled faintly—he stretched out his arms as if to grasp the beautiful vision, and the smile played upon his pale lips long after his eyes were closed in death.

The last work of the painter still hangs before the grand altar of the antique church of Urbino. Though time has faded the canvas and dimmed the vivid coloring, yet hundreds have stood in silent awe before it and hallowed it as a thing sacred—as the last work of Raphael.

The Philadelphia Spirit of the Times gives the following painful case of *shop-lifting*, which recently occurred in that city.

One of the strangest circumstances, says the Times, came to light in this city, the other day, every link in its chain of events being equally mysterious and remarkable. A lady who keeps a stock store in Sixth street, recently missed a splendid black scarf, of a rich and peculiar figured silk. Of course she suspected a number of persons. She discharged her poor washwoman who happened to be in the store at the time, accused her saleswoman, and also a dealer, who had been examining the scarf just before. The dealer was terribly annoyed by the accusation, and sorely perplexed. But mark how he and others were relieved, and the guilty one discovered by a simple accident! Some time after, this dealer stepped into a milliner shop in Second street—the only one he ever visited—and there he beheld being worked up into a bonnet, a piece of silk which he believed to be the identical one in question! He carried a piece of it to the loser. She knew it was the same! The milliner said the bonnet was to be finished and called for that evening. A constable and a warrant were procured,—the lady came—she was questioned about the silk—declared she bought it—was desired to shew at what store—the party proceeded to the shop of the loser—the lady there confessed her guilt, and fainted! She was taken before an Alderman—fainted again—was bound over in \$300 to answer—sent for her sister for security, and after a painful scene, the curtain dropped! The cul-

prit is a lady belonging to good society, and with her sister keeps a fashionable boarding-house in a fashionable street; is a member of a Church; and reputed to be a pious and highly respectable lady. We give no names, because we do not desire to add one pang to the sufficiently mortified parties, but merely to mention the outlines of the singular story, in order to show how innocence was acquitted and the really culpable mysteriously found out.

#### FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

SOME time since, a populous town, located towards the interior of Mississippi, was invaded by a gang of blacklegs, who amused themselves at times, when they could find no one else to pluck, by preying upon each other. A new importation of these sporting gentry, excited some alarm among the inhabitants, lest they should be completely overrun—they determined therefore, upon their expulsion. A poor country editor, who was expected by virtue of his location, to take upon himself all the responsibilities from which others might chide to shrink, was peremptorily called upon by his "patrons," that is, those who paid him two dollars a year for his paper, and, therefore presumed they owned him, soul and body, to make an effort towards the extermination of the enemy. The unfortunate editor, like most editors, being gifted with just about as much brains as money—skull and purse both empty—said at once he would indite a "flasher," one that would undoubtedly drive the obnoxious vermin into some more hospitable region. And when the paper appeared, it was a "flasher," sure enough. In the course of his observations, he gave the initials of several of the fraternity, whom he advised to leave town as speedily as possible, if they had the slightest desire to save their bacon.

The next morning, while the poor scribe was comfortably seated in his office, listlessly fumbling over a menagerie parcel of exchanges, he heard footsteps on the stairs, and presently an individual having accomplished the ascent, made his appearance. His first salutation was slightly abrupt.

"Where's the editor of this d—d dirty, lying paper?"

Now, aside from the rudeness of this opening interrogatory, there were other considerations that induced the editor to believe there was trouble on foot. The personage who addressed him, bore a cowhide in his hand, and, moreover, seemed to be exceedingly enraged. This was not all—he recognized in him a distinguished leader of the sporting fraternity, with whose cognomen he had taken very irreverent liberties. It was without the slightest hesitation, therefore, that he replied to the introductory query:

"I don't know."

"Do you belong to the concern?"

"No, indeed, but I presume the editor will soon be in."

"Well," said the visitor, "I will wait for him," and suiting the action to the word, he composedly took a chair, picked up a paper, and commenced reading.

"If I meet him," said the frightened knight of the scissors and quill. "I will tell him there is a gentleman here wishes to see him."

As he reached the foot of the stairs, in his hasty retreat, he was accosted by another person, who had thus made himself known.

"Can you tell me where I can find the sneaking rascal who has charge of this sheet?" producing the last number of "Freedom's Echo and the Battle Axe of Liberty."

"Yes," replied the editor, "he's up there in the office, now, reading, with his back to the door."

"Thank you," exclaimed the stranger as he bounced up stairs,

"I've got you, have I?" he ejaculated, as he made a grasp at his brother in iniquity, and they came to the floor together.

As the combatants, notwithstanding the similarity of their vocation, happened to be unacquainted with each other, "a very pretty quarrel" ensued. First one was at the top, then the other; blow followed blow, kick followed kick, and oath followed oath, until bruised, exhausted, and bloody, with faces and features resembling Deaf Burke, after a two hours' pugilistic encounter, there was, by mutual consent, a cessation of hostilities. As the warriors sat on the floor contemplating each other, the first comer found breath enough to ask,

"Who are you? what did you attack me for?"

"You abused me in your paper, you scoundrel!"

"Me! I'm not the editor, I came here to flog him myself!"

Mutual explanations and apologies ensued, and the two mistaken gentlemen retired to "bind up their wounds." As the story comes to us, the distinguished individual whose vocation it was to enlighten the world by the aid of the great engine, the public press, escaped scot free.—*Crescent City.*

#### ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF CAPT. LEWIS.

BY WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

VERY few at this day know or recollect anything about the melancholy fate of the unfortunate Captain Lewis, the first American traveler who crossed the Rocky Mountains. The particulars of his last hours are minutely described in an article by Alexander Wilson, the Ornithologist, in the Port Folio of January, 1812. The account is full of painful interest, and the verses by Wilson are not without merit.

Next morning (Sunday) I rode six miles, to a man's of the name of Grinder, where our poor friend Lewis perished. In the same room where he expired, I took down from Mrs. Grinder the particulars of that melancholy event, which affected me extremely. This house or cabin is seventy-two miles from Nashville, and is the last white man's as you enter the Indian country. Governor Lewis, she said, came there about sunset, alone, and inquired if he could stay for the night; and, alighting, brought his saddle into the house. He was dressed in a loose gown, white, striped with blue. On being asked if he came alone, he replied that there were two servants behind, who would soon be up. He called for some spirits, and drank a very little. When the servant's arrived, one of them was a negro, he inquired for his powder, saying he was sure he had some in a canister. The servant gave no distinct reply, and Lewis, in the mean while, walked backward and forward before the door, talking to himself. Sometimes, she said, he would seem as if he were walking up to her; and would suddenly wheel round, and walk back as fast as he could. Supper being ready he sat down, but had not eaten but a few mouthfuls, when he started up, speaking to himself in a violent manner. At

these times, she says, she observed his face to flush as if it had come on him in a fit. He lighted his pipe, and drawing a chair to the door, sat down, saying to Mrs. Grinder, in a kind tone of voice, "Madam, this is a very pleasant evening." He smoked for some time, but quitted his seat and traversed the yard as before. He again sat down to his pipe, seemed again composed, and casting his eyes wistfully toward the west, observed what a sweet evening it was. Mrs. Grinder was preparing a bed for him, but he said he would sleep on the floor, and desired the servant to bring the bear skins and buffalo robe, which were immediately spread out for him; and it being now dusk, the woman went off to the kitchen, and the two men to the barn, which stands about two hundred yards off.

The kitchen is only a few paces from the room where Lewis was, and the woman being considerably alarmed by the behaviour of her guest, could not sleep, but listened to him walking backward and forward, she thinks, for several hours, talking aloud, as she said, "like a lawyer." She then heard the report of a pistol, and something fall heavily on the floor, and the words "O Lord!" Immediately afterward she heard another pistol, and in a few minutes she heard him at the door, calling out, "O, madam! give me some water, and heal my wounds." The logs being open, and unplastered, she saw him stagger back and fall against a stump that stands between the kitchen and room. He crawled for some distance, raised himself by the side of a tree, where sat about a minute. He once more got to the room; afterward he came to the kitchen door, but did not speak; she then heard him scraping the bucket with a gourd for water, but it appears that this cooling element was denied the dying man.

As soon as day broke, not before, the terror of the woman having permitted him to remain for two hours in this most deplorable situation, she sent two of her children to the barn, her husband not being home, to bring the servants; and on going in they found him lying on the bed. He uncovered his side and showed them where the bullet had entered; a piece of the forehead was blown off, and had exposed the brains, without having bled much. He begged they would take his rifle and blow out his brains, and he would give them all the money he had in his trunk. He often said, "I am no coward; but I am so strong, so hard to die!" He begged the servant not to be afraid of him, for he would not hurt him.

He expired in about two hours, or just as the sun rose above the trees. He lies buried close by the common path, with a few loose rails thrown over his grave. I gave Grinder money to put a post fence round it, to shelter it from the hogs, and from the wolves; and he gave me his written promise he would do it. I left this place in a very melancholy mood, which was not much allayed by the prospect of the gloomy and savage wilderness which I was just entering alone.

My thoughts dwelt with sad but unavailing regret on the fate of my unfortunate friend; and I endeavored to give vent to the despondence of my mind in the following verses, which I wished to dedicate to his memory.

FAR hence be each accusing thought!

Let tears of silent sorrow flow;

Pale Pity consecrates the spot

Where poor lost Lewis now lies low!

This lonely grave—this bed of clay,



Neglected—dug the pathway near;  
Unfenced from midnight beasts of prey,  
Excites Affliction's bitterest tear.

The soldier brave, of dauntless heart,  
The chief beloved, the comrade dear;  
Of honored worth the mortal part  
Moulders in sacred silence here.

His was the peril, glory, pride,  
First of his country to explore  
Whence vast Missouri's currents glide,  
Where white man never trod before.

Her roaring cataracts he scaled,  
Her mountains of eternal snow;  
There his brave band the rivers hailed  
That westward to the ocean flow.

Subdued by boldness, and amazed  
At daring deeds unknown before,  
The hordes of Indian warriors gazed,  
And loved them for the hearts they bore.

Far down Columbia's foamy steeps,  
He led his brave adventurous band;  
Ploughed the Pacific's billowy deeps,  
And stood triumphant on the strand.

Twice fourteen months of perils past,  
Again the Alpine snows they spurn;  
Their country opes to view at last,  
And millions welcome their return.

The learned, on Europe's distant lands,  
With joy the great arrival hail;  
And Fame on tip-toe ready stands  
To spread the wonders of their tale.

Oh sad reverse! oh mournful end  
Of this high destiny so dear!  
He, the loved chieftain of their band,  
Fell hopeless and unhonored here!

The anguish that his soul assailed,  
The dark despair that round him flew,  
No eye, save that of Heaven beheld—  
None but unfeeling strangers knew.

Bereaved of Hope's sweet angel form,  
Griefs rose on grief, and fears on fear;  
Poor Reason perish'd in the storm,  
And Desperation triumphed here.

Fast poured the purple streams of life,  
His burning lips one drop did crave;  
Abandoned, midst this bloody strife,  
He sank, unfriended, to the grave.

Unhappy youth! here rest thy head,  
Beloved, lamented by the brave;  
Though silent deserts round thee spread,  
And wild beasts trample o'er thy grave.

Here reap that peace life could not give;  
But while thy own Missouri flows,  
Thy name, dear Lewis, still shall live,  
And ages yet lament thy woes.

Lone as these solitudes appear,  
Wide as this wilderness is spread,  
Affection's steps shall linger here,  
To breathe her sorrows o'er the dead.

The Indian hunter, slow and sad,  
Who wanders with his rifle near,  
With solemn awe shall hither tread,  
To mourn a brother hunter here.

The pilgrim boatman on his way,  
Shall start, this humble grave to view;  
"Here Lewis lies!" he'll mournful say,  
While tears his manly cheeks bedew.

Far hence be each accusing thought!  
With his my kindred tears shall flow;  
Pale Pity consecrates the spot  
Where poor lost Lewis now lies low!

#### TERRIBLE DEVASTATION BY LOCUSTS.

In Drummond Hay's Travels in Western Barbary, he says that on one occasion, he witnessed the ravages of the locusts in the neighborhood of Tangier, and can truly say in the words of the Old Testament, "they cover the face of the whole earth, so that the land was darkened and they did eat every herb of the land, and all the fruit of the trees, which the hail had left, and there remained not any green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field."

At the period to which I refer, the locust first appeared near Tangier in the winged form, and did not commit much injury, but settled along the sea coast, deposited their eggs, and died. Some months afterward, in July, if I recollect rightly, the grub first appeared, and was about the size of what is commonly called the lion ant. A price had been set by several European residents at Tangier upon each pound of eggs, that was brought by the natives, and many thousand pound weight, by this means, were destroyed, but apparently, it was of no avail; it was but the drop of water from the ocean, for soon the whole face of the country around was blackened by columns of these voracious insects; and as they marched on their desolating track, neither the loftiest barriers, nor water, nor fire, daunted them. Quenching with their numbers the hottest fire, the rear of the dreadful columns passed over the devoted bodies of those which had preceded. Across ditches, streams, or rivers, it was the same. On, on they marched, and, as the foremost ranks of the advanced columns were drowned, their bodies formed the raft for those that followed; and where there seemed the most resistance to their progress, thither did the destructive insects appear to swarm in the greatest numbers. One European resident at Tangier, the Consul General at Sweden, who possessed a beautiful garden in the neighborhood, abounding with the choicest flowers, and shrubs of Europe and Africa, waged, for a long time, successful war against them.

His large garden had the advantage of a high wall, and outside this barrier he had stationed laborers, hired for the purpose of destroying the invading column. Often did the Moslems shake their heads, and predicting sooner or later the destruction of his garden, exclaim against the wickedness and folly of the Nazarene in attempting to divert the decree of fate. At one time it had been hoped that this beautiful seat, a favorite

resort of the Europeans, had been saved, for, whilst all round had been rendered bare and desolate, the garden yet rejoiced in a luxuriance of vegetation. But the day soon came in which the Moslems' predictions were to be fulfilled. The locusts ceasing to be crawling grubs, put forth their wings and took flight. Myriads and myriads, attracted by the freshness, alighted on this oasis of the desert, and in a few hours every green blade disappeared, the very bark of fruit trees being gnawed in such a manner as to render them incapable of producing fruit the ensuing year.

At length, a favorable wind having arisen, the locusts took flight from around Tangier, and the sky was darkened by their countless hosts. Vast numbers of them were driven into the sea, as shoals of their putrid bodies washed back upon the coast proved to us. It not unfrequently happens that the stench of the dead bodies of this insect cause very bad contagious fevers. The female locusts when full of eggs, become an article of food with the Moors. They are boiled in salt water, in the same manner, as shrimps, which they resembled in taste, but it requires some resolution at first to get the monster into your mouth. When in the grub state, they are greedily devoured by the wild boar, jackal, fox and other wild animals, and, on taking wing, they are attacked by storks, hawks, and almost all the feathered tribe.

THE Evening Mirror publishes the following extract of a letter from Theodore S. Fay to a gentleman in this city.

BERLIN, NOV. 23, 1844.

As for my return to my "own green forest land," and your question, whether I "ever wander back in fancy to the purlieus of Ann street," I can most truly assure you that my long absence has had a singular effect upon my imagination. I dream, on an average, once a week, throughout the year, of being in New York, and I lately spent five nights out of seven roaming about the streets, visiting old friends, gazing with wonder and admiration at temples, fountains, and streets, grown up since I left; and retracing, with a very sad heart, the way I used to take, under the City Hall, home from school, with my Virgil under my arm; and wandering about the house where I lived when a happy boy, where sometimes I meet all those who were then alive; and sometimes find rooms empty and dilapidated, or inhabited by strangers. I should much rather look again on New York, than on Jerusalem, Constantinople, Athens or Thebes. And most sincerely do I pray that I may not quit the world without once more beholding the scenes and friends so deeply engraven on my heart; although I shall find many changes, some of a painful character. I have lost two sisters since my departure, and several of my most tried friends by death, and some in a way still less supportable. As for "Ann street," my editorial labors, and the golden days of the "New York Mirror"—(when we had the agreeable honor of co-operating sometimes with yourself, Mr. Halleck, Mr. Paulding, Mr. Byrant and others, not altogether "written on the rolls of common men")—these times have left a right pleasant impression. I think editorship a noble vocation, in which moderation, principle, and all a man's best qualities have a wide and salutary influence; and, if I were not Diogenes, (that is, if my tub had not connected with it a tolerable income,) I should wish to be

Alexander, (that is, an associate editor in our immortal Morris's Daily!") When chance, as it sometimes does, leads my steps here into a printing-office, I snuff up the air of the reeking presses and wet proofs with infinite delight; and prick my ears like an old war-horse at the sound a trumpet!

Since I parted from you I have myself undergone some changes. I have a little rosy cheeked daughter in her sixth year, to whose companionship I owe many of those happy feelings which writers say "only a father can know!" I shall endeavor to make an honest "Yankee girl" of her; and I look forward with some interest to the contingencies which may bring her to the home of her Fathers!

#### FEMALE CURIOSITY.

A naval officer, who some time ago came to reside in Edinburgh, having previously engaged a large mansion on a short lease, dispatched his butler to receive his furniture, and to have the house put in order. The butler engaged a young woman, residing in the neighborhood, to clean out the rooms, and arrange part of the furniture, and he assisted her himself to carry up a large chest of rather singular appearance. This gigantic box his master had purchased as a curiosity; but unlike that described in the song of the "Mistle Bough," it did not shut, but opened with a spring attached to the lock, which, being touched, the lid flew open, and a tall brawny Highland man in full costume, stood erect, and struck out his right arm, in which was a wooden sword.

The gentleman had purchased it as a curious piece of mechanism, and was wont to amuse his children with it.

"That's a heavy chest," said the woman, as they placed it on the floor.

"Yes," answered the butler, who was a wag of the first water; "there's something heavy in it, that's certain; but there's something mysterious about it also, for although the key hangs at the end of it, no one is allowed to open it."

"Did you ever see the inside of it?" replied she, walking round it.

"Never," said he, "it's as much as any of our places is worth even to speak about it."

So saying the knight of the cork-screw looked first at the woman, then at the chest, then on the floor, and then retired slowly down the stairs whistling, to work on the groundflat. The girl proceeded to put things to rights in the room; but every time she passed the chest she thought it looked more odd. "Frailty, thy name is woman!" She wrapped on the lid with her knuckles—it had a curious hollow sound—very! And none of the servants had dared to open it! What on earth could it contain? Well, it was none of her business; and she went diligently to work for five minutes, at the end of which time she saw herself standing with her arms akimbo, gazing on the chest. "It can do no harm to look into it," thought she; so she quietly took the key from the nail and applied it to the lock. Of course, she heard footsteps on the stairs, as every one will do when afraid of detection in the commission of some act they wish to keep secret. Again she regained confidence, and returned to the chest; she stooped and turned the key. Up flew the lid; and the wooden Highlandman kilt, and, philebeg, sprang on his legs with more than human agility, and fetched the petr-

flung a sharp whack across the shoulders with the flat of his "Andrea Ferrara." A prolonged shriek, ending in a moan of despair, indicated that the poor woman had sought relief in a swoon.

In the course of a few moments the woman rose on her elbow; looking wildly around the room, till her eyes caught the Highlandman bending over her. Seeing nothing but destruction awaiting her, two springs took her to the door, down stairs she went; nor did she slacken her pace till she found herself standing in the house of a lady in the neighborhood. The poor woman did not recover from her fright for several days.

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From the Bunker Hill.

THE CARRIERS OF THE BUNKER HILL

RESPECTFULLY PRESENT TO THEIR PATRONS THE FOLLOWING  
NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,

CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HOMESTEAD OF  
UNCLE SAM, TOGETHER WITH A FEW OF  
HIS TRIUMPHS AND TRIALS.

In western wilds, long years ago,  
A brawny youth appeared,  
Dash'd down the forest at a blow,  
And an opening round him clear'd;

And he piled the logs up in a square,  
As the stout trees round him fell,  
And a cabin built, thatch'd o'er with bark,  
Where a long time he might dwell.

The wild wolf howl'd around his door  
All night, till the dawn of day,  
And the panther near his pathway lurk'd,  
And snuff'd the air for prey;

But the brawny youth was brave of heart,  
And brave and strong of hand,  
And he deem'd such perils and such toils  
Small price for so fair a land.

And as he grew in age and strength  
Up to a stalwart man,  
Between him and his uncle George  
A quarrel soon began.

This youth—some called him Jonathan—  
He came from o'er the sea:  
His uncle George on an island liv'd,  
And a rich old man was he.

But rich old men oft misers grow,  
And when the old man learn'd  
How Jonathan pick'd up his crumbs,  
And a right good living earn'd,

His uncle-ship waxed very warm,  
And said it was no sin  
To rob of half his earnings one  
That was so near akin.

And so he sent his hired men  
Across the ocean wide,  
To see what Jonathan had got,  
And make the lad divide.

Now Jonathan grew red of face  
At this unrighteous claim,  
And, though he loved his uncle George,  
Thought it a mighty shame,

And turn'd about and thrash'd the men  
With such good hearty blows,  
That home they went without their spoils,  
But with many a bloody nose.

And as the story spread about  
And among the neighbors ran,  
Folks stared, and thought that Jonathan  
Was something of a man.

But Jonathan he wasn't proud,  
Put on no foreign airs,  
But lived a simple farmer still,  
Minding his own affairs;

And as such farmers always thrive,  
So thrived he fast and fat;  
He rais'd the best of everything,  
At a sumptuous table sat;

His orchards, cows, and pigs, and sheep,  
And fields of corn and wheat,  
Might challenge all the older farms,  
And never would be beat.

Henceforth he was a man of wealth,  
His standing was no sham;  
Folks all about look'd up to him,  
And call'd him Uncle Sam.

As years roll'd by, he now became  
A portly man and tall;  
His children and his grand-children  
All liv'd within his call;

But soon they were so numerous,  
He felt some small alarm,  
They might be scant of room, unless  
He added to his farm.

And so he took his hat and staff  
And walk'd out to the west,  
And on the Alleghany ridge  
He set him down to rest;

And looking off before him, saw  
The richest piece of land  
The earth had borne since first it came  
Fresh from its maker's hand.

For such a chance as that, quoth he,  
'Twill never do to dally;  
So down he plank'd the cash, and bought  
The Mississippi valley.

And now his farm was rich enough,  
And wide enough to boot;  
His sons had land enough to till,  
And room enough to shoot.

As years roll'd by, his family  
Grew very fast and large,  
And though they run him oft in debt,  
He always met the charge.

And then he walk'd about, and smoked,  
Chatted, and liv'd at ease,  
And let his children manage things,  
And do just what they please.

But lately the old gentleman  
Has found new cause to fear—

The folks beyond the sea have heard  
So much of his good cheer,

And how his farm is very large,  
And his pockets always full,  
And they reason just as, years ago,  
Reason'd his uncle Bull.

And over they come, whole armies strong—  
An everlasting jam—  
And every son of Adam swears  
He's cousin to Uncle Sam.

And in they come, and fill the house,  
And kill and cook and eat,  
As though they never saw before  
Such an almighty treat.

If this was all, old Uncle Sam  
Their coming wouldn't mind;  
For he always has enough to eat,  
And Uncle Sam is kind.

But these strange cousins kick up rows,  
And fill the house with noise,  
And pull and haul the things about,  
And quarrel with the boys.

And then they frolic in the barn,  
And put things out of sorts;  
They feed their cow with the best of hay,  
And give Uncle Sam's the orts.

They order this, and order that,  
And pull the fences over,  
And make confusion on the farm,  
But keep their pigs in clover.

But uncle Sam is rous'd at last,  
His dander's up, sky high,  
And he vows if his own farm aint his,  
He'll know the reason why.

He says these chaps, if they'll behave,  
Are welcome to food and clothes,  
But he'll be darn'd if foreign hands  
Shall lead him by the nose.

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From the Bunker Hill.

TO UNCLE JOSHUA, OF DOWNINGVILLE, STATE OF  
MAINE.

New York, Jan. 1, 1845.

DEAR UNCLE:—The first time I have put my pen to 1845, is to wish you and aunt Keziah and cousin Nabby and the rest of the folks a **HAPPY NEW YEAR**. How these years do fly round! you don't but jest get cleverly used to writing 1844 so as not to make mistakes, before you have to begin to write 1845. There's nothing in this world that *lasts*, uncle; even the years don't last but a little while; and this argues that we should make the best use of 'em in our power while we can hold on to 'em. For when they've gone by, they are fairly out of our reach, we never can get hold of 'em again.

Good wishes on new year's day are always thick as hops; every body is wishing every body a happy new year; but I'm afraid there aint a great many that stop to think what will make the year happy; that all the wishes in the world won't do any good unless each

one tries for himself to make the best use of the year that he can while it lasts.

They don't keep new year's day here as they do in Downingville; it is very different. Here the women folks all stay at home all day, and set out the table in the middle of the floor with a heap of cakes, dough-nuts and wine if they ain't temperance; and the men folks as soon as they can get washed up in morning and get their clean collars on, start off upon the run through all the streets of the city, bobbing into almost every house they come to, and wish the ladies a happy new year, and taste of the cake and wine, and then out and streak it again to the next house and go in and do the same, and then run again, and so keep it up all day till they get so out of breath they can't run no further.

There's been one exception to-day to this general rule that I've mentioned about the women folks all staying at home and all the men folks going out to make visits, for there was one *man* staid at home and received visitors, and that was Mayor Harper. Why he should stay at home like a woman and receive visitors, I don't know, for he's no woman, I can tell you; and I can prove it in two ways. First, his clearing away five hundred rum shops round the Park last Fourth of July, which old Hays said hadn't been done for forty years and couldn't be done now, proves that he's something more than an old woman. And next, they say he's popular with the ladies, which you know if he was a woman wouldn't be. It's pretty clear to my mind that Mayor Harper is no woman, and yet it is a fact that he has been staying at home to-day jest like the women, and receiving visitors.

He didn't stay at his house, but at his office at the City Hall. As I understood the doors was open for anybody to go in that had a mind to, I thought I would jest pop in and wish the Mayor a happy new year along with the rest of the folks. There was such a crowd going in all the time that it was pretty difficult to squeeze in edgeways, but when you once got into the current, you had to go in and couldn't help it. The Mayor shook hands with this great river of folks for three or four hours as tight as he could spring. It was the greatest time at shaking hands that I've seen since the General and I stopped at Philadelphia when we was on the great tower north, and when the General got so beat out that he had to lay down on a sofa and set me to shake hands for him about half an hour. The Mayor looked pretty tired some of the time, and I was afraid he would have to give out. But he stood it to the last, and shook as though he was at a day's work. He's no woman, Mayor Harper aint; I would n't be afraid to put him for a day's work against any body you can bring. If you'll bring any man that can shake more hands in a day than he can, I'll own beat.

But I have n't got time to write you many particulars to-day. I only jest sot down to wish you a happy new year, so I must subscribe myself in haste,

Your loving nephew,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING,

Editor of the Bunker Hill.

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**GIGANTIC ANIMAL REMAINS.**—The largest collection of gigantic animal remains ever discovered in the United States is now in the central glass cases at the Patent Office, in Washington. They are the property of T. U. Bryan, of Missouri, who in the summer of 1843, at great expense, and with incredible perseve-



rance and labor, had them sought for and disinterred from an alluvial deposit in Benton county, in that state, in consequence of indications of their presence accidentally observed by a farmer in digging a well.

The National Intelligencer suggests that they must have remained thus inhumed centuries upon centuries, if not thousands of years; for it is not conjecture by any means too extravagant to say that they are altogether antediluvian in their characteristics.

They are now deposited in the Patent Office, awaiting the action of congress, which Mr. Bryan has invited in a petition, to purchase them for the government, as aboriginal memorials worthy of national preservation. They consist of bones and teeth of the great American elephant, the mastodon, megalonix, and fossil horse.

Some of the animals to which these bones belonged judging by analogy, must have been from twenty to thirty feet high, and large and long in proportion. These fossil remains, all in perfect preservation, have been pronounced by scientific members of the Asylum of Natural History, New York, who have carefully examined them, not only the largest collection, but the most perfect specimens of the kind ever discovered in this country.

#### CHANGE OF CUSTOMS WITHIN FIFTY YEARS.

The following extracts are from an article in the N. York Mirror. They are designed by the writer for New York particularly, but are applicable to other portions of our country, and worthy of attention. The writer says:

"When Washington was President, his wife knit his stockings in Philadelphia, and the mother made doughnuts and cakes between Christmas and New Years; now the married ladies are too proud to make doughnuts; besides they don't know how; so they send to Madam Pomadour, or some other French cake baker and buy sponge cake for three dollars a pound.

In those days New York was full of substantial comforts, now it is full of splendid misery, then there were no gray headed spinsters, (unless they were ugly indeed) for a man could get married for a dollar, and begin house keeping for twenty dollars, and in washing his clothes and cooking his viuals, the wife saved more than it took to keep her. Now, I have known a minister to get five hundred dollars for buckling a couple; then the wine, cake, and et ceteras, five hundred more; wedding clothes and jewels a thousand more; six or seven hundred in driving to the springs, or some deserted valley or mountain; then a house must be got, for eight hundred dollars per annum, and furnished at an expense of two or three thousand; and when all is done, his pretty wife can neither make cake nor put an apple in a dumpling. Then a cook must be got for twenty dollars per month, a chambermaid, a laundress a seamstress, at seven dollars each; and as the fashionable folly of the day has banished the mistress from the kitchen, those blessed helps aforesaid, reign supreme; and while mistress is playing cards in the parlor, the servants are playing the devil in the kitchen—thus lighting the candle at both ends it soon burns out. Poverty comes in at the door and drives love out at the window. It is this stupid and expensive nonsense which deters so many unhappy old bachelors from entering the state

of blessedness, hence you find more deaths than marriages.

#### THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Dec. 12, 1844.

If I did not see Washington's tomb, I have seen his mother's. She lived and died here in Fredericksburgh. The long white house in which she lived remains, and is inhabited by others, while a monument out in the fields, half finished, covers her ashes, and is a sad picture of something—completion and desolation. It is on the estate of Mr. Gordon, who has ostentatiously built a brick wall around some family graves near by, as if their remembrance depended upon being linked with her's who has no need of epitaph or "pointed stone." The monument was designed and so far finished, by a New Yorker, Silas E. Burroughs. He afterwards failed, having expended about \$15,000 on it, and the monument stands unfinished! The base is ten or twelve feet high, formed of several blocks of marble, each lessening in size and wrought in the Corinthian order. While the obelisk which is to crown it, a huge block of gray marble nearly fourteen feet in length, lies near by in the rough, well bedded in the sandy soil. Some wretches have made one side of the monument a shooting target, and have despoiled it in many ways. If I ever felt sorrow and indignation, it was while looking on a picture like this. The mother of Washington with an unfinished monument—for shame Virginia! Where is thy chivalry, thy blush? But why do I chide—they are most to be pitied who can live and look on such a desecration. This is one of the oldest towns in Virginia, has a little commerce on the Potomac, contains about 5000 inhabitants—but with all looks dilapidated and poor, like something once vigorous but now decayed.—*Correspondence of the Sun.*

OPENING OF THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.—The commencement of the open warfare of antagonist principles that drove the Stuart race from the throne of England, is dated at the time the parliament presented to King James a petition in relation to the grievances the commonwealth labored under, and the proposed remedies. The court party opposed the adoption of this petition with all its strength, denounced the popular leaders who got it up as factious, and sent, privately, a copy to the king. James addressed a letter to the commons, complaining of the influence of certain "fiery, popular and turbulent spirits," of the lower house, such as Pym, Coke, and Williams, and forbidding them to pry into the mysteries of the state, or even to send to him their proposed petition, if they wished an answer to it. This letter was dated Dec. 3, 1621. The commons replied to this divine right document in a most able manner, worthy to signalize the opening contest of the English parliament with the English king. A committee of twelve was selected to present this declaration, with a copy of the petition they had drawn up, to King James. "Chairs!" cried the vain and empty headed Scotsman, as they entered the presence chamber. "Chairs! here be twal' kyngs comin'!" The king flatly refused to receive the petition, and resolved to ride out the storm of the commons. Thus commenced the contest; while it was going on, King James died in his bed, but his successor, for his crimes against liberty, died on the block.—*Boston Post.*

The Cadiz (O.) Liberty Herald tells a capital story of an inexperienced candidate for public office, which may amuse such of our readers as have ever had the misfortune, in the course of their lives, to be "set upon" the pillory of a political ticket, to be shot at like so many thanksgiving turkies.

"We once had a fellow-student, who, after he had graduated, entered upon the practice of medicine, with very fair prospects; but in an evil hour he consented to become a candidate for election to the state legislature. He was a man of good natural endowments, and a competent literary education. He had prepared himself for his profession by close application to study, and had of course entered but little into society; so that he was little acquainted with the world, and had no conception of what he was to endure in the electioneering canvas. He was elected. But after it was all over, he said to us, "If I had known what would have been said of me by my opponents, I would have run away rather than have suffered myself to be nominated. I knew that nobody could say much good of me, but I thought also that they could not say much harm; yet when the newspapers opened upon me, they made me out so bad a fellow *I did not believe it was me at all*; and I could not be satisfied of my own identity until I called my dog and found he knew me."

**GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS.**—There was a fellow who, unfortunately for himself and family, from being a pretty good husband, took to drinking, and soon became an idle, trifling vagabond. Coming home one night, after having, as usual, been on a debauch, he began to call lustily—

"Wife! wife! I say, give me some supper!"

The poor wife who, while she could do so, provided food for the family by her own toil, informed him, with tears in her eyes, that there was nothing to get a supper out of.

"What," said he, "haven't you a piece of cold meat?"

"No!"

"Give me a crust of bread then."

He was told there was none.

"What! have you nothing—*nothing*?"

"Nothing at all," replied the poor wife, "not even a crumb."

After a pause—"Very well, very well! give me a clean plate, knife and fork. By Jupiter! *I'll go through the motions anyhow, if I starve afterward!*"

**WINTER FOLIAGE AND FLOWERS.**—A German writer gives an account of a mode of provoking the flowers and leaves of spring to come out and cheer the heart, when winter is tyrannizing in our gardens, as practiced in his father land. "We saw off a branch of any shrub that will answer our purpose, and then lay it for an hour or two in a running stream if we can find one. The object of this is to get the ice from the bark and soften the buds. It is afterward carried into our warm rooms, and fixed upright in a wooden box or tub containing water. Fresh burnt lime is then added to the water, and allowed to remain in it about twelve hours, when it is removed, and water added, with which a small quantity of vitrol is mixed to prevent its putrifying. In the course of some hours the blossoms begin to make their appearance, and afterward the leaves. If more lime be added the process is quickened, while

if it be not used at all, the process is retarded and the leaves appear before the blossoms."

**MORTALITY AMONG THE FISH.**—We should be glad if the scientific could discover any cause for the extraordinary mortality among the fish in our vicinity. The United States Gazette says, that a friend who has just returned from the sea-shore of New Jersey, informs the Editor that the whole shore for thirty or forty miles, is covered with dead fish, cast up by the sea. They are of all kinds, from the smallest perch, to the largest sturgeon, some rock-fish, weighing forty or fifty pounds and rich sea-bass. Many of the fish are washed up before they are dead. So great is the number, that a gentleman computed that on Leaming's Beach alone, there must be ten thousand bushels. What has happened among the fish we cannot tell, as we do not know to what unwholesome influences they are liable in the deeps below; but something extraordinary must have been in operation, to produce an evil so extensive—perhaps a volcanic eruption.

**NATIVE CITIZENS.**—In the early history of Athens, says the Louisville Courier of a late date, foreigners were admitted to the rights of citizens. They were then called *politai*, or citizens of political rights. But when these foreigners became so numerous as to control the votes of Native Athenians, and seize upon the government, through the arts of demagogues, then the native citizens combined, and abolished the political right of new emigrants. Foreigners were then no longer called *politai* but *metoiki* or residents. This is the universal law of republics, and the Native Americans will certainly enforce it in this country. *American voter* means something now-a-days, and twenty-one years will about prepare a foreigner to learn that meaning, and forget the "old country," and its selfish institutions.

#### A HINT TO TAX PAYERS.

Let those who feel that the public taxes are a burden, and almost every one does who has to help pay them, go to work and help to carry out the principles of the Native American party, and thereby diminish a burden which is so oppressive to this city and many other places in the country. That this is not idle talk, but a matter demanding the serious attention of our citizens and country generally, the following brief statistics from the records of the Alms House of this city give strong indications.

During the week ending the 26th of October, there was admitted into them Alms House 90 persons—63 of whom were foreigners, 27 natives.

During the week ending November 2d, 98—68 foreigners, 30 natives.

During the week ending November 9th 95—69 foreigners, 26 natives.

During the week ending November 16th, 118—77 foreigners, 41 natives.

During the week ending November 23d, 103—70 foreigners, 33 natives.

It has repeatedly occurred that passengers have been sent up from the ship that brought them, to the Alms House. There were at one time no less than 16 patients in the Hospital at Bellevue all of whom came in one ship.